FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCC
9379

J. Berridge

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
NOV 20 1931
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE WORKS

OF

THE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, A.M.

LATE FELLOW OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE,
VICAR OF EVERTON, BEDFORDSHIRE,
AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BUCHAN.

WITH AN ENLARGED

Memoir of his Life;

NUMEROUS

LETTERS, ANECDOTES, OUTLINES OF SERMONS, AND OBSERVATIONS
ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE;

AND HIS

ORIGINAL SION'S SONGS.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD WHITTINGHAM,

VICAR OF POTTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.

"He was a burning and a shining light."
"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

London:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND COMPANY;
AND FRAZER, MARKET-PLACE, POTTON.

1838.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Potton:
Frazer, Printer, Market-Place.

PREFACE.

It has been for a long time the earnest wish of many persons, that I would undertake to publish the Life and Works of the Rev. John Berridge. This I purposed to do a few years ago, and have at length accomplished my design. Twenty years ago I published his "Christian World Unmasked," with a short sketch of his life. In the Work now offered to the public, the account of his life is very considerably enlarged, as every trait, which appeared in his character, from the time I became his Curate to the end of his life, has been recollected, and inserted in the narrative; and which, I doubt not, will prove a source of pleasing instruction, and much edification. Though some, who may read his life, may not approve of his eccentricity; for he did not move in a regular orbit; but, like a planet, steered his course with great irregularity, and thereby attracted the attention of multitudes; yet his splendid piety, and incessant endeavours to

promote the glory of God, the interests of Christ's kingdom, and the welfare of immortal souls, rendered his path so luminous, as to excite the surprise of all who beheld his career. And, whatever opinion may be entertained of his proceedings, it appears that they were attended with great success, and blessed to thousands. Will those, who condemn him for acting as he did, find in the great day, when every work will be fully developed, that they were equally useful in bringing sinners to the knowledge of the truth? Will not in *that day* his crown of rejoicing appear far more brilliant than the crowns of numerous ministers of religion? Whatever therefore appeared disorderly in the manner of performing his ministry on earth, the Judge will forgive, and assign him a place in the firmament of heaven amongst the stars of the first magnitude.

In executing a portraiture of John Berridge, I have been careful to exhibit him in his *real features:* for genuine biography does not allow of partiality, or any deviation from the reality of character. We find in the sacred scriptures, that the Holy Spirit influenced those, who wrote them, to be faithful in delineating the lives of the Saints therein recorded. They had their spots and blem-

ishes; none of which are concealed to render them more excellent than they really were: all are mentioned, that human nature in its best appearance might be seen to be imperfect even in the most eminent servants of God. In Noah, Abraham, Lot, Moses, and others we discover no absolute perfection. They were men of like passions with the rest of the human race. It is very evident that writers of lives are in general actuated by a concern to delineate excellencies only, and suppress every blemish that might tend to tarnish the character they admire. It will be seen that the life of the devoted Vicar of Everton, now so fully presented to the public, consists almost entirely of a tissue of facts: every particular, as far as could be obtained from observation, and other sources, has been inserted without suppression, or mutilation. His full length and breadth, with every other part of his moral, and ministerial form, are faithfully exhibited. To the narrative of his life, which I have written, is appended a considerable extract from Mr. Wesley's Journal, which contains some peculiar and extraordinary occurrences that took place at the time the Journal refers to. I have deemed it more proper to add the account given in the extract in its own simple narration, than to interweave it with the history of Mr. Berridge—

thinking that the relation will be more acceptable than if an abstract only had been made from it.

The Works of Mr. Berridge now offered to the public, will comprise many curious anecdotes, and a great number of letters, written in a style of singular originality, and peculiarly interesting, which I have obtained from various quarters. This circumstance I must plead as an apology for delaying so long the appearance of the publication now sent forth. Desirous of availing myself of every possible information respecting Mr. Berridge, as well as of every letter he wrote, I have made application to every one, who, I had any reason to conclude, could subserve my wishes. This step has occasioned the loss of much time; but it has been the means of obtaining what could not otherwise have been realized. I do not, however, suppose that all the letters Mr. Berridge wrote (though he was not very fond of letter-writing) have been procured: some may still be in the possession of the descendants of some of his friends and correspondents. Every search, however, has been made amongst his relations, and amongst others, with whom he had any connexion, as far as my knowledge extended, and the direction given me by others; but not one letter more do I know of than what now

appear. The number of letters, which I have procured, will sufficiently show the peculiarity of his manner of corresponding with his friends, and will be read, I doubt not, with no common emotions.

Mr. Berridge's farewell sermon preached at the Tabernacle, and outlines of many sermons, which he gave to me before his death, with observations on passages of scripture, are added. He did not compose his outlines in a very complete manner; but only wrote the leading ideas without much of introduction, or application. These he left to be uttered at the time of preaching his sermons.

With respect to the work entitled "The Christian World Unmasked," some alterations have been made in it, in strict accordance with what he himself would have made had he republished it. The reason for so doing, appears in the advertisement prefixed to the work which I published, some years ago, and which is retained in the present volume.

The Hymns which he composed during a cessation from public labours occasioned by illness, are perfectly original; and, though they may not in general please some fastidious readers, they contain most important instruction on the essentials

of Christianity, embracing every trait of Christian experience in the commencement of a religious course, and during its continuance here below, and frequently animating the hearts of the truly pious by descriptions of the heavenly state.

May the Lord, who by the powerful influences of his Holy Spirit, inspired his faithful servant, John Berridge, with such uncommon zeal in the cause of true religion, and rendered his ministry so abundantly successful, vouchsafe his effectual blessing to those, who may read his works, that their hearts may be enlivened, and that they may be deeply impressed with the importance of more fully serving and glorifying God, and showing forth his praise!

Potton Vicarage,
Nov. 1, 1838.

MEMOIRS.

The Rev. John Berridge was the son of John Berridge, a respectable and wealthy farmer and grazier, at Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, who was married to Miss Sarah Hathwait, of Nottingham, in the year 1714, by whom he had four sons. Thomas, who survived his brother John, resided at Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely till his death. John, the eldest son, was born at Kingston, March 1st, 1716. Being a particular favourite of an aunt, who resided at Nottingham, he spent the greater part of his early years with her in that town, and there he received all the education which was necessary to qualify him for business. His father intended to bring him up to agriculture, and for that purpose took him to markets and fairs, that he might become acquainted with the price of cattle and other articles connected with farming. He was requested to give his judgment respecting the value of

what his father wished to purchase; but he was invariably so erroneous in his estimate, that his father despaired of rendering him competent for pursuing his line of life: and used to say, "John, I find you are unable to form any practical idea of the price of cattle, and therefore I shall send you to college, *to be a light to the Gentiles.*" Thus God, designing him to occupy a more exalted station in society, overruled the intention of his father, and began to prepare his mind for it at so early a period, that his piety excited the attention of all who knew him. But the circumstance to which he ascribed his first serious impressions was singular. Once, as he was returning from school, a neighbouring youth invited him into his house, and asked him if he should read to him out of the Bible. He consented. This being repeated several times, he began to feel a secret aversion, and would gladly have declined accepting these friendly invitations. But having obtained the reputation of being a pious youth, he was afraid to risk it by a refusal.

On his return from a fair, where he had been to enjoy a holiday, he hesitated to pass the door of his young neighbour, lest he should be accosted as before. The youth, however, was waiting for him, and when he approached, renewed his invitation; and, in addition to his former request, asked if they should pray together. In this exercise it was that he began to perceive he was not right, or the amusements of a fair would not have been preferred to the pleasures of devotion: and such was the effect

of this interview, that not a great while after, he *himself* adopted a similar practice with his school companions.

At the age of Fourteen, God was pleased to convince him that he was a sinner, and must be born again. About this time he left school, and returned to his father, with an intention of applying himself to business.

A tailor, who was occasionally employed in the family, being a man of strict sobriety, and struck with the uncommon appearance of piety in one so young, conversed with him on serious subjects, whenever he came to the house on business. As opportunities of this nature seldom occurred, his love for religion induced him to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with this man, by going frequently to his house, for the purpose of serious conversation. His relations at length suspecting he had too much religion, and fearing to what it would grow, discovered some inclination to discourage it. They insinuated, that since his attachment was so strong to his new companion, he should be bound to him in articles of apprenticeship.

This threat had not the designed effect; for so prevalent was his bias to reading, prayer, and serious discourse, that he frequently repeated his visits. Finding this their scheme unsuccessful, and conceiving that his predilection for reading and religion would entirely unfit him for business, they resolved, though reluctantly, to send him to the University. In this determination, which was perfectly congenial with his own inclinations, he most readily

concurred; and, after previous preparation, was entered Clare Hall, October 28th, 1734, in the Nineteenth year of his age. He took the degree of B. A. in 1738, and of M. A. in 1742.

A neighbour soon after meeting his father, and inquiring for his son, he jocosely replied, "He is gone to be a light to lighten the Gentiles."—This testimony was verified in his being instrumental in bringing numbers to enjoy the light of divine truth. Being now in his element, he pursued his studies with uncommon avidity, and made such progress in every branch of literature, as rendered him in no respect inferior to any of his contemporaries. But as he seemed to have known very little of the plague of his heart, and less of Jesus Christ, it required more grace than he yet possessed, to withstand the temptations of his situation and connexions. Favoured with a good understanding, improved by literature, and possessing a natural vein of humour, which was extremely fascinating, he rose in respect; and his acquaintance was courted at the University by ecclesiastics of superior rank, though of wider principles, and less rigid morals. Being of a witty turn of mind, he cultivated an acquaintance with works of wit. Hudibras was so familiar to him, that he was at no loss in using any part of it on any occasion. While he was at college, if it was known that he would be present at any public dinner, the table was crowded with company, who were highly delighted with the singularity of his conversation and witty sayings. *As evil communications corrupt good manners*, he caught the

contagion, and drank into the Socinian scheme to such a degree, as to lose all serious impressions, and discontinue private prayer for the space of ten years, a few intervals excepted. In these intervals he would weep bitterly, reflecting on the sad state of his mind, compared with what it was when he came to the University; and would frequently say to a fellow student, afterwards an eminent Minister in the Establishment, *O that it were with me as in years past!* Conscience, however, at length resuming her authority, he was compelled to relinquish sentiments so derogatory to God, and so subversive of every good principle and practice. He now discovered that they not only lessened God the Son in his esteem, but God the Father also; and tended to promote no higher morality than what comported with all the maxims and pleasures of the present world. With the renunciation of his former errors, he returned to the regular exercise of devotional religion, although it was but a small remove, if any, from pharisaical.

Soon after this he began to feel strong inclinations to exercise his ministry; and, accordingly, in the year 1749, accepted the curacy of Stapleford, near Cambridge, which he regularly served six years from college. His parishioners were extremely ignorant and dissolute; and he was much concerned to do them good. He took extraordinary pains, and pressed very earnestly upon them the necessity of sanctification; but had the mortification to find that they continued as unsanctified as before. There was indeed a little more of the form of religion

in the parish; but nothing more of the power. On account of the plainness of his discourses, and the impressive mode of his delivery, he was much followed as a preacher before his conversion; or before he had obtained any proper views of the Gospel of Christ. He lived uprightly, and inculcated whatever he delivered with the utmost sincerity and concern to produce a due impression on the minds of his hearers; but he erred in the ground of dependence for acceptance with God. He did not, for that important purpose, exalt the Saviour, or point out the necessity of his obedience unto death. Hence he saw no fruit of his ministry in the change wrought upon the ungodly who constantly heard him, which frequently excited his grief and lamentation. How true is it! "*Them that honour me, I will honour.*" However impressively ministers may preach, if they only inculcate moral truths, and enforce not the doctrines of the cross of Christ, it is almost invariably found that no salutary effects on the hearts of their hearers are produced. If ministers would have the blessing of the great Head of the Church crowning their labours with success, St. Paul's determination should never be lost sight of: "I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." 1 *Cor.* ii. 2.

In the former part of his ministry, even after he understood the way of salvation more perfectly, he chiefly aimed at reforming the outward appearance, knocking off, as he humourously expressed it, fine caps and bonnets; but after some time he

found that this mode of preaching produced but little effect. He therefore saw it needful to lay the axe to the root of the tree, or to endeavour to reform the heart, from whence proceeds all evil thoughts, words and works; that, the tree being made good, the fruit might also become good. His attempt to lop off branches, he saw, in the conduct of some of his hearers, was ineffectual to the producing of a life reformed in consonance with the precepts of the Gospel. In preaching Christ, therefore, as the only Saviour of Sinners, he inculcated that faith in his name, which was productive of purity of heart, freeing it from the oppression of guilt, and the dominion and love of sin. In this way he was uncommonly useful in reclaiming the ungodly from their ruinous errors, and in bringing them to walk before God in holiness of heart and life. Then old things passed away, and all things became new; then the external appearance and behaviour indicated the radical change of the heart. He was led to see in early life the evil of sin, and the beauty of a moral and upright conduct; and when with these views he entered on the work of the ministry, his constant aim was to bring his people to appreciate the excellence of morality, and to manifest it in their life. Thus leading them to build their hopes of acceptance with God, and of future felicity, in great measure upon their own doings; making thereby most absurdly the superstructure to become a part of the foundation, upon which alone sinners must rest for salvation. Being truly impressed from the first

with the great importance of the office of the ministry, he was anxious to execute the work assigned him, as a faithful steward of the mysteries of God. He was not satisfied with merely having delivered his sermons, and feeling no further concern about his ministerial services: he looked for a change in the lives of his ungodly hearers, who wholly disregarded their immortal interests. But, alas! he was sadly disappointed in his expectation of discovering those effects of his preaching, which he had concluded must necessarily be produced. The wicked continued wicked still; the careless continued careless still. This was a source of grief to him; and at length he was taught the good old and primitive way of bringing sinners to relinquish and abhor their ungodly practices, and to lead a holy life. No sooner did he perceive the unsoundness of the discourses he had penned and preached, that they chiefly respected morality only, and were destitute of any prominent reference to Christ, as the way, the truth, and the life, than, without hesitation, he began a new course of sermons, which were attended with effects far beyond his most sanguine expectation. He now honoured and exalted the Saviour in his ministrations, and the Saviour honoured him in rendering him exceedingly instrumental in the conversion of sinners to God.

How would the Church flourish, and her members become greater ornaments of the Gospel, were her ministers more zealous in preaching Jesus Christ, and him crucified! This is the method

St. Paul adopted, and which the Holy Spirit especially blesses to the souls of men. Mere moral discourses may delineate in a pleasing manner the various virtues, and may be much admired; but they will seldom be productive of the fruits of righteousness, to the praise and glory of God. The instrument which the Lord hath appointed for this purpose, is the preaching of the gospel. Let ministers then use this instrument, and they shall know, to their great joy, that their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

In the year 1755, on the 7th of July, he was admitted to the Vicarage of Everton, in the gift of Clare Hall, where he continued to reside to the end of his life. Here again he pressed sanctification and regeneration upon his hearers, as strenuously as he could, but with as little success as before. Nor was it to be wondered at, as his preaching rather tended to make them trust in themselves as righteous, than to depend upon Christ for the remission of sins, through faith in his blood.

Having continued for two years in this unsuccessful mode of preaching, and his inclinations to do good continually increasing, he began to be discouraged. A doubt now arose in his mind, whether he was right himself, and preached as he ought to do. This suggestion he rejected, for some time, with disdain, supposing the advantages of education, which he had improved to a high degree, could not leave him ignorant respecting the best method of instructing his people. This happened

about Christmas 1757. But not being able to repel these secret misgivings, though he strenuously opposed them, his mind was wrought to a degree of embarrassment and distress, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. This, however, had a happy effect, as it led him to cry mightily to God for direction. The constant language of his heart was this: "Lord if I am right, keep me so; if I am not, make me so: and lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." After the almost incessant repetition of a prayer so evidently sincere and childlike, it is no wonder that God should lend a gracious ear, which he did by returning him an answer about ten days after, in the following remarkable manner: As he sat, one morning, musing upon a text of scripture, these words were, in a wonderful manner, darted into his mind, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven: "Cease from thine own works, only believe." No sooner were these words impressed upon his mind, than the scales fell from his eyes, and he perceived the application. Just before this occurrence, he was in a very unusual calm, but now his soul experienced an immediate tempest. Tears gushed forth like a torrent. He saw the rock upon which he had been splitting for near thirty years, by endeavouring to blend the law and the Gospel, and unite Christ's righteousness with his own. Immediately he began to think upon the words, *Faith* and *Believe*, and looking into his concordance, found them inserted in many successive columns. This surprised him to a great

degree, and he instantly formed the resolution to preach Jesus Christ, and salvation by faith. He therefore composed several sermons of this description, and addressed his hearers in a manner very unusual, and far more pointed than before.

Now God began to bless his ministry; after he had preached in this strain two or three sabbaths, and was ruminating whether he was yet right, as he had peceived no better effects from these than from his former discourses, one of his parishioners came to inquire for him. Being introduced, 'Well, Sarah', said he.—She replied, 'Well, not so well I fear'. 'Why, what is the matter, Sarah?'—'Matter, why I don't know what's the matter. These *new Sermons*. I find we are all to be lost now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I don't know what's to become of me'. The same week came two or three more on a like errand. It is easy to conceive what relief these visits must have afforded his mind in a state of such anxiety and suspense. So confirmed was he thereby, in the persuasion that his late impressions were from God, that he determined in future *to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified*. Now he was deeply humbled, that he should have spent so many years of his life to no better purpose, than to confirm his hearers in their ignorance. Thereupon, immediately, he burnt all his old sermons, and shed a flood of the tears of joy in their destruction. These circumstances alarmed the neighbourhood; the church quickly became crowded, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace, in the frequent conviction and conversion of sinners.

Hitherto he had confined his labours to his own parish, and had been accustomed to write his sermons at full length; but an incident occurred, as unexpected to him as it was novel in itself, which led him to preach *extempore*. He had not exercised his ministry in an evangelical strain many months, before he was invited to preach, what is commonly called, *a Club Sermon*. All his old ones were burnt, and much of his time was engrossed in writing new discourses. When he intended to compose *this*, he was so much engaged with people, who came under serious impressions, that he found himself straitened for time, and therefore resolved to give the people one of his new discourses, which he had delivered at home, not expecting that any of his parishioners would be present. On the sabbath evening, one of his hearers informed him of his intention to accompany him the next day. This was an unwelcome intimation, and he endeavoured to dissuade him from his resolution, but to no purpose. Upon this, he resolved to rise very early, pursue his journey, and compose his sermon at the place where it was to be delivered, that he might not be interrupted by the visits of his people. In going he comforted himself, that there would be but a small congregation, and that a long discourse might be dispensed with. But, to his great surprise, on his arrival, he was informed that all the Clergy and people of the neighbouring parishes were come to hear him. This wrought up his mind to such a degree of agitation, as absolutely incapacitated him for study; and he therefore was obliged to ascend

the pulpit, and preach, *bona fide*, an extempore sermon. But here God wonderfully and most agreeably disappointed his fears, by affording him such extraordinary assistance, as enabled him to rise superior to all his embarrassment, and to command the most solemn attention from his numerous audience. This was a happy event both for himself and others, as it released him from the toil of writing his sermons before he delivered them, (for he never afterwards penned a discourse, except on a very particular occasion,) and gave him the opportunity of preaching more frequently, not only at home, but in the adjacent villages.

Hitherto Messrs. Wesley and Whitfield were personally unknown to him; and as common report had operated much to their disparagement, he found no inclination to seek an acquaintance with them. But as his ardent zeal, and peculiar success became the general topics in religious circles, a correspondence was soon opened; this prepared the way for an interview, and a perfect intimacy succeeded.

This acquaintance with Mr. Wesley commenced on the 2nd of June, 1758; and, on the 22nd, (not more than six months after the change in his religious sentiments,) he began to itinerate. August 1st in the same year, God was pleased to bless his ministry to the Rev. Mr. Hicks, a clergyman of Wrestlingworth, about four miles from Everton, who became afterwards a very useful man, and a companion with him in his travels.

His first sermon out of doors was on May 14th,

1759, as appears in a letter: "On Monday se'nnight Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farm-house. After dinner I went into the yard, and seeing nearly a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the *first time*, in the open air. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a *field*, to about four thousand people. In the morning, at five, Mr. Hicks preached, in the same field, to about a thousand. Here the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us, and, I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, nearly thirty received heart-felt conviction."

For several years he continued a very rigid Arminian. Nor was it by arguments in debate upon the subject of controversy between Arminians and Calvinists, but by various circumstances, one of which was a long confinement from preaching, occasioned by a nervous fever, that he was led to embrace the Calvinistic creed, which he had before abhorred; but whether Arminian or Calvinist, he was always the pious Christian. In this long and severe affliction, the Lord led him into a path which he had not known, and taught him many useful lessons to which he had been altogether a stranger. Hitherto he had learnt to be an active, but not a passive servant of the Lord. To be laid aside in the plenitude of his success, was so irritating to his nature, that, like Jonas, *his heart fretted against the Lord*, and he wished he had never been employed in the work of the ministry. To such a pitch of criminal exasperation was he carried against

the government of God, for checking his ministerial career, that he could not even endure the sight of his bible, nor bear to hear the people sing in his adjoining church. But how vain is it to lift up the heel against the God of the Universe, and repine at his wise dispensations, especially when subsequent experience proves, that they were all designed to answer the most valuable purposes, in preserving him from the dangerous elevations of popularity, in fitting him for a sphere of action equally successful, and in leading his mind into more enlarged views of the abounding grace of the everlasting gospel!

These observations were actually exemplified in his experience. For in this furnace of affliction he became much more acquainted with the plague of his own heart, was led to see that the work of God could be carried on without his agency, and was convinced of the divine sovereignty in the dispensations of grace and appointments to the sacred office. The Lord having in this manner humbled his mind to the meekness of a lamb, restored him at length to the full exercise of his ministry, with additional improvements in self-acquaintance and usefulness in the church of God. The Rev. Mr. V. who had been in habits of friendship with him from their admission into College, when coming to reside in his neighbourhood, after the lapse of some years, on paying him a visit, was exceedingly surprised, on perceiving the great increase of his unaffected humiltiy, and sweetness of temper, since that affliction.

After this event his connexions with christians of

the Calvinistic persuasion were enlarged ; and though there were but few interchanges of labour between him and Arminian Ministers, yet their friendship and respect remained inviolable.

In giving as exact a portraiture as possible of Mr. Berridge, as to his views of Systems of Religion, it appears proper here to state the sentiments he was disposed to entertain in the latter part of his life on the subjects of controversy between Arminians and Calvinists. Being of an ardent constitution, he was led to embrace, in the most prompt and avowed manner, that system of religion which appeared to him to be most consonant with the sacred Scriptures. When first brought to discover how erroneously he had been building his hope of eternal felicity, or that he had not been simply depending on the merits of Christ for Salvation, but had been trusting in part in his own doings for that purpose, he strongly leaned to the side of Arminianism as held and inculcated by the leaders of Methodism. He warmly opposed the opposite tenets, and regarded all those who maintained them as being egregiously deficient in their views of the true doctrine of the Scriptures. It was while he was under the influence of the doctrine, which he at first believed to be founded on the word of God, that he was most successful in alarming the ungodly, and inducing them to forsake the destructive paths of sin, and to flee from the wrath to come to Christ for refuge. He was indeed a Boanerges, causing, as it were, the lightenings of Mount Sinai to flash with awful vividness, and her thunders to roll in

sounds appalling to the hearts of the wicked. Hence numbers, after almost every sermon he preached, sought an interview with him to know how they must be saved. Awakened to a deep sense of their guilt, and lost condition, they could not return to their own homes, without first making known to him the distressed state of their minds.

Some years afterwards he imbibed the peculiar sentiments of Calvinism, which he maintained and strenuously inculcated for several years. At length, however, through reading various works on theological subjects, and much thinking on them, his views of different Systems of Religion became moderate. The Editor well recollects his conversation with him on the points in debate between certain controversialists at that time. He frankly owned, that he saw such difficulties attending the Systems of Arminianism and Calvinism, as defied the reason of man to solve, or to show which was most agreeable to the counsels of the Most High. As all his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out, so he deemed the System of the infinite mind, in regard to Religion, beyond the penetration of the wisest of mankind, who, surrounded in this state of obscurity, know but in part, being at present incapacitated for a clear and comprehensive view of those truths which will be fully known hereafter. Hence he came to the determination of adhering steadily to one leading and important Maxim, viz. *That Salvation is of God, and Man's Destruction of himself.*

Influenced by this maxim during the remaining

part of his life, he became indifferent to the reading of controversial works. He wanted his mind to be kept at ease, and not to be disturbed by the opposing sentiments of different writers. His chief desire was to have his thoughts employed, without interruption, about the subjects of religion which are essentially necessary to salvation. These he entertained with avowed and undeviating firmness for many years before he left earth for heaven.

When therefore an eminent Minister, paying him a visit, inquired whether he had read certain works on the controverted points relating to Arminianism and Calvinism, he replied, "I have them on my shelves in my Library, where they are very quiet; if I take them down, and look into them, they will begin to quarrel and disagree." He regarded controversy, being often conducted with acrimony, with no favourable opinion, regarding it as injurious to heavenly-mindedness, as well as to a peaceful state of mind. Where controversy proceeds from a dispassionate disposition, and breathes the air of christian charity, it may be useful in settling the minds of those who are fluctuating, and, like the dove out of the ark, can find no rest to their spirits, on account of the various and contrary opinions which engage their thoughts. Happy would it be for the peace of the church, if the professors of christianity paid less attention to those opinions which are not essential to the salvation of the soul, and were more practically influenced by that charity which is candid in its judgment of the various creeds adopted by the followers of Christ.

In the heavenly world the spirits of just men made perfect dwell in love and harmony; and in love, which is the very bond of peace and perfectness, should christians dwell while on earth. Then would the Church below bear a nearer resemblance to the Church above; and the happiness, resulting from such a state of the Household of God, would exceedingly recommend the Religion of Jesus to the favourable attention of those who have unhappily disregarded it.

His *mental powers* were far from contemptible. He possessed a strength of understanding, a quickness of perception, a depth of penetration, a brilliancy of fancy, and a fund of prompt wit, beyond most men. A vein of innocent humour ran through all his public and private discourses. This softened, what some might call, the austerity of religion, and rendered his company pleasant to people of a less serious habit; but, what is very singular, it never overcame his gravity. He would often, by an unexpected sally of humour, throw a whole assembly into a sudden burst of laughter, but would himself keep his countenance.

In *learning* he was inferior to very few of the most celebrated sons of science and literature at the University. His masculine ability, his uniform sobriety, and long residence at College were favourable to improvement; and so insatiable was his thirst for knowledge, that from his entrance at Clare Hall, to his acceptance of the Vicarage of Everton, he regularly studied fifteen hours a-day. A Clergyman, with whom he had been in habits of

friendship about fifty years said of him, that he was as familiar with the learned languages, as he was with his mother tongue; and that he could be under no temptation to court respect by itinerant preaching; for he merited and enjoyed *that* in a high degree among all ranks of literary professions at the University. In a friendly epistle to a Clergyman, upon the necessity of preaching Jesus Christ, is the following passage: "When I first came to the University, I applied diligently to my studies, thinking human learning a necessary qualification for a Divine, and that no one ought to preach, unless he had taken up a degree. Accordingly I studied the Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy, Logic, Metaphysics, and read the works of our most eminent Divines. This I did for the space of Twenty years and was all the while departing more and more from the truth as it is in Jesus, vainly hoping to obtain that light and knowledge from human wisdom, that could only be had from the word of God and prayer."

Though he obtained the just reputation of being a learned man, and was conversant with all the beauties of language, so ardent was his desire of doing good to his most illiterate hearers, that he laid aside an affected style of elegance, and, from principle, cultivated an easy and familiar diction.

The *mode* of his *public ministrations* was emphatically original. He evidently observed method in all his sermons, but it was unhacknied. It was not his custom to range his subjects under general heads of discourse; but when he made the attempt his

divisions would be peculiarly natural, and rigidly adhered to. As he rarely allegorized, or accomodated the scriptures, he was less liable to mistake their meaning. He seldom referred to the original text ; but when he did, his remarks were pertinent. In his discussion of general topics, his figures were new, his illustrations apposite, and his arguments conclusive. His stature was tall, but not awkward ; his make was lusty, but not corpulent; his voice was deep, but not hoarse ; strong, but not noisy ; his pronunciation was distinct, but not broad. In his countenance there was gravity, without grimace ; his address was solemn, but not sour ; easy, but not careless ; deliberate, but not drawling ; pointed, but not personal ; affectionate, but not fawning. He would often weep, but never whine. His sentences were short, but not ambiguous. His ideas were collected, but not crowded. Upon the whole his manner and person were agreeable and majestic. But what transcended all the above excellencies, and gave him such an ascendency in the consciences of his numerous hearers, were the *doctrines* he taught, together with their unbounded influence upon all the powers of his mind, and transactions of his life. Deep necessity compelled him to embrace and preach Jesus Christ ; and the same necessity led him into more enlarged discoveries of his grace. Living under their perpetual control, and enjoying their ineffable sweetness, he was not only willing to impart the truths of the everlasting Gospel, but to consecrate himself to the service of the Lord, and the souls of men.

When he explained the nature, end, and use of the law, he was very awful and affecting. "And now," to adopt his own words, "I dealt with my hearers in a very different manner from what I used to do. I told them very plainly that they were the children of wrath, and under the curse of God, though they knew it not; and that none but Jesus Christ could deliver them from that curse. I told them, if they had ever broken the law of God once in thought, word, or deed, no future good behaviour could make any atonement for past miscarriages. For if I keep all God's laws to-day, this is no amends for breaking them yesterday. If I behave peaceably to my neighbour to-day, it is no satisfaction for having broken his head yesterday. So that if once a sinner, nothing but the blood of Jesus can cleanse me from sin." Jesus was a name on which he dwelt with peculiar emphasis and delight. With what exalted affections would he extol the bleeding Lamb! With what streaming eyes would he point to his agonizing sufferings! How would they sparkle when he displayed the exceeding riches of his grace! And what reverential grandeur marked his countenance when he anticipated his glorious appearing! In short, to adopt the language of the melodious poet, Jesus was

> "The circle where his passion mov'd,
> And centre of his soul."

Nor was he less attentive to the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit in the application of redemption. No minister could with more judgment detect the human heart in all its subtle machinations, or with

greater accuracy describe progressive religion in the soul. Communion with God was what he much enforced in the latter stages of his ministry. It was indeed his own meat and drink, and the banquet from which he never appeared to rise.

Amongst the many characteristics of the true christian, the love of good men is an essential one: of this Mr. Berrridge was the subject in no common degree. While Jesus was the object which engaged the supreme love of his heart, he had a benevolent regard for all his fellow creatures, pitying those who had no concern for their own immortal interests, and courteous to all with whom he had any dealings in matters of a civil nature. But especially did he most cordially evince, in an engaging and pleasing manner, a regard for those on whom he perceived the image of his adorable Lord portrayed in lively colours. Having passed from death in trespasses and sins unto newness of life; or being renewed in the spirit of his mind, he loved in sincerity "*the Brethren.*" They had a place in his affectionate heart, however distinguished by different modes of worshipping God. No pious person of any denomination, who might be introduced to him, ever found him manifesting an air of distance and reserve. Many, learning how accessible he was to good men, sought an interview with him, and were highly delighted with his affectionate reception of them, and greatly edified by the spirituality of his conversation, which, some declared, proved savoury on reflection after many years. He entertained not for a moment the idea, that the family of God, or

the household of faith was comprised of those only, who worshipped the Lord in the manner he did. He saw diversity in all the works of the Almighty; and contemplating the minds of men as being variously formed, and influenced by different circumstances, he despised no one because his sentiments on some subjects did not accord with those which he himself entertained. He wisely concluded, that those who were narrow-minded, and whose hearts were closed by prejudice and a party spirit, were sadly defective in sound understanding of human nature, and in just observation of mankind; not considering how the Father of Lights regards with approbation all, of every name and denomination, who fear him, and work righteousness. Persons so narrow-minded are little aware how much they subserve the designs of the prince of darkness, the adversary of God and man. He divided man from God when he gained advantage over our first parents; and it is his constant aim and endeavour to divide the followers of Christ, or to prevent the continuance of brotherly love. Thus he foments animosity and ill-will, and thereby furnishes ground for the entertainment of infidel principles and irreligious conduct. Destitute of the genuine spirit of Christianity, which angels in their song proclaimed to be "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, Good-will toward men," innumerable professors of religion conduct themselves with such an unkindly state of mind towards their fellow-creatures, as if none were to be admitted into heaven, but such as are of their own party, or way

of thinking. Mr. Berridge discarded from his breast all such uncharitable sentiments, and hailed every one as a brother, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Yet, it is to be observed, he did not hold what he deemed essential to salvation with indifference. Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, and holiness of heart and life he inculcated, as absolutely necessary to the attainment of the heavenly felicity. Happy would it be for the christian world, if such essentials of religion were more insisted on, and less stress laid on points of difference, which are comparatively of small moment. Thus would christians be more inclined to walk in love; and exercising mutual forbearance and brotherly kindness, they would put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and recommend religion to the attention and approbation of the ungodly around them.

Mr. Berridge was well acquainted with the depraved dispositions of our fallen nature. Being well instructed in the knowledge of his own heart, he could develope the operations of the human passions in such lively colours, as to produce conviction in the minds of his hearers, that they were the very persons he was describing. It is only by being well taught of God, and attentively observing the workings of their own dispositions, that ministers can speak effectively for bringing their hearers to confess with shame and self-abhorrence their vileness and depravity.

Mr. Berridge was very striking in speaking of the evil passions, which are lamentably indulged

by fallen man. Was it pride which he intended to exhibit to the view of his hearers? He would do it in such a way as to cause the meanest in the congregation to feel that he was guilty of it. In proof of this—it is matter of fact—he mentioned the ploughman, and said, "Have not some of you, when you have ploughed a furrow, looked back, and observing it well done, proudly said—there is not a man in the parish, who can plough a better furrow than this." A ploughman had actually expressed himself in such terms; and on hearing a further description of pride with its awful consequence, was savingly convinced of sin, and afterwards manifested a conversation and practice becoming the christian character. Was the infernal passion of envy to be set forth in all its horrid and disturbing operations? In the most vivid manner would he portray its foulness, and exhibit it, as it really is, in the most disgustful colours in the view of all who were indulging it in their hearts, or harrassed with its frequent intrusion. A most excellent, popular and useful Clergyman, the Rector of a Church in London in a very populous parish, related to the Editor, in the most frank and unreserved manner, the following circumstances relative to the passion of envy. The Clergyman, who has long since been placed beyond the reach of evil, and where the tempter to sin can never gain admission, informed the Editor, that a Clergyman, nearly of his own age and of his own standing in the ministry, was the object of his envy. Sensible of the evil of such a disposition, he lamented exceedingly that the

thoughts of his heart should be infected with such a horrid and poisonous principle. He besought the Lord to remove the thorn which so grievously tormented his breast; but still, on particular occasions, his mind was again disturbed by the intrusion of envy. And thus, for a considerable time, he had to struggle with this evil.

He felt inclined to go and hear Mr. Berridge, at the place where he preached regularly for several years. The text was, "What is thy name? And he said, Legion." From this passage he took occasion to speak of the various evil dispositions which Sin has introduced into the heart of fallen man. Amongst them he particularly noticed *envy*, as a prominent leader in the Legion. And then he related how his own heart had been ready to indulge it. During his annual visits to London, and having then no Curate, a Clergyman was always provided to supply Everton. On his return home from London, he sometimes found that his people had been highly delighted with the preacher who had filled his pulpit in his absence. On hearing him so highly extolled, "Envy," said he, "began to operate; and, my breast swelling like a toad, I said to myself, I will take care that *he* shall not supply my place again. My *great Self* could not brook to be outdone by another. I took, however, the sword of the Spirit, and made supplication to my Lord and Master, and the fiendish foe was expelled." This relation of what Mr. Berridge had himself experienced was the means of completely delivering the Clergyman alluded to from

the tormenting evil which he had so long struggled with : for he had entertained the idea, that no minister had been so harrassed with it as he had been. He afterwards enjoyed a calm and contented state of mind, and could think of other eminent ministers with thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the talents with which he had been pleased to entrust them, as well as for those which he himself possessed.

Having so good a master he entered upon his work with cheerful steps, and pursued it with the greatest *industry*. He did not confine his labours to the narrow limits of Everton, a small parish, but like the majestic sun, illumined an extensive tract of country. His love of mankind was ardent. He knew the worth of an immortal Soul ; he knew the awful terrors of the Lord ; he knew the emptiness of the present world ; he knew the sandy foundation upon which thousands build ; he knew the dangerous devices of Satan ; he knew the awful precipice upon which the ungodly stand. His bowels melted with pity ; his heart yearned to assist them. He therefore left no means unattempted to awaken their concern, and allure them to the Son of God. In his itineracy, he would take the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, and Huntingdon, making the episcopal Exhortation the rule of his operation, "To seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad." In this circuit he preached, upon an average, from *ten to twelve sermons a-week*, and frequently rode a hundred miles. Nor were these extraordinary exertions

the hasty fruit of intermitting zeal, but were regularly continued during the long succession of more than twenty years, exemplifying through the whole of his ministerial career the motto *Dum vivimus vivamus.**

Mr. Berridge possessed a firm and undaunted spirit, not alarmed by the menaces of those who endeavoured to displace him from the station he occupied as the Vicar of Everton, nor in the least intimidated when standing up to preach to the multitudes that surrounded him. He feared not man, but was, as it is said of the righteous, bold as a lion. No one, however, could be more sensible of his own helplessness and insufficieny for the performance of spiritual services than he was. He felt his utter need of divine aid, which evidently appeared in the terms he used almost invariably in the prayer he offered up before his sermon, humbly acknowledging his own inability, and earnestly and devoutly imploring the presence and assistance of his God and Saviour. Thus, as well as in other ways, he honoured God and God honoured him. He made no sacrifice unto his own net, nor burned incense to his

---

* The Latin motto of the family Arms of Dr. Doddridge, which when put into English, means, "Let us live while we live." On this motto Dr. Doddridge wrote the following lines, which Dr. Johnson thought to be one of the finest Epigrams in the English language.—

"Live while you live, the Epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee."

own drag; but gave all the glory of what he was by grace, and of what he did for the benefit of his fellow mortals, to the Giver of every good gift, and every perfect gift. Nothing was scarcely more offensive to him than pride and self-conceit; and whenever they appeared in the conversation and deportment of any one, he never was at a loss for some mode of expressing himself, so as to make the subject of them in some measure ashamed of himself. He perpetually aimed in his preaching at laying the creature low, and exalting the Saviour. His discourses were chiefly of the expository kind, experimental and practical. His voice was strong and loud; but perfectly under command. The numbers that sometimes heard him were very great. Ten and fifteen thousand at some places composed his congregation; and he was well heard by all of them. People came to hear him from the distance of twenty miles, and were at Everton by seven o'clock in the morning, having set out from home soon after midnight. At that early hour he preached to very considerable congregations: also at half-past ten and half-past two o'clock, and again in the evening. Thus was he engaged in preaching four times on the Sunday. The blessing of the Lord attended his ministry in a very powerful and extraordinary manner. He cast the net, and many whenever he did so, were enclosed in it, and departed not without letting him know how powerfully their hearts were impressed with the truths he had delivered. He at first wrote down the names and places of abode, of those who applied to him for

instruction, till he had written more than a thousand names, exclusive of the numbers that were convinced of the error of their ways, under his ministry in London, and other places at a distance from Everton. So impressive were some parts of his sermons, as to disarm those who went to hear him with the full intention of silencing him, and doing him some personal injury. On one occasion a man of more than the common size, came to hear him at Everton, and placed himself immediately before the pulpit with the full design of incommoding him, and rendering him confused: for that purpose he made various gesticulations, and uttered most contemptuous expressions. Mr. Berridge, not in the least intimidated, thought it proper to address him personally, which he did in so powerful a manner, as to cause him to sink down in the pew, and to perspire through his great coat. As soon as he came out of the church he acknowledged his intention, saying, "I came to confuse this good man, but God has made him the means of convincing me that I am a sinful, lost sinner." The conviction thus produced proved saving and permanent. He lived an ornament to the gospel, and when he departed this life he slept in Jesus.

At another time, while he was standing upon a table, and preaching in the open air, to a multitude of people, two men got under the table with the design of overturning it, but the word so powerfully penetrated their hearts, that they could not effect their purpose; and afterwards they desired to speak to him, when they declared with expressions of grief

and shame, what they had intended to do. Others came with their pockets filled with stones to throw at him while preaching, but finding the discourse they heard, affecting their hearts, they gradually emptied their pockets of the stones they had put into them; and afterwards they also confessed to him the motive by which they were actuated respecting him, and requested that he would pray for them. Thus mightily did the word of God by his ministry prevail in subduing numbers to the obedience of Christ, and inclining them to manifest in their walk and conversation, the traits of the upright followers of Christ. Many, it is true, were impressed with the discourses they heard, who afterwards evinced ruinous neglect of religion; but a great number, which the last day will bring to light, were, by his instrumentality, brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, and from under the power of Satan unto God, to fear, love, and serve Him here below, and to enjoy Him as their portion in the world above for ever and ever.

His *usefulness* was indeed uncommonly great and extensive. He was in the first year visited by a thousand different persons under serious impressions; and it had been computed, that under his own and the joint ministry of Mr. Hicks, about four thousand were awakened to a concern for their souls in the space of twelve months. This work was at first accompanied with bodily convulsions, and other external effects on some of the hearers, very unaccountably; a circumstance, however, not

altogether unusual, when God begins to sound a general alarm in the consciences of men, as appears from what took place in *New England*, *Scotland*, *North Wales*, and other countries. But those effects soon subsided, as did these, and the interests of religion were promoted more quietly and gradually.

As his labours were prosperous, so they were opposed. It could not be grateful to the prince of darkness to behold his kingdom so warmly attacked, and his subjects in such numbers deserting his standard. Hence he stirred up all his strength, and a *furious persecution* ensued. No opposition was too violent—no names were too opprobrious—no treatment was too barbarous to impede his career, or render him odious in the estimation of the public. Some of his followers were roughly handled, and their property destroyed. Gentry, Magistrates and others, became one band, and employed every engine to check his progress, and silence him from preaching. The *Old Devil* was the only name by which he was distinguished among them for between twenty and thirty years. But none of these things moved him. He had counted the cost, and was prepared for the fool's cap. The clamours of the multitude had no more effect on *his* mind, in the regular discharge of his duty, than the barking of the contemptible cur has upon the moon in her imperial revolutions. Vengeance was not his. The only revenge *he* sought was their salvation; and when they *needed* any good office, his hand was the first to render it.

It is impossible to tell the numerous instances of his benevolence. Never man entered upon the work of his master with more disinterested views. His purse was as open as his heart, though not so large. At *home*, his tables were served with a cold collation for his numerous hearers, who came from far on sabbath days, and his field and stable open for their horses. *Abroad*, houses and barns were rented, lay-preachers maintained, and his own travelling expenses disbursed by himself. Cottagers were always gainers by his company. He invariably left half-a-crown for the homely provision of the day, and during his itineracy it actually cost him *five hundred pounds* in this single article of expenditure. Nor was his liberality confined to these channels. His ear was ever attentive to the tale of woe; his eye was keen to observe the miseries of the poor; the law of kindness was written upon his heart; and his hand was always ready to administer relief. His gains as Vicar of Everton, and his patrimonial income (for his father died rich), were appropriated to support his liberality; and even his family plate was converted into clothes for his itinerant preachers. He manifested on all occasions a most benevolent and generous disposition. The cases of distress and suffering greatly affected him: he felt for the poor, and was prompt in relieving them to the utmost of his ability. Like his divine Lord and Master, he felt compassion pervading his breast at the sight of human misery and want; and when he found his own resources inadequate to the relief of the subjects of them, he kindly used his influence with his rich

friends in their behalf, amongst whom there was no one more ready to afford him pecuniary aid for assisting the poor and afflicted than his most excellent friend at Clapham, whose beneficence was most extraordinary and extensive. Mr. Berridge evinced how greatly that selfishness which so powerfully actuates mankind in general, was subdued in him by the influence of true religion. The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," was delightfully attended to in every instance that demanded obedience. His charities were bestowed in the kindest manner. He did not lessen the value of the gift by any harsh and unfeeling expressions in bestowing it. He could weep with those who wept on account of the trials and difficulties they met with. This important trait in the character of a true christian should not be disregarded by the professors of christianty : for in our Saviour's account of the distinction of the righteous and the wicked in the day of judgment, kindness to the poor and afflicted is particularly mentioned :— "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Such compassion and kindness shown unto his brethren, Christ will consider as done unto himself. Hereby they shall be designated as the true followers of the Lord Jesus

Christ, who went about doing good. That benevolent mind which the Saviour exhibited while he continued on earth, Mr. Berridge manifested in an exemplary manner. But though he abounded in good works, he was well taught the insufficiency of them as a foundation upon which to build his hope of heaven. On Christ alone he depended by faith for eternal happiness ; not indulging the consciousness that he merited any thing at the hands of the Lord, acting in this respect according to the company of the redeemed, who are represented as being unconscious of having done the kind services attributed to them with such approbation by their Judge. But, though he deemed all his services as forming no ground of dependence for obtaining future felicity ; yet amongst the numerous acts which evinced the genuineness of his faith in Christ, his compassionate regard for the poor and distressed around him, afforded him a source of pleasing reflection in the latter part of his life. In speaking of the loving-kindness of the Lord towards him, he expressed himself in terms of cordial gratitude, that he had given him a benevolent heart, which enabled him to realize the divine pleasure and blessedness comprised in the saying of Christ, "It is more blessed to give, than to receive." He contemplated the love of Christ in shedding his blood for the redemption of sinners with joy of heart ; and also the example of his obedient life with a holy determination, through grace, of copying it more and more as long as he lived. Hence he could say in the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "My

rejoicing is this, the testimony of my conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, I have had my conversation in the world." Thus did this man of God live and act, constrained by the love of Christ to manifest in all his deportment all holy obedience and godliness, loving-kindness and charity. O that the professors of christianity were more concerned, than it appears they are, to imitate the bright example which Christ hath set before them! For in so doing, though with all their endeavours they will fall short of copying the perfect and glorious pattern, yet they will be favoured with the approbation of God, and hear to their honour and high satisfaction, that best of all plaudits pronounced in their favour,—"Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

Mr. Berridge in *prayer* was solemn and devout. Deeply sensible of his own insufficiency he earnestly implored divine aid; and especially did this appear invariably in his public petitions. He did not seek for new terms with which to clothe his supplications, but expressed himself with the utmost simplicity. He found his prayers in some instances remarkably answered, which led him to utter himself at the throne of grace with reverential confidence that the Lord would not disappoint him in his expectations, but graciously and suitably answer his requests. Thus he exercised lively faith in God, as the Rewarder of them who diligently seek him.

But the most prominent feature in his character

was his *unaffected humility*. During all the years of my acquaintance with him, notwithstanding his unabated popularity, I never saw him betray the least symptom of vanity on any occasion. And so happily did this most desirable grace emancipate him from the shackles of religious bigotry that it rendered him equally easy in the company of the poor and the peasant, and alike familiar with the dignified clergy, and the unpolished lay-preacher. He never spoke of himself, but in language the most depreciating ; and when he related any interfering providence, or display of stupendous grace on his behalf, it would generally be with streaming eyes, and the sweetest expressions of praise upon his lips. I can scarcely recollect a man so conscientious, so uniformly, and yet so pleasantly spiritual. None who intimately knew him will consider this as an exaggerated history, but will rather join the honest man, who told the minister at the close of his funeral sermon in London, "Sir, I have known Mr. Berridge above forty years, and, after all your commendation, I must say, as the Queen of Sheba did respecting Solomon, the half has not been told." In his parish he was a kind benefactor, and in his family a father rather than a master ; and in his ministry he was *a burning and a shining light;* in his promises he was scrupulously exact ; in his devotion invariably regular ; in his friendship inviolably faithful ; and as in his life he was much beloved, so in his death he was greatly lamented.

It may truly be said that his piety far exceeded the common standard of christians. His daily walk

was close with God. He delighted himself in the Lord, and maintained almost constantly, delightful fellowship and communion with him. His enjoyments of a religious character were rich and sublime; and, not contented with inferior attainments in grace, he pressed with increasing ardour, as long as he lived, toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. And that he might realize more and more the pleasantness and peace that are found in the ways of heavenly wisdom, he walked circumspectly, carefully weighing every circumstance that tended to abate the fervour of his spirit in serving the Lord. Hence the various graces of the Holy Spirit shone with remarkable brightness in all his deportment. Warmed with the love of God, which was abundantly shed abroad in his heart, he was always alive to those subjects which related to the excellence and importance of heavenly things. He was not fond of conversing with any of his friends on the common concerns of life; and, if the conversation happened at any time to take such a turn, he would with admirable dexterity divert it into a religious channel, making it subservient to the introduction of some instructive and edifying observations. When any one called on him, and appeared desirous of spending the time in conversing about matters of indifference, he would show by his silence that he was not interested in what was said; and at length would arrest the ear of the visitor by relating matters of the greatest moment, or which concerned the welfare of the soul for time and for

eternity. His devout mind could not feel any pleasure in trifling and unimportant conversation. His soul was strongly imbued with the magnetic influence of divine grace, and was restless when diverted by any circumstance from its proper tendency, until it gained its destined point of the heavenly compass. Thus alive to God, and daily cultivating a more heavenly state of mind, he was blessed with rich foretastes of future felicity, and animated by a good hope of possessing the inheritance of the saints in light. His citizenship was in heaven, and his conversation was habitually there; hence he longed, especially in the last years of his life, to be with his Lord and Master, often exclaiming, "When shall I see his face?" The Saviour was very precious to him: he highly exalted him, and spake of his kingdom, and talked of his power with great delight. To see his face therefore in glory was the earnest desire of his heart, and the consummation of his highest expectations. He literally was "looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, when he should behold his Friend in the person of the Judge of quick and dead, assured of finding admission with Him into the blissful regions of heaven." How great the contrast between such exalted piety, and the general state of religion in the christian world! People are contented with a name to live, or with low attainments in grace. They appear as if they were only anxious to know how small a degree of true religion will suffice to evince that they are the subjects of Christ's spiritual kingdom, and members of the

family of God. It would be well if such professors of christianity were a little troubled with fear lest they should be wholly destitute of the genuine characteristics of true godliness. For surely, to have no earnest desires, and to manifest no active endeavours to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is a sad proof of a low, if not of a dead state of soul. May such who may read the life of the Vicar of Everton, be stirred up by his exemplary piety to give all diligence to make their calling and election sure!

Some time before Mr. Whitfield's death, he made his first visit to the Tabernacle in London, and continued to renew it every year to the close of his valuable life. He usually left Everton soon after Christmas, and returned before Easter. At Tottenham Court Chapel, and at the Tabernacle, he preached to crowded congregations, and was abundantly successful in bringing numbers from darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel, and from serving the enemy of souls to live to the praise and glory of God. His memory proves still a blessing to the people who assemble in those places of worship ; for frequently his name is mentioned by the preachers who occupy the pulpits from which he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. They endeavour to impress the minds of their hearers by bringing into view the labours—the zeal—the piety —and success of the Vicar of Everton. On hearing of his death, the greatest respect was paid in those places as well as in others, to his memory. Sermons were preached, and tokens of regard were exhibited

in many ways. The removal from time to eternity of one so useful and beloved was a melancholy and affecting event to thousands.

In January, 1793, he intended to have again visited London, but, instead of his presence, his friends received the melancholy intelligence of his death. Early in the morning which was fixed on for undertaking his journey to London, the functions of life began suddenly to suspend their operations, a general langour ensued, his appetite totally failed, and his strength and health rapidly and visibly decreased. On Sunday the 20th, though exceedingly weak, he came down into his parlour as usual, but with great difficulty reached his chamber in the evening. A few hours after he was in bed, he appeared to be seized with symptoms of immediate dissolution. His face was contracted, and his speech faultered; and in this situation he continued till about three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 22nd, when breathing less and less, this Champion for his Redeemer fell a victim to mortality, in the 76th year of his age.

His frame of mind, during this mortal attack, was peculiarly comfortable. He spake but little, but what he did say was in terms of gratitude for the rich support he experienced in the prospect of eternity. He felt the stability of the rock on which he had been long resting his hope of heaven; and while speaking of the excellency and preciousness of the Saviour, he said, in a very emphatic manner, "What should I do now, if I had no better foundation to rest upon than what Dr. Priestly points out."

He detested all those notions which tend to dishonour the Lord of life and glory, whom he loved supremely, and whom he exalted as God over all, mighty to save from eternal woe, and able to bless effectually with everlasting happiness. The Editor, who attended him during his last hours, said to him, "Sir,—the Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight, and to finish a truly glorious course." He answered, "Blessed be his holy name for it." He also said to him, "Jesus will soon call you up higher." He replied, "Ay, Ay, Ay, higher, higher, higher." He once exclaimed, "Yes, and my children too will shout and sing, '*Here comes our father.*' Immediately he sunk under the mortal stroke. His spirit quitted its clayey tabernacle, to mingle amongst the happy spirits who are before the throne, employed perpetually in serving and praising God and the Lamb. On the ensuing sabbath his remains were interred in his own parish Churchyard. The Rev. Charles Simeon preached his funeral Sermon from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Six neighbouring Clergymen attended to bear his pall. The immense concourse of people who assembled from all parts of the country to be present at this solemnity, the undissembled grief which was depicted upon every countenance, the tears which trickled down every cheek, were

a melancholy but expressive eulogium on his character, and should be considered as a just panegyric on his worth.

As he was never married he left no widow to deplore his absence, nor children to perpetuate his memory ; but his bright example and wise instructions lived in the affectionate remembrance of thousands who derived blessings through his ministry.

The *Christian World Unmasked*, and a volume of Hymns called Sion's Songs, which he composed during his long indisposition, are the only works which he published.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE EARLY PART OF MR. BERRIDGE'S MINISTRY, EXTRACTED FROM MR. WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

For many years he (Mr. Berridge) was seeking to be justified by his works ; but a few months ago he was throughly convinced, that "by grace" we "are saved through faith." Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the redemption that is in Jesus ; and God confirmed his own word by working repentance and faith in the hearers.

Sunday, May 20th, 1759, *by an Eye Witness.*— At church, I heard many cry out, especially children, whose agonies were amazing ; one of the eldest, a girl ten or twelve years old, was full in view, in violent contortions of body, and weeping aloud, I think incessantly during the whole service. And several much younger children were agonizing as this did. The church was equally crowded in the afternoon, the windows being filled within and without, and even the outside of the pulpit to the very top ; so that Mr. Berridge seemed almost stifled

by their breath. Yet feeble and sickly as he is, he was continually strengthened, and his voice for the most part distinguishable, in the midst of all the outcries. I believe there were present three times more men than women, a great part of whom came from far; thirty of them having set out at two in the morning, from a place 13 miles off. The text was, "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." When the power of religion began to be spoken of, the presence of God really filled the place. And while poor sinners felt the sentence of death in their souls, what sounds of distress did I hear!"

"The greatest number of them who cried or fell, were men; but some women and several children felt the power of the same Almighty Spirit, and seemed just sinking into hell. This occasioned a mixture of various sounds; some shrieking, some roaring aloud. The most general was a loud breathing, like that of people half strangled and gasping for life. And indeed almost all the cries were like those of human creatures dying in bitter anguish. Great numbers wept without any noise; others fell down as dead; some sinking in silence; some with extreme noise and violent agitation. I stood on the pew-seat as did a young man in the opposite pew, an able-bodied, fresh, healthy country man. But, in a moment, while he seemed to think of nothing less, down he dropped, with a violence inconceivable. The adjoining pews seemed shook with his fall. I heard afterward the stamping of his feet, ready to break the boards, as he lay in strong convulsions,

at the bottom of the pew. Among several that were struck down in the next pew, was a girl who was as violently seized as he was. When he fell, B—ll and I felt our souls thrilled with a momentary dread, as when one man is killed by a cannon ball, another often feels the wind of it."

"Among the children who felt the arrows of the Almighty, I saw a sturdy boy, about eight years old, who roared above his fellows, and seemed in his agony to struggle with the strength of a grown man. His face was as red as scarlet; and almost all on whom God laid his hand, turned either very red, or almost black. When I returned, after a little walk to Mr. Berridge's home, I found it full of people. He was fatigued, but said he would nevertheless give them a word of exhortation. I stayed in the next room, and saw the girl whom I had observed so particularly distressed in the church, lying on the floor as one dead, but without any ghastliness in her face. In a few minutes we were informed of a woman filled with peace and joy, who was crying out just before. She had come thirteen miles, and is the same person who dreamed Mr. Berridge would come to her village on that very day whereon he did come, though without either knowing the place, or the way to it. She was convinced at that time. Just as we heard of her deliverance, the girl on the floor began to stir. She was then set in a chair, and after sighing awhile, suddenly rose up, rejoicing in God. Her face was covered with the most beautiful smile I ever saw. She frequently fell on her knees but was generally running to and fro, speaking

these and the like words, 'O what can Jesus do for poor lost sinners! He has forgiven all my sins! I am in heaven! I am in heaven! O how he loves me! and how I love him! Meantime I saw a thin pale girl, weeping with sorrow for herself, and joy for her companion. Quickly the smiles of heaven came likewise on her, and her praises joined with those of the others. I also then laughed with extreme joy; so did all who knew the Lord, and some of those who were waiting for salvation; till the cries of them who were struck with the arrows of conviction, were almost lost in the sound of joy."

"Two or three well-dressed young women, who seemed careless before, now felt the power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter cry. Mr. B. about this time retired. We continued praising God with all our might; and his work went on as when Mr. B. was exhorting. I had for some time observed a young woman all in tears; but now her countenance changed. The unspeakable joy appeared in her face, which, quick as lightening, was filled with smiles, and became of a crimson colour. About the same time, John Keeling of Potton, fell into an agony; but he grew calm in about a quarter of an hour, though without a clear sense of pardon."

"Immediately after, a stranger, well dressed, who stood facing me, fell backward to the wall, then forward on his knees, wringing his hands, and roaring like a bull, (aloud.) His face at first turned quite red, then almost black. He rose, and ran against the wall, till Mr. Keeling and another held him. He screamed out, O! what shall I do, what

shall I do ? O ! for one drop of the blood of Christ. As he spoke, God set his soul at liberty. He knew his sins were blotted ont : and the rapture he was in, seemed too great for human nature to bear. He had come 40 miles to hear Mr. B., and was to leave him the next morning ; which he did with a glad heart, telling all who came in his way, what God had done for his soul.

" I observed about the time that Mr. Coe (that was his name,) began to rejoice, a girl, 11 or 12 years old, exceeding poorly dressed, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as desirous of salvation, as any. But I lost sight of her, till I heard the joyful sound of another born in Sion ; and found, upon inquiring, it was her, the poor disconsolate, gipsy-looking girl. And now did I see such a sight, as I do not expect again on this side Eternity. The faces of three justified children, and, I think, of all the believers present, did really shine ; and such a beauty, such a look of extreme happiness, and, at the same time, of divine love and simplicity, did I never see in human faces till now. The newly-justified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each other's necks for joy. Then they saluted all of their own sex, and besought both men and women to help them in praising God.

"It is common for people to remain unaffected in the church, and afterwards drop down in their way home. Some have been found lying as dead in the road ; others, in Mr. Berridge's garden ; not being able to walk from the church to his house, though it is not 200 yards.

"On Sunday se'nnight, a man of Wybersley, a Nathanael indeed, was so filled with the love of God, during morning prayer, that he dropped down, and lay as one dead for two hours. He had been so filled with love all the week before, that he was often for a time unable to work.

"On Sunday night last, as I was speaking in my house, there was a violent outcry. One soul was set at liberty. We sung near an hour, and the Lord released three more out of captivity.

"On Monday se'nnight Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farmer's house. After dinner I went into his yard, and seeing near a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached, for the first time, in the open air. Two persons were seized with strong convictions, fell down, and cried out most bitterly. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field, to about four thousand people. In the morning at five, Mr. Hicks preached in the same field, to about a thousand. And now the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us. There was abundance of weeping, and strong crying; and, I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, near thirty received true heart-felt conviction. Seeing about a dozen people in the brew-house, I spoke a few words. Immediately the farmer's daughter dropped down in strong conviction. Another also was miserably torn by Satan; but set at liberty before I had done prayer. At four I preached in myown

house, and God gave the Spirit of adoption to another mourner.

"On Monday last, I went to Shelford, four miles from Cambridge, near twenty from Everton. The journey made me quite ill; being so weary with riding, that I was obliged to walk part of the way. When I came thither, a table was set for me on the common; and, to my great surprise, I found near ten thousand people round it, among whom were many gownsmen from Cambridge. I was hardly able to stand on my feet, and extremely hoarse with a cold. When I lifted up my foot, to get on the table, an horrible dread overwhelmed me; but the moment I was fixed thereon, I seemed as unconcerned as a statue. I gave out my text, (*Gal* iii. 10, 11.) and made a pause, to think of something pretty to set off with; but the Lord so confounded me, (as indeed it was meet, for I was seeking not his glory, but my own,) that I was in a perfect labyrinth; and found, if I did not begin immediately, I must go down without speaking. So I broke out with the first word that occurred, not knowing whether I should be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my mouth, enabling me to speak nearly an hour, without any kind of perplexity; and so loud, that every one might hear. The audience behaved with great decency. When sermon was over, I found myself so cool and easy, so cheerful in spirit, and wonderfully strengthened in body, I went into a house, and spoke near an hour, to about two hundred people. In the morning I preached again to about a thousand. Mr. Hicks

engaged to preach in Orwell-field, on Tuesday evening. I gave notice, that I designed to preach on Monday se'nnight, at Grandchester, a mile from Cambridge. Mr. Hicks and I have agreed to go into Hertfordshire; afterwards to separate, and go round the neighbourhood, preaching in the fields, wherever a door is open, three or four days in every week. Believe me

"Your affectionate servant,
JOHN BERRIDGE."

"On Monday, July 9th, 1759, I set out, and on Wednesday noon reached Potton, when I rejoiced at the account given by John Keeling of himself and others. He was justified, it seems, on that memorable sabbath, but had not a clear witness of it till ten days after; about which time, his sister, (who was on that day in great distress,) was also set at liberty. I discoursed also with Ann Thorn, who told me of much heaviness following the visions with which she had been favoured; but said she was at intervals visited still with such overpowering love and joy, especially at the Lord's supper, that she often lay in a trance for many hours. She is twenty-one years old. We were soon after called into the garden, when Patty Jenkins (one of the same age) was so overwhelmed with the love of God, that she sunk down, and appeared as one in a pleasant sleep, only with her eyes open; yet she had often just strength enough to utter, with a low voice, ejaculations of joy and praise; but no words

coming up to what she felt, she frequently laughed while she saw his glory. This is quite unintelligible to many; for a stranger intermeddleth not with our joy. So it was to Mr. M., who doubted whether God or the Devil had filled her with love and praise. O the depth of human wisdom! Mr. R. the meantime, was filled with a solemn awe. I no sooner sat down by her than the Spirit of God poured the same blessedness into my soul. Hers continued till the time we were to set out for Cockayne Hatley. Then her strength was restored in a moment, and we walked together, sixteen in number, singing to the Lord as we went along.—About two thousand souls seem to have been awakened within this twelve months.

"While Mr. B. preached in the church, I stood with many in the church-yard, to make room for those who came from far; therefore I *saw* little, but *heard* the agonizing of many, panting and gasping for eternal life. In the afternoon Mr. B. was constrained, by the multitude of people, to come out of the church, and preach in his own close. Some of those who were here pricked to the heart, were affected in an astonishing manner. The first man I saw wounded would have dropped, but others catching him in their arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him still, that he caused all of them to totter and tremble. His own shaking exceeded that of a cloth in the wind. It seemed as if the Lord came upon him like a giant, taking him by the neck, and shaking all his bones in pieces. One woman tore up the ground with her

hands, filling them with dust, and with the hard trodden grass, on which I saw her lie, with her hands clenched, as one dead, when the multitude dispersed. Another roared and screamed in a more dreadful agony than ever I heard before. I omitted the rejoicing of believers because of their number and the frequency thereof, though the manner was strange; some of them being quite overpowered with divine love, and only showing enough of natural life to let us know they were overwhelmed with joy and life eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm sweetness in their looks. I saw one who lay two or three hours in the open air, and being then carried into the house, continued insensible another hour, as if actually dead. The first signs of life she shewed was a rapture of praise, intermixed with a small joyous laughter.

"At Harlston Mr. B. felt greatly fatigued and dejected, and said, "I am now so weak, I must leave off field-preaching." Nevertheless, he cast himself on the Lord, and stood up to preach, having near three thousand hearers. He was very weak at first, and scarce able to speak; but God soon performed his promise, imparting new strength to him, and causing him to speak with mighty power. A great shaking was among the dry bones. Incessant were the cries, groans, wringing of hands, and prayers of sinners, now first convinced of their deplorable state. After preaching, he was lively and strong, so that the closeness of a crowded room neither affected his breath, nor hindered his

rejoicing over two children, one about eight, the other about six years old, who were crying aloud to God for mercy.

"Mr. B. at Stapleford, five miles from Cambridge, felt his heart particularly set on the people, because he was curate here five or six years; but never preached a Gospel sermon among them, till this evening. About fifteen hundred persons met in a close to hear him, great part of whom were laughers and mockers. The work of God, however, quickly began among them that were serious; while not a few, endeavoured to make sport, by mimicking the gestures of them that were wounded. Both these, and those who rejoiced in God, gave great offence to some stern-looking men, who vehemently demanded to have those wretches horsewhipped out of the close. Need we wonder at this, when several of his own people are unwilling to let God work in his own way? And well may Satan be enraged at the cries of the people, and the prayers they make in the bitterness of their souls; seeing, we know, these are the chief times at which Satan is cast out.

"However, in a while, many of the scoffers were weary and went away; the rest continued as insensible as before. I had long been walking round the multitude, feeling a jealously for my God, and praying him to make the place of his feet glorious. My patience at last began to fail, and I prayed, "O King of Glory, break some of them in pieces; but let it be to the saving of their souls!" I had but just spoke, when I heard a dreadful noise on the

farther side of the congregation ; and, turning thither, saw one Thomas Skinner coming forward, the most horrible human figure I ever saw. His large wig and hair were coal black ; his face distorted beyond all description. He roared incessantly, throwing and clapping his hands together with his whole force. Several were terrified, and hasted out of the way. I was glad to hear him after awhile pray aloud. Not a few of the triflers grew serious, while his kindred and acquaintance were very unwilling to believe even their own eyes and ears. They would fain have got him away ; but he fell to the earth, crying, " My burden ! my burden ! I cannot bear it." Some of his brother scoffers were calling for horse-whips, till they saw him extended on his back at full length. They then said he was dead ;—and, indeed, the only sign of life was the working of his breast, and the distortions of his face, while the veins of his neck were swelled, as if ready to burst. He was just before, the chief captain of Satan's forces : none was by nature more fitted for mockery ; none could swear more heroically, to whip out of the close all who were affected by the preaching. His agonies lasted some hours ; then his body and soul were eased.

" Sunday, June 22nd, 1759.—At Everton, the church was quite full, and hundreds were without. And now the arrows of God flew abroad. The inexpressible groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were so loud, almost without intermission, that we who stood without could scarce help thinking all in the church were cut to the heart. But, upon enquiry,

we found, about two hundred persons, chiefly men, cried aloud for mercy; but many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, though in a calmer way.

"Mr. B. preached in his close this afternoon, though in great bodily weakness: but when he is weakest, God so strengthens him, that it is surprising to what a distance his voice reaches. I have heard Mr. Whitfield speak as loud, but not with such a continued, strong, unbroken tenor.

"Sunday, Aug. 5th, 1759.—During the prayers, as also during the sermon, and the administration of the sacrament, a few persons cried aloud; but it was not from sorrow or fear, but love and joy. On Monday, the 6th, I talked largely with Ann Thorn and two others, who had been several times in trances. What they all agreed in was, 1.—That when they went away, as they termed it, it was always at the time they were fullest of the love of God. 2.—That it came upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, and took away all their senses and strength. 3.—That they were as in another world, knowing nothing of what was done or said, by all that were round about them.

"About five in the afternoon, I heard them singing hymns. Soon after, Mr. B. came up, and told me, Alice Miller (fifteen years old,) was fallen into a trance. I went down immediately, and found her sitting on a stool, and leaning against the wall, with her eyes open, and fixed upward. I made a motion, as if going to strike; but they continued immoveable. Her face showed an unspeakable mixture of reverence and love, while silent tears

stole down her cheeks. Her lips were a little open, and sometimes moved ; but not enough to cause any sound. I do not know that I ever saw a human face look so beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a smile, as from joy, mixing with love and reverence ; but the tears fell still, though not so fast. Her pulse was quite regular. In about half an hour, I observed her countenance change into the form of fear, pity, and distress ; then she burst into a flood of tears, and cried out, " Dear Lord, they will be damned ! they will be damned !" but in about five minutes her smiles returned, and only love and joy appeared in her face. About half an hour after six, I observed distress take place again ; and soon after she wept bitterly, and cried out, " Dear Lord, they will go to hell ! the world will go to hell !" Soon after, she said, " Cry aloud ! spare not !" And in a few moments her look was composed again, and spoke a mixture of reverence, joy, and love. Then she said aloud, " Give God the glory ! " About seven her senses returned. I asked, " Where have you been ? "—" I have been with my Saviour." " In heaven, or on earth ? "—" I cannot tell ; but I was in glory." Why then did you cry ? "—" Not for myself, but for the world ; for I saw they were on the brink of hell." "Whom did you desire to give the glory to God ? "—" Ministers that cry aloud to the world ; else they will be proud ; and then God will leave them, and they will lose their own souls."

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE REV. JOHN BERRIDGE, EXTRACTED FROM DYER'S HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGES OF CAMBRIDGE.

"What was then called Methodism, was considered at its rise, as a great disturber of the quiet of our University. The first person at Cambridge, who seemed to have been much influenced by it, was the Rev. John Berridge, Senior Fellow of Clare Hall, who, occasionally preaching in the pulpit of St. Mary, gave great offence to the University. He formed no party at the time, which openly countenanced him in the University; but he soon had many admirers in the town and country. The Fellows of Clare Hall, it seems, disposed of him in a way creditable to themselves, and acceptable to Mr. Berridge, by giving him a College living, which was Everton in Huntingdonshire. This was in 1755. Mr. Berridge, therefore, though he was no longer to be heard of as a Dissentient at St. Mary's Church, became another Holcroft (the famous ejected puritan), by preaching through Cambridgeshire, Bedfordshire, and Huntingdonshire, in houses and barns, as well as in his own pulpit. He soon sent forth lay preachers. Many dissenting churches now in those counties, were originally formed of his disciples: and some Gentlemen of the University, in about 1768, were a good deal formed in Mr. Berridge's school. The principal doctrine of this popular preacher, (for so he became,) related to the terms of acceptance with God, which he taught was to be obtained only through faith in the

complete righteousness of Jesus Christ, who, as perfect God, and perfect man, was fitted to be Mediator between God and man. He was a strict Trinitarian—he was a good scholar; but used to decry human learning, (when praised to the discountenancing of religious affections, or considered as indispensable for a preacher to plain villagers,) and his manner was deemed very eccentric. But his doctrines Mr. Berridge maintained to be those of the Church of England.

February, 1793.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,

"Our late excellent minister, the Rev. Mr. Berridge, was intimately known to my family, for more than thirty years, during the last twenty of which, I also had the pleasure of his acquaintance. In all this time, I never heard of, or saw any thing in his conduct, but what was becoming the character of the most sincere Christian and pious Minister—impressed with the importance of the great truths he preached, and acting as always under their immediate influence. He might, as much as any minister of Christ, since the Apostles' days, speak to his people in St. Paul's language,—"Be ye followers of me, as I am also of Christ; what ye have heard and seen in me, do.

"His exemplary piety—unbounded benevolence (not confined to those alone, who followed him as a preacher, or were exactly of his sentiments,)—his manner of speaking on religious subjects in public

and private, showed that he spoke no more than he really felt, and therefore commanded attention in an uncommon degree.

"Numerous instances might be produced of his exemplary integrity—noble disdain of worldly honours or profits, and other traits of his amiable demeanour: one or two of these I cannot forbear mentioning, as they fell under my immediate notice.

"In December, 1776, I had the pleasure to be present, when the distinguishing benignity of the christian character was beautifully exemplified in Mr. Berridge, and Mr. Fletcher, (another eminent minister of Christ, now also in glory). They had not seen each other for sixteen years. When they had last met, they were of similar sentiments upon some points of doctrine, concerning which less loving christians than they were, had treated each other with unbecoming severity. But for the seven or eight years preceding this interview, Mr. Berridge had different views, and had passed some strictures upon the polemical writings of his friend, in a tract which Mr. Berridge published about the year 1773. Mr. Fletcher replied to the objections of Mr. Berridge, but no rejoinder took place on the part of Mr. B., who has frequently expressed his regret at himself and Mr. F. having written on controversial subjects, observing that it would have been better let alone. I have heard him at sometimes wish that every copy of controversial books were burned; and at others, with a degree of pleasantry, which was his custom in familiar conver-

sation, observe how quietly the productions on both side lay on his shelf, strongly intimating his wish that neither might be read.

"The meeting of these two excellent men, was such as could not but bring to mind the Apostolic days. It was at the Vicarage of Everton. They embraced each other with tears of affection, at first meeting, and saluted by the endearing name of brother: surely never did two more kindred spirits meet. How clearly was it to be seen that they had one Father—one Lord—one Baptism—notwithstanding their different opinions. Never was a fuller testimony that religion does not consist in opinions, and that its power rests upon men of totally different speculative sentiments—in short, that the Kingdom of Heaven is within all the true and loving disciples of a loving Saviour. Though Mr. B. had attacked Mr. F. with some warmth, because he thought he had written some things derogatory to the honour of the Redeemer, whom they both adored, and both would have given their lives to serve. And though Mr. F. in his reply, had used some expressions which occasioned Mr. B. to call it in his humourous way, his horsewhip; yet did they now meet as most affectionate brethren.

"After the first expressions of regard, they naturally adverted to their last meeting; and thence began to trace the circumstances of the intervening years.—Myself and two other friends then purposely left them together for full two hours. On our return they told us they had been having a great deal of conversation; but we perceived with great

satisfaction, that the spirit with which they met, had not evaporated: they were still consulting how they might be most useful to the Church of Christ. They were now to part, and as Mr. F. was in such an ill state of health, that he did not expect even to see Mr. B. again, it was the more solemn. They invited us, who were present, and also called in Mr. Berridge's servants to join them in a parting address to the throne of grace. Mr. F. prayed fervently and affectionately; and having concluded, all were about to rise from their knees, when Mr. B. began to pray in language equally warm and loving with that of his dear brother. Their parting was such as might be expected after such a meeting. Their conduct reminds me of the saying of the persecutors of the Primitive Christians, "See how these Christians love one another!" Indeed the behaviour of these two friendly opponents, was worthy of their high calling, and truly ornamental to their holy profession: the savour of it has remained very forcibly on my mind to this day.

"In the spring of 1777, Mr. Berridge being in London, had a desire to return Mr. Fletcher's visit; and I therefore accompanied him to Stoke Newington, where Mr. F. then was, having an increase of his disorder. They met and parted, as they did at Everton, in the true spirit of Christian love; and I believe saw each other no more in the body.

"An instance of Mr. Berridge's inflexible resolution to show no respect of persons, and to rebuke sin wherever he saw it, I cannot but add, being distinguished by some peculiar circumstances from

the numerous proofs I have seen of his uprightness, and boldness, when in his master's service; and of his meekness when he thought he had done the smallest injury. He had been told that a person, who had constantly sat under his ministry for many years, had acted in a covetous way towards a neighbour; he was unable to conceal his abhorrence of such a temper in one, who professed to be a follower of the Saviour, who commanded his disciples to "do unto others, as they would they should do unto them," until a private interview took place. The first time he saw him in his church, Mr. B. reproved covetousness, and want of love to others, with the utmost vehemence, and was so pointed in his censure of such conduct, that one, who had an intimation of what had been said to Mr. B., mentioned it to the accused person, as his opinion, that Mr. Berridge's reproofs were aimed at him. Conscious of his innocence of the charge, the accused person would not at first believe so sharp a rebuke was meant for him, especially as he had reason to think that had Mr. B. heard any report to his discredit,he would have spoken to him in private. However he was at length prevailed upon to call upon Mr. B. and request him to explain. The moment he entered the good man's room, he rose up, and taking him by the hand, precluded the necessity of so doing.

G. J. Gorham."

To a Clergyman.

P. S. "On Sunday, 19th Jan. 1793, I stood by

his chair in his study. He was very ill, but extremely cheerful. He was alarmed at the growing infidelity of the country ; yet pleased that a Spirit was stirred up against it. He asked "Have you burned Tom Paine yet at St. Neots?" I told "they had." He seemed pleased. He took most affectionate notice both of myself and my wife, who stood by. He then smiled, and said, "I thought my master would have called me home yesterday, but I must wait his time," or to that effect. He spoke but little more. Whilst we took a silent weeping Farewell, having attended his ministry from my childhood, and felt it a blessing to sit under such a minister, I experienced a shock like a surviving son, who loses a beloved Father. I was then forty years of age. I loved him as my spiritual Father.

AN EPITAPH

of the Rev. JOHN BERRIDGE, M. A., late Vicar of Everton, written by himself, excepting the date of his death, is inscribed on the south side of a plain substantial Tomb, about a yard high.

HERE LIE
The earthly remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE,
Late Vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant Servant of JESUS CHRIST,
Who loved his Master, and his work,
And, after running on his errands many years,
Was called up to wait on him above.
Reader,
Art thou born again?
No Salvation without a NEW BIRTH!
I was born in sin, February, 1716.
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730.
Lived proudly on Faith and Works for Salvation till 1754.
Admitted to EVERTON Vicarage, 1755.
Fled to JESUS alone for Refuge, 1756.
Fell asleep in Christ, January, 22, 1793.

The tomb is placed on the North East side of the Church Yard, where formerly the bodies of those only were buried, who had destroyed themselves, or brought themselves to an ignominious end. The Editor frequently heard Mr. Berridge say, that he

had ordered, that his remains should be deposited in that part of the Church Yard, which, he said with great pleasantry, would be an effectual means of *consecrating* it. Immediately the disgrace of being buried there, was removed; for soon after others ordered their remains to be laid in that place.

AN ELEGY

Written on the much lamented death of Mr. Berridge, by a person in London, on hearing of it.

"What meliferous sounds are these I hear,
Swiftly floating through the ambient air?
It is the note of pure seraphic fire,
Sweetly hailing our much honoured Sire.
Around his Angel kindred spirits fly,
To know his name as he approaches nigh.
Berridge, he says, was late my earthly name,
A setter-forth of our dear Saviour's fame.
But stay me not, with eagerness he cries;
I long to see him with immortal eyes;
Him who erst I feebly preached below;
Him unto whom the Gentile nations flow;
Jesus, my *King*, my *Saviour*, and my *God*;
David's Root, yet, of Jesse's stem, a Rod.
Hark—'tis his voice! He calls me to his throne!
When, lo! a sudden glory round him shone.
The Saviour comes, and takes him to his arms:
His soul o'erpow'rs with his salvivic charms.
Stay, O dear *Lord*, this is too much he cries,
My portion's at thy feet, where Mary lies:
Less than the least of all the saints confest:
In thee, and thee alone, I'm only blest.
As well he lived, thus died this Man of God:
Humbly in *Immanuel's* steps he trod.
In him a friend, through all the country round,
The poor, the naked, and the hungry found.
His fellow-lab'rers feel his fost'ring care;
Take his advice,—his patrimony share.

Oft he petition'd others as their friend;
Yet in all, Christ's Glory was *his* chief end.
He envied not, he courted no applause:
His heart was only in his Saviour's cause.
His life was inoffensive, meek and mild:
In manners sweet, in simpleness a child.
He in his public character set forth
The Saviour's fulness, and intrinsic worth;
Laid low the sinner,—Christ exalted high:
He learned erroneous doctrines to decry.
His Gospel Lyre was by the Spirit strung,
The saint, the sinner, on his accents hung;
They both returned, struck with the pleasing theme,
Convinc'd that all beside was but a dream.
Many call'd him Father, while here on earth;
As instrumental in their second birth.
These were his words, as on his bed he lay,
—"Yes; and my Children too will shout and say,
"Here comes our Father," from his labours freed,
Rejoicing in the woman's conqu'ring seed.
His theme was grace; Free Grace was his delight;
The Spirit's teaching, and the Spirit's might;
The persons, *Father, Son,* and *Holy Ghost,*
Ador'd by saints, and all the heav'nly host,
Th' eternal, self-existent *one in Three,*
Whose pow'r's supreme, whose love is full and free."

LINES WRITTEN BY MR. BERRIDGE, AND PASTED ON HIS CLOCK.

"Here my Master bids me stand,
And mark the time with faithful hand;
What is his will is my delight,
To tell the hours by day, by night.
Master, be wise, and learn of me,
To serve thy God, as I serve thee."

ANECDOTES OF Mr. BERRIDGE.

The late Rev. Mr. Berridge, when about to begin his sermon at Tottenham Court, was once employed, longer than usual, in wiping his spectacles. The cause occasioned many to look up, to account for it; when the good old man, with great gravity, said,—"If you can see without spectacles, thank God for it; I thank God that I can see with them."

This is a useful hint both for those who use, and for those who do not need glasses.

The Rev. Mr. Berridge, after he was called to the knowledge of the truth and to preach the Gospel, although long accustomed to the schools, was remarkably careful to preach with great plainness of speech; so much so, that if possible, there might not be uttered a word but the meanest of his hearers might understand. On an occasion when the Rev. Mr. R—— had been preaching at his church, after the service, the good Vicar said, "Brother R—— your sermon was good, but my people cannot understand your language." Mr. R——, whose style was remarkably simple, could not recollect any expression in his sermon, that could be above their comprehension; and, therefore, requested him to mention it. Mr. Berridge said, "You have endea-

voured to prove that God is omniscient and omnipotent; but if you had said, that God was almighty, and knew every thing, they would have understood you."

Mr. Berridge, about the year 1791, being just arrived from his vicarage at Everton, in Bedfordshire; and being led up the pulpit stairs one evening after the minister had prayed, he addressed the audience nearly as follows:—"My dear Tabernacle friends," (the tears trickling down his cheeks,) "I bless my dear Lord that has thus far brought me on my wearisome pilgrimage through the wilderness, and has permitted his old worn-out servant to see your face in the flesh once more, which, in all probability will be the last time. Satan said to me as I was coming,—"You old fool, how can you think of preaching to that great people, who have neither strength nor memory left?" I said to him, "Well, Satan, I have got a good Master, that has not forsook me these forty years, and in his strength I'll try;" and, blessed be his name, he has thus far helped me; and if you'll pray, I'll try to preach once more in my poor way: and may the Lord make it a blessed opportunity to us all! and I think you'll say Amen to it."

The Rev. John Berridge being once visited by a very loquacious young lady, who, forgetting the modesty of her sex, and the superior gravity of an aged divine, engrossed all the conversation of the interview with small-talk concerning herself: when

she rose to depart, he gravely said, "Madam, before you withdraw I have one piece of advice to give you, and that is, when you go into company again, after you have talked *half* an *hour*, without intermission, I recommend it to you to stop a while, and see if any other of the company has any thing to say."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LATE MR. BERRIDGE, RELATED BY J. SUTCLIFFE, OLNEY.

About two years ago, a friend of mine, wishing to enjoy an hour or two of Mr. B.'s company, rode over to Everton for that purpose. He was introduced by a dissenting minister in the neighbourhood, with whom Mr. B. lived upon terms of friendship. When seated, my friend requested Mr. B., if agreeable, to favour them with a few outlines of his life. The venerable old man began, and related several things, as narrated in his life. But as some are there unnoticed, I have selected the following, which I think will not be uninteresting to your readers:— "Soon after I began," said he, "to preach the Gospel of Christ at Everton, the church was filled from the villages around us, and the neighbouring clergy felt themselves hurt at their churches being deserted. A person of my own parish, too, was much offended. He did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded. Between them both, it was resolved, if possible, to turn me out of my living. For this purpose, they complained of me to the Bishop of the Diocese, that I had preached

out of my parish. I was soon after sent for by the Bishop,—I did not much like my errand, but I went.

"When I arrived, the Bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner: "Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A———y, or E——n, or P——n?"—"No, my lord," said I, "neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me." "Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do!"—"It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——n, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their own parishes upon E——n bowling green." "Poh!" said his lordship, "I tell you, you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and, if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol."—"As to that, my lord," said I, "I have no greater liking to Huntingdon gaol than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one." Here his lordship looked very hard at me, and very gravely assured me, "that I was beside myself, and that in a few months time, I should either be better or worse."—"Then," said I, "my lord, you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist from this practice, of my own accord: and, if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon

gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam."

"His lordship now changed his mode of attack. Instead of threatening, he began to entreat. "Berridge," said he, "you know I have been your friend, and I wish to be so still. I am continually teazed with the complaints of the clergymen around you. Only assure me that you will keep to your own parish; you may do as you please there. I have but little time to live; do not bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"At this instant, two gentlemen were announced, who desired to speak with his lordship. "Berridge," said he, "go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me." I went, and, on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner, I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner, his lordship took me into the garden. "Well, Berridge," said he, "have you considered of my request?"—"I have, my lord," said I, "and have been upon my knees concerning it." "Well, and will you promise me, that you will preach no more out of your own parish?"—"It would afford me great pleasure," said I, "to comply with your lordship's request, if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied

the Lord has blessed my labours of this kind, and I dare not desist." "A good conscience!" said his lordship, "do you not know that it is contrary to the Canons of the Church?"—"There is one Canon, my lord," I replied, "which saith, *Go preach the Gospel to every creature.*" "But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the Gospel to all men."—"If they would preach the Gospel themselves," said I, "there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot desist." His lordship then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me; but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence.

"I took no measures for my own preservation, but divine Providence wrought for me in a way I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a Fellow of that College; and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Chatham, who was at that time also at the University. This Fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the gospel, became my enemy, and did me some injury in some ecclesiastical privileges, which beforetime I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it seems, within himself, we shall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was just about the time that I was sent for by the Bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, saying nothing

about my Methodism, but, to this effect: "Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordshire, and I am informed, there is one ———— that gives him a great deal of trouble, has accused him to the Bishop of the Diocese, and, it is said, will turn him out of his living—I wish you could contrive to put a stop to these proceedings. Mr. Pitt was at that time a young man, and not choosing to apply to the Bishop himself, spoke to a certain nobleman, to whom the Bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman, within a few days, made it his business to see the Bishop, who was then in London. "My lord," said he, "I am informed you have a very honest fellow, one Berridge, in your Diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious person ————. He has accused him, I am told, to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, my lord, if you would take no notice of that person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living." The Bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round: It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action."

"(The person, having waited on the Bishop to know the result of the summons, had the mortification to learn, that his purpose was defeated. On his return home, his partisans in this prosecution fled to know what was determined on, saying, "Well, you have got the Old Devil out?" He replied, "No; nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out.)"

"After this interesting narration was ended, which had alternatively drawn smiles and tears from my friend and his companion, they requested him to pray with them one five minutes before they departed: "No," said the good old man to my friend, "You shall pray with me."—"Well, but if I begin, perhaps you will conclude?" He consented. After my friend had ended, he, without rising from his knees, took up his petitions; and with such sweet solemnity, such holy familiarity with God, and such ardent love to Christ, poured out his soul, that the like was seldom seen. They parted, and my friend declares, he thinks he shall never forget the savour of the interview to his dying day.

See Ryland's Life of Fuller p. 225

ANECDOTE OF MR. BERRIDGE RELATIVE TO MR. BELL.

In the early part of Mr. Berridge's ministry there was one Mr. George Bell, a noted character amongst the lay preachers, and possessed of considerable talents. He became connected with Mr. Berridge, and occasionally visited him at Everton. For many years he conducted himself in a consistent manner, and maintained a conversation becoming the gospel of Christ. Many sought his acquaintance; and manifested a warm attachment to him. This probably tended to inspire him with a high conceit of himself, which eventually produced an enthusiastic delirium: for he began to entertain the idea, that he was a peculiar favourite of heaven, and that he should be distinguished above other christians in his exaltation *to* heaven. He made it known

amongst his friends, with a heart highly elated with the prospect of the honour to be conferred upon him, that he should leave the world, and ascend up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Whether any, who were attached to him, gave credit to him respecting the manner in which he assured them he should enter the heavenly state, is not ascertained. On the report reaching Everton, Mr. Berridge formed the intention, the next time he went to London, of sending for him, that he might know from his own lips whether there was any ground for what was said of him. Accordingly when he next visited London he sent to Mr. Bell, to request him to call on him, which he immediately did. After some common conversation had taken place between them, Mr. Berridge said, "I have heard, Mr. Bell, that you say, you shall be carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire." "*So I shall*," replied Mr. Bell, in a tone of uncommon exultation. "Indeed!" added Mr. Berridge, "then you will be highly honoured. May I request one favour of you? Having always given you a cordial reception when you have visited me at Everton, I have some small claim on your kindness." "Most assuredly," answered Mr. Bell, "shall I be ready to grant you any favour that is in my power." "When you are carried up to heaven in a chariot of fire," replied Mr. Berridge, "I request that you will grant me the honour of being your postilion." This being spoken in a sarcastical manner, roused the spirit of the enthusiast; and he exclaimed in a loud tone of voice, that he had spoken blasphemy. After raving

for a while, in a wild strain, he quitted the room.

The Editor would just add respecting Bell, that soon after his interview with the Vicar of Everton, he prophesied, that Christ would come to judge the world, on a certain night, at twelve o'clock. This declaration was made every where known in London; and numbers gave such credit to what he said, as to form meetings for prayers, that they might be ready for his appearance. In the room where Bell was, with many of his adherents, there was one whom the Editor knew, who related that he placed himself at an opened window, frequently saying, "*He is coming! He is coming!*" The hour, however, elapsed; but no appearance of Christ took place. Thus disappointed in his expectation, he flew off from the orbit of profession of religion; relinquished all connexion with pious characters; and, declaring that he would have nothing more to do with Christ, because he did not fulfil the prophecy he (Bell) had uttered; he associated with ungodly characters the whole of his after life, and died without any signs of repentance for his folly and ungodly conduct. Another person, who was well known to the Editor, was connected with Bell, and imbibed his extravagant notions. They were both notified characters in their day. This associate of Bell was happily delivered from the delusion with which he had been entangled, and was brought to think soberly, and to act consistently as an upright christian to the termination of his mortal course.

MR. FULLER'S VISIT TO EVERTON.

"I greatly admired that divine savour, which, all along mingled itself with Mr. Berridge's facetiousness, and sufficiently chastised. His conversation tended to produce a frequent, but guiltless smile accompanied with a tear of pleasure. His love to Christ appears to be intense. The visit left a strong and lasting impression on my heart of the beauty of holiness—of holiness almost matured."

MR. JOSEPH HOBBS' VISIT TO EVERTON.

"I took the opportunity of informing him of the death of the Countess of Huntingdon, which had occured a few days before; "Ah!" said the good man, "is she dead? Then another pillar is gone to glory. Mr. Whitfield is gone—Mr. Wesley and his brother are gone, and I shall go soon." I replied, "Yes, Sir; it is not probable you will long survive them; and although some little differences in opinion existed between you here, I have no doubt you will unite in perfect harmony in heaven." He then with a placid smile answered, "Ay, Ay, that we shall; for the Lord washed our *hearts* here, and he will wash our *brains* there."

MR. BERRIDGE'S ADVICE TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

"Keep a barrel of ale in your house; and when a man comes to you with a message, or on other business, give him some refreshment, that his ears may be more open to your religious instructions."

The Editor, on his first interview with Mr. Berridge, was much struck with his humourous, but instructive and encouraging conversation ; and, on leaving him, he looked earnestly at him, and observing that he had on him a light coloured waistcoat and stockings, he, smiling, said, " If you come to be my curate, you must draw that waistcoat, and those stockings up the *Chimney*."

Mr. Berridge always sat in the reading desk ; and, when the Editor passed him to go up into the pulpit, he would sometimes say,—" Lift up your voice, and frighten the jackdaws out of the steeple; for if you do not cry aloud while you are young, you will not do it when you are old."

Mr. Berridge, when sometimes, on entering the pulpit, he found himself unable to exercise his thoughts on his subject, used to say, " That he felt himself to be like a barber's block with a wig on."

Mr. Berridge had around his room several heads of eminently pious men, in small frames ; and over his fire-place there was a looking-glass of the same size. A clergyman, on his first visit, looked at first one, and then at another. " *That*," said Mr. Berridge, " is *Calvin*—and *that* is *Luther;* and *that*," pointing to the one over the fireplace, "is the *Devil*." The clergyman stepped hastily to look at it, and saw his own face. "Is it not," exclaimed Mr. Berridge, a striking likeness of his satanic majesty ?

Mr. Berridge soon after he had accepted the living of Everton, entertained some thoughts of entering into the marriage state. Anxious, however, to know whether it was the will of God, that he should do so, he made it matter of frequent prayer; but not finding his mind fully satisfied respecting the taking of such an important step, he formed the resolution of abiding by the decision, which the word of God might afford him, on opening it in a devout manner on his knees. This method he did not approve for the purpose of determining what steps to take in life; but in *this case* he believed that he should be graciously directed what to do. Accordingly he opened his bible, and his eye at once fixed on the passage,—"Thou shalt not take thee a wife, neither shalt thou have sons nor daughters in this place."—*Jerem.* xvi. 2. This effectually settled the point in question; and he never more thought of changing his condition, but continued a bachelor to the end of his life.

Mr. Berridge, soon after his connexion with the Tabernacle in London, was visited by a lady, who came down in her carriage from London to Everton, to solicit his hand in marriage, assuring him that the Lord had revealed it to her, that she was to become his wife. He was not a little surprised at her application, and for such a purpose. He paused for a few moments, and then replied,—"Madam, if the Lord has revealed it to you, that you are to be my wife, surely he would also have revealed it to me, that I was designed to be your husband; but as no

such revelation has been made to me, I cannot comply with your wishes. Consequently the lady returned to London grievously disappointed in her expectation.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

Psalm cxxx, 7, 8. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Israel.—A chosen people: Psalm cxxxv. 4. A praying people, like Jacob of old. An upright people without guile, like Nathanael, John i. 47. Called out of Egypt, like Israel of old, to follow the Lord's direction, and not their own will. Having a clean heart: Psalm lxxiii. 1.

Hope in the Lord.—Hoping is trusting with expectation of relief. This hope must be in the Lord alone; all hope of deliverance from any other way being renounced. Sinners, when seeking for mercy, are apt to look to broken cisterns for relief; to some penances of their own. Micah's Pharisee bid high, Micah vi. 7. One thousand of rams, ten thousand rivers of oil; the fruit of my body; yea, a

firstborn for the sin of my soul: will the Lord be pleased with these? No, says the prophet, God hath shown thee what is good for thy peace, v. 2, 4, 5. Duties must be performed, but no deliverance expected from duties. Men often return from sin, but do not return to the Lord. What various penances have the Romanists invented to quiet conscience; yet all short of Micah's Pharisee.

The ground of this hope.—For with the Lord there is mercy. Mercy is favour shown to the undeserving and ill-deserving. Mercy is God's darling attribute; he is said to be rich in mercy; the Father of mercies, and delighteth in mercy: but since God is just as well as merciful, justice must be satisfied before his mercy can be shown; and this he has done, by sending his Son to make atonement for sin. Hereby justice is satisfied; the law is magnified; his holiness vindicated; and the truth of his word confirmed, that death is the wages of sin. Nothing can shew more effectually the delight God has in mercy, than the expense he has been at to make a clear way for the exercise of it.

With him is plenteous redemption—This redemption is by *price* and *power*.

He redeems from the curse of the law, by the *price* of his blood; and redeems from the bondage of sin, by the *power* of his grace. And there is *plenty* of this redemption in Christ; plentiful virtue in his blood to purge away guilt; plentiful power in his grace to subdue corruption.

He shall deliver Israel from all his iniquities.—God here engages there shall be an assured good

issue of this redemption ; a certain deliverance from all iniquity ; and even justice requires it should be so ; for since the price of redemption has been paid for God's Israel, it is fit, in due time, they should enjoy the fruit of it ; enjoy it to the praise of the grace of God, and the blood of Jesus ; the former contriving, and the latter purchasing this redemption, which is begun and carried on in this life, but not completed till the next. Let none hope in the Lord who live in sin.

Let God's Israel *pray* earnestly for this redemption, and wait for it as heedfully as they that wait for the morning ; and confidently expect it, as they expect the return of morning, who wait for it.

Prov. xxviii. 19.—He that tilleth his land shall have *plenty* of bread ; but he that followeth vain persons shall have poverty enough.

The Proverbs have a literal and spiritual meaning : the former directs our moral behaviour, as men ; the latter, our spiritual conduct, as christians ; the former is the shell, the latter is the kernel of the proverb.

He that tilleth his land, i. e. follows his employment diligently, shall have bread to eat, and sufficient plenty of it ; but he, who follows vain persons, lazy, loitering persons, shall have poverty enough. This literal sense needs no comment. Examples occur every day. I would only just observe, for the encouragement of industry, God has annexed a promise to it of plenty of bread, and we may plead the performance of it.

Every man has a piece of land to till, which is the ground of the heart.—See parable of the sower.

This ground is fallow by nature, bearing weeds and briers, but no grain, except wild oats. Once it was a little paradise, a blessed soil, producing peace, and love, and joy, and was Jehovah's earthly throne; but when sin had defiled it, it became a cage of unclean birds, and a den of thieves. Christ has given us an inventory of its goods and chattels. Take it in his own words, Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, maliciousness, deceit, wantonness, envy, blasphemy, pride, foolishness: Mark vii. 21, 22. This is the natural treasure of the human heart; the seed of every evil is lodged in it. Well therefore may God say, It is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: Jer. xvii. 9.

Whilst the ground of the heart lieth fallow, the word of God makes no saving impression on it. Such are called way-side hearers, in the parable of the sower; the fowls of the air pick up all the seed that is sown. Farmers break up their ground with a plough, before they sow. Hence the Lord cries out, Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns: Jer. iv. 3. Show what ploughing up the heart means. The word then enters, and tears the heart, as the plough enters and tears the ground.

Now the heart must be broken up, 1st. That the seed may enter. 2nd. That the weeds may be killed. 3rd. That the staple may be seen, 4th. That the clods may be broken, and its churlishness

subdued. 5th. A fresh ploughing with every sowing. Spiritual tillage consists in a diligent use of the means of grace, prayer, hearing and reading the word, and holy meditation.

Plenty of bread.—nourishment for the soul, and plenty of it. Plenty of faith, peace, love, joy, and all the fruits of the spirit. He that follows vain persons, light and chaffy professors, and makes them his companions, shall have poverty enough leanness of soul, and enough of it. Take care of your company then ; if you would have a thriving soul, be diligent in your tillage, and acquaint yourself with thrifty professors.

Prov. xxii. 9. He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed ; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

First, speak of the text as it respects the God-man, showing what he is, and what we are to expect from him, and what returns to make to him.

He hath a bountiful eye, which 1st. On the sight of misery, affects the heart with compassion and brings relief: Matt. xv. 32. I have compassion on the multitude, because they have nothing to eat. Where, observe, charity multiplies the bread. Matt. xx. 34 : Compassion on the blind men. Luke vii. 13 : Compassion on the widow. 2nd. A bountiful eye seeks out objects of charity. He came seeking that which is lost : Matt. xviii. 11. 3rd. A bountiful eye sheweth mercy with cheerfulness : Rom. xii. 8. Giveth alms with a pleasant look and voice. Matt. viii. 3. viii. 7. ix. 13. Eccle. xviii. 15 : My son, blemish not thy good deeds : use no

uncomfortable words when thou givest any thing. 4th. A bountiful eye is not weary of giving because of the blessedness it produces. The righteous is ever merciful: Psalm xxxvii. 27.

Now the objects of this God-man's regard are the poor; poor in spirit; born without any spiritual springs of wisdom, strength or righteousness; and unable to produce them by any manœuvres of our own. Born naked, sin has stripped us; yet not ashamed of that nakedness till Jesus opens our eyes to see it; then we feel our spiritual poverty, and cry for relief. When the Lord has made his poor to feel their wants, and cry for food; then he giveth *his* bread unto them. *His* bread, purchased by him, and provided for them: viz. his *merit* and his *Spirit*.

This is the children's bread; his meritorious obedience their title; his meritorious death their peace. Thus he gives them his flesh for spiritual meat, and his blood for spiritual drink. He gives them also his Spirit to instruct them, and quicken them, and comfort them, and strengthen them. When the Lord gives his bread to the poor, then they *bless him;* they love him and praise him; they think and talk of him; they taste him and trust him; they seek to live with him, and learn to live for him.

Application.—Do you feel your poverty? Are you crying for food? Is the food given? Are his merits made over to you: viz. his blood and righteousness? Have you the Spirit of Christ in you; and are you led by his Spirit? Then you must

have a bountiful eye: For the fruit of the Spirit is in *all* goodness and righteousness and truth: Eph. v. 9. The bountiful man shall be blessed: he that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord: Prov. xix 17. There is that scattered, and yet, &c.: Prov. xi. 24. Blessed is he that considers the poor: Psalm xli. 1, 2, 3. The righteous showeth mercy, and is ever merciful: Psalm xxxvii. 21, 26. With the merciful, God will show himself merciful: Psalm xviii. 25.

Isaiah xxvi. 3. 4.—Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

By peace is meant a peaceful conscience, and a peaceful temper. This peace not attainable by human skill. Christ the Prince of Peace must give it; it is an act of *creation*: Isa. lvii. 19. He must keep it also.

This peace is given to the mind, that is *stayed* on Christ. The word *stayed* expresses the act of believing; it is the staying of the mind on Christ, as we stay the body on a chair, and so find rest. Stayed on Christ's atonement for pardon: 1 John i. 7. Acts x. 43. Stayed on his spirit for holiness: Ezek. xxxvi. 27. Stayed on his providence for bodily support and protection: Psalm xxxiii. 18, 19. xxxiv. 10. Stayed on his wisdom for direction: Psalm xxxii. 8. Stayed on his arm for support in time of pain and weakness: Deut. xxxiii. 25. Cant. viii. 5. No double stay allowed; Christ and the

creature. This slew Uzzah: 1 Chron. xiii. 7.

Peace not *preserved*, unless the mind is *kept* stayed on Christ. A chair affords rest no longer than whilst the body is stayed on it. Hence the need of setting the Lord continually before us: Psalm xvi. 8. that the mind may be kept stayed on him. Much prayer needful to obtain this stayed mind. No person need be discouraged on account of unworthiness from staying his mind on the Lord. For this peace is given; not because of excellent qualities in a person, nor because of excellent service done by him, but because he trusteth in the Lord. The peace comes merely through believing. It is God's appointment, that all the blessings of salvation shall be conveyed to sinners through believing.

So Jesus declares, God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life: John iii. 16. Peter says, Whosoever believeth in Christ, shall receive forgiveness of sins: Acts x. 43. Paul says, The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing: Rom. xv. 13. Jesus further says, All things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive: Matt. xxi. 22. And again, According to your faith be it unto you: Matt. ix. 29. So the psalmist, The Lord will save them, because they trust in him: Psalm xxxvii. 40. But must we trust in the Lord at *all times*, as well as for *all* things? If we trust in the Lord's atonement for pardon, may we not trust in our own works to justify us? No; my text says, Trust in the Lord for ever, in health or sickness;

in fulness or scarcity; under guilt or temptation; living or dying, trust in him only; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Considering our weakness, and the number, power, and subtilty of our enemies, such strength alone will suffice for us, as is almighty and everlasting.

Isa. lv. 6, 7.—Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Seek the Lord.—We seek only for what is lost; and by sin we lost the favour and image of God, and all acquaintance with him. Then seek to be received into his favour, to be restored into his image, and admitted into communion with him: for this purpose call upon him earnestly and perseveringly. To induce you to this, remember, Now is the accepted time: now he may be found: now he is near; his patience is waiting; his word is calling; and his Spirit striving. But if you would seek so as to find, observe further the Lord's directions: your *way* must be changed.

Let the wicked forsake his way.—If you have been walking in any evil way, as drunkenness, whoredom, lying, swearing, thieving, railing, evil-speaking, sabbath-breaking, these evil ways must be forsaken; else your seeking is in vain. Your *heart* also must be changed.

Let the unrighteous forsake his thoughts.—

Swarms of evil thoughts do naturally spring up in a carnal mind, and are harboured there; angry thoughts, envious, proud, malicious, wanton, murmuring thoughts. Men think highly of themselves and poorly of God's kingdom, (as if it could be purchased by our alms,) and meanly of God's service, accounting reading and praying wearisome duties. But when the heart is changed, we learn to think meanly of ourselves, and highly of God and his service, accounting it true freedom. We learn to watch against evil thoughts, and labour to have the thoughts move daily and freely towards God. Further, if we would seek and find, we must not only turn from our evil *ways* and evil *thoughts*, but must return to the Lord. Yield up your whole self to the Lord Jesus as your sovereign Lord, as the King of Israel; viewing yourself created by his power, maintained by his bounty, redeemed by his grace, and therefore bound by the strongest ties, to worship, love and serve him, and to glorify him with your body and soul.

He will have mercy upon him.—Mercy is the darling attribute of God; he delighteth in it; and redemption was contrived to glorify mercy. Let him return to *our* God, and he will abundantly pardon.—There is much sweetness and persuasion in these words. The prophet, to encourage a trembling sinner, here speaks in the name of all those who had found mercy; and therefore says, Let him return to *our* God, who has embraced *us* with his mercy, and he will abundantly pardon: we know it, by blessed experience. Fear not, only

believe, and you shall see and feel the salvation of God. Are you seeking? Now is the time! O delay not! Have you found mercy; then yield up yourselves freely and wholly to the Lord.

Jer. iv. 3, 4.—For thus saith the Lord to the men of Judah and Jerusalem, Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns. Circumcise yourselves to the Lord.

Much food in the tillage of the poor, Prov. xiii. 23. but some are destroyed for want of judgment. Every man has a farm to mind; a little farm of his own, given of God; and, by good cultivation, capable of producing much wealth. The ground of this farm lieth in every one's bosom; it is the ground of the heart. This ground, till cultivated by grace, lies fallow, bearing thorns, and thistles, and weeds of every kind, and wild oats. No fruit will grow till the fallows are broken up: seed sown on fallows is picked up by birds. No true knowledge of the ground of thy heart, till broken up. The plough turns the fallow inside out. The ground looks smooth and kindly before ploughing, but when ploughed, comes up in lumps, and is churlish, and needs much ploughing to make it receive the seed kindly. Fresh ploughing also must go before every fresh seeding: the law before the gospel.

The tillage in my text, is tillage of the poor—poor in spirit; they are the true spiritual husbandmen; they have felt their poverty, and are always in want, but know where to go for supplies; they hunger for heavenly bread; and the more they

are fed, they hunger the more. This hunger and poverty makes them good farmers, active in tillage. The more needy and hungry they are, the more diligent they prove, and the better they fare.

But what is this christian tillage, spoken of in the text? Alas! Something the world will not learn nor find pleasure in. Once in a week, on a sabbath, they seem to set about it, but make nothing out; and the more they engage in this tillage, the less they like it. But what is it? Prayer; public, family, private; hearing the word; reading the word; musing on the word; all these, like the farmer's work, come over continually. Much tillage brings food, and much food; faith, and much faith; love, and much love; peace, and much peace; clearer gospel views; sweeter gospel liberty.

But some are destroyed for want of judgment. Who are they? Not the poor, but the rich farmers, the wealthy professors, of whom Christ says, Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation: Luke vi. 24. These are rich in their own conceit; have some fancied stores of mint, and see no need of having the ground of their hearts ploughed up; this may be needful for highway-men house-breakers, &c. but not for them. They can say with the Pharisee, Thank God, &c. This is their consolation. They keep up a Sunday tillage, and are decent, perhaps, in their conduct, and here they rest, not knowing how sick and poor, and blind &c. they are, and thus are destroyed for want of judgment.

Jer. xxxiii. 6.—Behold, I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.

All by nature spiritually sick.—Sick of godliness; sick of God's word; sick of God's ordinances; sick of God himself. This spiritual sickness has introduced disorders into our whole frame: darkness into the mind; rebellion into the will; devilishness into the tempers; sensuality into the appetite; earthliness into the affections; deliriousness into the imagination; a fancying we are well, though mortally *sick*. God reveals this awful truth—this sickness to a sinner before he brings health. A sinner cannot see this truly, till God reveals it by setting the gospel glass before his face, and giving a view of his heart. Now earnest prayer begins for health; but, finding himself in bondage to sin, has little hope of success. To encourage him, Christ says, I will cause thy captivity to return, ver. 7. Opens his eyes to see the nature of the gospel covenant; gives him a view of its promises; and whilst he continues seeking, reveals the truth—the substance of them to his heart.

Further, sin not only brings spiritual sickness, but spiritual *wounds* also. These wounds do not appear deadly to us, till God reveals their truth, or true nature to us. We have all got balms of our own providing; such as, God is merciful; Christ has died for sinners; we are not so bad as the worst, and hope to be better by and by. These palliatives keep the wounds from festering; and men cannot see that death is the just wages of their sin, till

the Spirit reveals that awful truth to their heart.

As, before awakening, men fondly presume on mercy, so afterwards they are desponding of it. I will cure them; yes, I will cure them, says Jesus; but they think their wounds are too bad to be cured. They read that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin; but they cannot comfortably believe it, till the Spirit reveals that precious truth to the heart. While believers keep diligently waiting upon the Lord, he reveals his peace and truth more *abundantly* to them; giving more enlarged views of his truth, and more abiding sense of his peace.

Application.—What experimental knowledge have you of my text? Have you received health from the Lord, or continue in your natural state; a stranger to prayer, averse to all spiritual exercises, and sick of true godliness? Then there is no health in you; dead in sin you are, and dead to God, and in the road to everlasting death. If Christ has given some healthsome real knowledge of his peace and truth, then daily seek a more abundant knowledge of it.

Jer. l. 33, 34.—Thus saith the Lord of hosts, The children of Israel and the children of Judah were oppressed together; and all that took them captives held them fast; they refused to let them go. Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is his name; he shall throughly plead their cause, that he may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon.

Israel was cast out of his land by Shalmanezer,

and carried captive into Assyria; and Judah was cast out of his land by Nebuchadnezzer, and carried captive into Babylon, and this for sin. So man was cast out of paradise through sin; not only from the garden of Eden, but from communion with God.

Were Israel and Judah not only cast out of their land, but carried away captives? So man was not only cast out of communion with God, but taken captive by the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life;—by the world, the flesh, and the devil. The world took the sinner captive, and fills his heart with earthly desires, and anxious cares about it. The flesh took the sinner captive, filling him with wanton desires, and fleshly pursuits; directing him to humour and pamper the body, and take no thought of the soul. Satan took the sinner captive, and inspired him with anger and malice, with envy and pride, with discontent and fretfulness, with neglect of God's word and dislike of prayer.

All that took them captive held them fast.—The captivity is pleasing to the sinner, and he is willingly held in bondage. The world has charms for a sinner, and holds his heart fast. The flesh is pleased with sensual indulgences, and cares not to let them go. And as for evil tempers, aversion to prayer, neglect of God and his word, we choose rather to make excuses for them, than part with them. So fared it with Israel of old, when Cyrus proclaimed deliverance to them, the greater part remained still in captivity. But when Christ gives repentance to

a sinner, and open his eyes to see the evil of sin, and makes him desirous to forsake it, he finds a need of power from above to release him from bondage. His lusts hold him fast, and refuse to let him go. Satan fills him with unbelief, and the world fights against him. Thus a sinner, after feeling his sinfulness, is made to feel his helplessness. Thus he is made to come guilty and helpless, a ruined sinner to the Saviour. Now a Saviour is welcome, but the sinner is apt to distrust his *will* or his *power*.

His power and will are both declared in my text. Their Redeemer is *strong*, and he *will* thoroughly plead their cause. Strong enough to change our nature ; (he turned water into wine,) to subdue unbelief ; to heal our sicknesses ; to silence our lusts ; to comfort us when drooping ; to receive us when dying ; to create peace.

Also he *will thoroughly* plead their cause.— Pleading their cause is fighting for them, and subduing their enemies ; disquieting Babylonians ; and giving them rest. See Psalm xxxv. 1. Prov. xxiii. 11.—xxii. 23. Jer. li. 36. If he plead their cause thoroughly, he will carry them safe through the wilderness. He will also give them rest, deliver them from their bondage, and bring them into the liberty of God's children. But we must plead with him much and earnestly by prayer and faith. For these things he will be inquired of ; and blessings must be very poor, that are not worth asking for.

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26, 27.—Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean ; from

all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you ; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.

Then, when I shall have taken them from among the heathen. Sin makes a sinner guilty before God ; filthy in ourselves ; both a guilty and filthy creature : guilty, as being contrary to the authority of God ; filthy, as being contrary to the holiness of God. Guilt produces fear ; filth produces shame.

I will *sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean.*—A fountain is opened for sin and uncleanness—a type of the blood of Christ. This must be sprinkled on the unclean : an *application* must be made of the blood of Christ, and made by the Spirit of God. This typified by the water of purification : Num. xix. This cleanseth from all filthiness, and from all idols. Henceforth the sprinkled sinner saith, What have I to do any more with idols ? Hos. xiv. 8. The Lord is my God.

A new heart will I give you.—A heart devoted to the Lord ; devoted to the love and service of God.

A new spirit will I put within you.—A meek and lowly spirit ; a child-like teachable spirit ; a kind and brotherly spirit ; a forgiving merciful spirit.

I will take away the stony heart.—Insensible of its own hardness, and of sin, and of God's love ; unapt to receive divine impressions, or to return devout affections, inflexible.

And give you a heart of flesh.—A tender heart ;

sensible of sin ; mourning for it ; humbled under it ; fearful of God's displeasure ; feeling the power of God's word ; and sensible of spiritual pleasure and pain.

Now God makes this wholly his own act. He does not say, I will take away the stony heart, if you do not resist me ; nor yet, I will earnestly persuade you to take it away : but he says absolutely, I, myself, will take it away, making it wholly his own act. Hence the event is certain ; for God by the sweet and powerful operations of his Spirit effectually overcomes the resistance of the will. Hence renovation ensues, and conversion to God. Is nothing then to be done by the sinner ? Yes, he says, For this I will be enquired of ; and a spirit of prayer is given for this purpose.

And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes.—Now a spiritual nature is received, capable of spiritual worship and service. The wheels of obedience are now made, and set in order ; but a spring is yet wanting to set them a-going, which the Lord here promises to bestow. I will put my Spirit within you. Will before was given, now power ; and constant additional supplies of his Spirit are needful to keep the wheels going. Then shall ye loathe yourselves : ver. 31. Self-loathing is not only consistent with a sense of pardon, but is the fruit of it. While we feel sin within us to condemn us, faith discovers a righteousness without us, which can justify us ; and while we rejoice in Christ, as the Lord our righteousness, we shall ever have cause enough in ourselves for

humiliation. The gospel teaches men to feel sin, and believe for righteousness. Faith will carry heaven in one hand, and hell in the other: hell as deserved by us; heaven as purchased for us. It will also powerfully incline us to respect all the commandments of God.

Micah vii. 18.—*He delighteth in mercy.*—God gives us his name in Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7, and God's name describes his nature, (not so in man.) The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. Every sin contains in it a contempt of God's authority, a provocation to his justice, a shameful abuse of his goodness, and odious to his holiness.

Now God must have an infinitely gracious heart, if, notwithstanding all this heinous baseness attending every sin, he can have pity on sinners. If mercy is shown, he must needs delight in mercy. But God is just as well as merciful, and mercy cannot be shown, till justice is satisfied. No clashing of these with God, as with men.

But what can make atonement for numberless sins, and all attended with such heinousness and baseness? Can a sinner make amends by obeying more diligently? Or by any length of suffering? Can any one angel, or all the angels in heaven help a sinner, by making atonement for sin? No. Then all human sinners must perish, unless the Son of God undertake their cause.

Now God must greatly delight in mercy, if he gives up his Son to die, to make way for the exercise of mercy. God so loved the world, &c. John iii. 16. In this was manifested the &c. 1 John. iv. 9, 10. God commendeth his love &c. Rom. v. 8. This mercy can only flow from the gracious heart of the Father, through the bleeding heart of the Son, to the broken heart of a sinner.

But when atonement is made by the blood of the cross, and all demands of law and justice satisfied, and proclamation is made by the gospel-word, that God is ready to receive and bless returning sinners, and sinners are invited to return, behold and wonder! They refuse to return, and, though condemned by his law, are idly dreaming of merit. Before mercy is shown to sinners, they must be prepared for it by grace. Their eyes must be opened; their conscience awakened; their hearts changed. A spirit of prayer and faith given. All this the fruit of mercy.

All men at enmity with God by nature; and why is spiritual sight given to an enemy, but because God delights in mercy? So of the rest. When the sinner is thus prepared for mercy, God says, Ask and have. Are you seeking for pardon? Ask earnestly for it; ask expecting. He is a God, pardoning iniquity freely, fully, eternally, and will cast *all* your sins into the *depths* of the sea. He delights in mercy.

Are you seeking power over sin? He will subdue your iniquities: ver. 19. Have you provoked the Lord to turn away his face from you? He will turn

again : ver. 19, He will have compassion, he retaineth not his anger for ever because he delighteth in mercy.

Are you afflicted in body, dejected and sometimes ready to faint through weakness and pain ? Fear not, thou worm Jacob, I will strengthen thee, Isa. xli. 10, 14. Are you poor and fearful of coming to want ? They that fear the Lord shall not want any thing that is good for them . Psalm xxxiv. 9, 10. Are you afraid of encountering the agonies of death ; fearful of passing over the river Jordan into Canaan ? When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the river shall not overflow thee : Isa. xliii. 2.

Matt. xv. 28.—O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

Christ's journey to the coast of Tyre on the single account of this woman.—He goes to meet her ; then she is drawn to him. She cries after him at a distance, being afraid of approaching too near him. Her petition is for mercy, which all the children want, and is followed with a declaration of her misery : My daughter is vexed with a devil ; and who is not? He answered her not ; though he came hither on purpose to heal her daughter, yet makes no answer. Jesus sometimes tries our faith in like manner, which is designed to bring us nearer, and make us cry the louder.

The disciples now interceded for her : Send her away, for she crieth after us. Christ's silence puts no stop to the woman's cries, but makes her more

importunate. Disciples should take no denial from Jesus; but follow him up close, till an answer of peace comes. Weak believers often question whether they belong to the house of Israel. Such should imitate the conduct of this woman, continue instant in prayer for mercy, and lie at the feet of Christ; and their interest in him will clear up itself by degrees. And from the words of Christ, no one could have more cause to doubt of their interest in him than she had: Then she came and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me.

This conduct of Christ brings the woman humbly to his feet, with adoration and prayer, crying, Lord, help me. At first she came only concerned for her daughter; now she seems concerned for herself, and cries, Lord, help *me*.—A short prayer, but effectual.

To try and humble her yet more, Christ seems not only to reject, but also to reproach her: It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. Now she might have cause to conclude herself a reprobate, for Jesus had called her a dog; and such we are all by nature, snarling, snapping, greedy, ravenous creatures. The woman's heart was truly humbled and broken down, else she would have resented this reproachful language, but she owns it suited her well: Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. And after having prayed importunately for mercy, now pleads ingeniously for it. Lord, I ask not for whole bread, but for crumbs. I am a dog 'tis true; but a dog at the master's feet, where he ought to be; a dog under his table, expecting only

crumbs, a dog's fare ; and, since I do not ask for whole bread, I hope the master will not deny a poor dog his crumbs. See the use of pleading in prayer. Let dogs keep under the master's table, expecting crumbs. The woman, being humbled and brought to Christ's feet, is sent home, not with crumbs, but two whole loaves, one for herself, and another for her daughter. The *daughter* cured, the *mother* converted.

Hence take encouragement to bring your own devils to Christ, and the devils in your children, to be cast out. Let no silence of Jesus, nor any discouragement from the word of Jesus, nor any doubts about your being relieved discourage you ; but pray and plead on, till the devil is cast out. Take no denial from Christ, but whilst he tries faith and patience, to bring you humbly to his feet, keep praying and expecting, till he meet and surprize you with a blessing and commendation.

Luke xii. 31, 32.—Rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

Jesus bids us seek for nothing less than a kingdom, far exceeding all kingdoms on earth, which every one shall obtain, who seeks it with diligence, and in God's appointed way ; a kingdom of God's erecting, and therefore must be excellent ; designed to free us from bondage, and bring us into glorious liberty. St. Paul says, Rom. xiv. 17. it consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,

the three things, which make up the glory and blessedness of the heavenly inhabitants. This kingdom is planted in the human heart by the Holy Ghost; 'tis the fruit of a gracious principle, a new and spiritual life, created and bestowed on the soul whereby its power and affections are changed; and the soul disposed to seek after God. This life is feeble at first, but by a diligent use of means of grace, groweth and spreadeth into life eternal; small at its entrance, growing in its progress.

This new principle enables all the faculties of the soul for spiritual operations; as it enables the mind to discern spiritual things, it is light or illumination; as it enables the soul to close with Christ for righteousness and salvation, it is faith; as it enables the soul to rest in God with delight, it is love.

First.—The kingdom consists in *righteousness*.—No hungering and thirsting after righteousness without this new principle. This righteousness consists in divine love producing a right conduct towards God and man; to love God and delight in him; to worship him; and desire communion with him; to trust in him; to reverence him; and fear to offend him.

A right conduct towards our neighbour.—To love him, as ourselves, and be ready to do all needful good offices. Without this new principle, the world thrusts God, and self thrusts the neighbour out of the heart.

Second.—The kingdom consists in *peace*, not

purchased by our righteousness; no; but by the blood and righteousness of Christ. This is a costly purchase; the blood to wash; and righteousness to cloathe.

Third.—The kingdom is *joy* in the Holy Ghost.—A joy unspeakable and full of glory: 1 Peter i. 8. Fill you with joy in believing: Rom. xv. 13. This joy the fruit of the Holy Ghost.

Fear not, *little* flock.—It is but a little flock, a small remnant that are seeking the kingdom of God. The greater part are seeking after the world, and a poor seeking it is; seeking after that which will bury their bodies and ruin their souls; after what they may never find, but if found, are sure to lose it quickly, and for ever. Christ bids the little flock fear not. These are often full of fears, lest they should miscarry, and fall short of the kingdom: full of fears lest their sins should not be pardoned; lest their corruptions should not be subdued. Jesus says, Seek diligently and fear not, my blood shall pardon you, and my Spirit sanctify you. Let no unworthiness discourage you: the Father does not sell his kingdom, but gives it; and gives it not for our desert, but through his good pleasure. If he has set you on seeking, seek diligently, and you shall find. Beware of worldly cares; these are a great clog to the soul. Jesus has engaged his word, that when you seek the kingdom, all things needful for the body shall be added unto you. He also says, Your Father knoweth all your wants; he has an eye upon them, and will supply them. If he has given you his dear Son to bless you, and is

training you up for his kingdom, can you think he will let you starve and perish in the wilderness, for want of a little food and raiment? No, no. He that seeks God's kingdom is wise for both worlds. Here he shall be fed, and hereafter be feasted

John xiv. 15, 16, 17.—If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

Whosoever reads the Gospels with attention and prayer, will every where find marks of Christ's divinity. Every miracle performed in his own name declares it. Every sinner that he pardoned confirms it. His manner of teaching, not Thus saith the Lord, but I say unto you, bespeaks it. And the first verse of my text reveals it: for who has a right to say, Keep my commmandments, but God? If Jesus is only a creature, he has no right to require that obedience at my hands which is due only to God. Neither Moses, prophets, nor apostles say, Keep my commandments. The first verse also shows, that our obedience is not intended to be our title to heaven, but an evidence of our love to Jesus.

The two next verses prove the personality of the Holy Ghost. He is called *Comforter*, *he*, *him*, which are personal nouns and pronouns. In the 26th verse he is said to *teach* us all things, which is per-

sonal work ; and to bring all things to their remembrance which implies great memory. His office is to teach the people of God at all times, and in all places ; he must therefore be every where present, and consequently God ; for a creature can only fill one place at one time. In 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, this Spirit is said to *search* all things. Now searching is a personal act ; and he that can search all things, as the Spirit does, even the deep things of God, must have *divine* penetration, must be a *divine* person : for the scripture asks, Who (i. e. what creature) can by searching find out God ? In 1 Cor. xii. 8, 9, 10, 11, it is affirmed, not only that all spiritual gifts are bestowed by this spirit, but bestowed to every one separately just as he wills or pleases, so that the gift and the measure of it depends on the will of this spirit. A terrible threatening is denounced on them that blaspheme the Holy Ghost, i. e. hurt or injure his character. And can any injury be greater than to rob the Holy Ghost not only of his Godhead, but his personality ; which is taking away his life, and murdering the Holy Ghost as far as we are able.

The office of this spirit of truth, is to open the understanding and teach gospel-truth ; to quicken the soul ; to *comfort* and *strengthen* the heart. The world, who live by sight, and not by faith, and have no heart-experience of his work, cannot understand or receive this doctrine of the spirit.

But the disciples *know* him.—Here then is a rule given us to measure our christianity by. Do ye know the Spirit ? Some may think themselves good

christians, because they are stanch churchmen, stout dissenters, or hymn-singing methodists, or decent moralists; but do ye know the Spirit, his work on the heart?

Show a little what keeping the commandments is.

Acts xxvi. latter part of 17, 18.—I send thee to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.

Here is Paul's commission to preach; Christ says to him, I send thee; and all true ministers are sent with this commission, and Christ will set his seal to it: his power will attend the minister's word. But such as receive their commission only from man by human ordination, the people are not profited at all. Unless the hand of the Spirit is laid on them, all human hands avail nothing.

To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light. All men by nature are in spiritual darkness; they see not their spiritual misery and danger, nor the evil of their heart and life, nor the evil of sin; nor the things that make for their peace; nor the emptiness of worldly good; nor the blessedness of having God for a present portion. We read that Jesus opened the eyes of a man born blind, John ix. How amazed he must be when his eyes were first opened! how he would look and stare about him; every thing was new to him, and would fill him with wonder. So is it

when the eye is spiritually opened ;—so it was with me.

The scripture, describing our natural state, says, we are sick, and poor, and blind, and naked ; but this we cannot discern, nor can we believe, because of our spiritual darkness, but fancy we have wisdom to guide, and strength to make us good, with a stock of goodness to recommend us to God. In darkness about the way of salvation by faith. In darkness about the work of God's Spirit. In darkness about their state with God.

From the power of Satan unto God.—Satan, the prince of this world, the god of this world : John xii. 31. 2 Cor. iv. 4. now worketh in the children of disobedience. His working produces pride, anger, malice, envy, repinings, fretfulness, lying, slandering, cursing, swearing, brawling. These things are not of God, but of the wicked one. Farther, his working on the heart produces quarrels, fightings, and law-suits among neighbours, with wars, and battles, and slaughter among nations. In short, all our aversion to praying, or thinking of God ; all our backwardness to what is good, and all our inclination to what is evil, spring from the power of Satan on our hearts : Col. i. 13. He draws a gaudy picture of the world before the eyes of unbelievers (as he did to Christ), to make them desire it, and seek their portion in it. But the picture is only a phantom, a gaudy landscape in air ; and, when embraced, slips through their arms, and proves a deceit.

From Satan unto God.—The heart is taught to fear him, love him, trust in him, pray unto him,

read his word, seek communion with him, and yield a willing obedience unto him, delighting in him, and his service; not merely turning unto some goodness, but to God himself.

Now such must look to *receive* forgiveness of sins, When eyes are opened, we see what sin is, and feel our guilt, and seek earnestly for pardon, in order to *receive* it. Aforetime we were satisfied with mere asking for it, now we *must* have it. And this pardon received, not through the merit of this new obedience and worship, but through faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ.

N. B. The turning to light and to God, after the first conversion, must be a gradual work.

Such also must expect to receive an inheritance among the sanctified. Heaven is called an inheritance, and consists in everlasting love, and joy, and peace. The first fruits are received on earth as an earnest and pledge of the harvest of heaven. This inheritance is received not for the works done, or the sanctification obtained, after turning unto God, but received wholly as the pardon is, through faith in Jesus.

Eternal life, as well as spiritual, is the gift of God through Jesus Christ. We are not first pardoned through faith, and then obtain the inheritance by works; but the pardon and the inheritance are both received by faith. We cannot see the Lord without holiness, nor yet for it, for any merit springing from it. Here we may see the blessedness of God's children, turned from darkness to light, from Satan unto God; and receive pardon, holiness, happiness.

Rom. v. 3, 4, 5.—We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

We must all expect troubles; and sin is the cause of them all. And it behoves us to look out for armour of proof, to bear up manfully under them. Now the grace of the gospel has this excellence, it draws comfort out of trouble; spiritual health out of sickness; life out of death. It can give us strength to bear trouble, not only with patience, but joyfulness. We glory in tribulation, knowing that it worketh patience; knowing from our own observation, that trials, however apt in their own nature to cause murmurings, are wisely ordered and overruled of God, to beget and improve a calm submission to his will, without repining at his hand, and without violent indignation at the instrument of our troubles.

Patience works experience.—Of ourselves; of the truth of faith; of the uprightness of the heart; of the emptiness of the world to make us happy; of God; of his care over us; the seasonable help of his grace to support and comfort us under troubles; to carry us through them, and make them work for our good; raising more earnest desires, and more diligent seeking after heavenly things.

Experience works hope.—Hope of the glory of God, ver. 2; hope of enjoying that blessedness and

glory which God himself possesseth, and which he will put upon his saints: Enter into your master's joy. Thus tribulation in the end, befriends hope, and so makes itself friendly to believers.

And hope maketh not ashamed.—It is well grounded, and will not disappoint us, because it rests not upon man's merit, but upon the free favour of God towards us, by shedding abroad a sense of his love in our hearts, by the special power of the Holy Ghost, who is given to us as our Instructor, Comforter and Sanctifier, and who bears witness to our spirits that God loveth us, and thereby engageth our love to *him*.

Application.—Do you find that tribulation worketh patience? Does it give you any experience that it is good for you, and is working for your good? Do you find the Lord supporting and comforting you under troubles? Is your hope such as will not disappoint and shame you at last? If you find no good fruit from tribulation; no patience wrought, or even sought; and no experience of God's support and comfort under trouble; you have reason to fear that your hope will shame you at last. But if tribulation has wrought some patience, and you make that patience the ground of your hope of glory, you are not right yet. St. Paul does not say our hope will not shame us because we are patient, but because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. This is a proof that God has accepted and pardoned us through Christ, because he manifests his love to our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

We can neither see the Lord without holiness, nor by it.

Rom. viii. 6, 7.—To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace; Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

When man was created at first, his whole nature was formed for the spiritual worship of God, and for delightful communion with God. All things about him were lovely and good, and filled him with admiration of the wisdom, goodness and power of his Maker. God was the joy of his heart, and the daily sweet subject of his thoughts. He felt the life and the peace which flow from a spiritual mind. Earthly enjoyments would have been a blessing without danger of temptation; being designed to lead us to the knowledge and love of God. But when sin entered the earth fell under a curse, and into the power of Satan; and by his management the things of it are become effectual to draw the heart from God.

Sin has stripped us of the spiritual mind, of all delight in God, and communion with him; and introduced a carnal mind, which delights in sensual and worldly things. These it savours only, pursues with vigour, and seeks for happiness in them—riches, honours, pleasures, praise. It is at enmity with God: this manifested by its aversion to prayer; to the word of God; to meditation on God; and conversation about God. It is not subject to

the law of God: at enmity both with the law and Law-giver; trampling on the Law-giver's authority; and casting his law behind their back; saying with a carnal mind of old, Who is the Lord, that I should obey him? Nor indeed can be.—It is enmity which cannot be reconciled. It is subdued and subduing in the children, and will at last be expelled their coasts; but never can become a loyal subject of Jesus Christ. A carnal man may become a spiritual man, but a carnal mind never can become a spiritual one. The scripture does not order the carnal mind to be sanctified, but mortified and crucified; dealt with as a wild beast, which, when weakened, loseth strength indeed, but retaineth all its enmity. At best it is only a lion in chains; and if you are not watchful you shall feel its enmity to purpose. Some triumph without a victory, saying their carnal mind is dead, though yet alive and hearty; and never expect a final leave of him till he is choked in Jordan.

Where the carnal mind rules, the soul is *dead;* dead to God. It is a sure mark of spiritual death, and the way to everlasting death. There may be good tempers, and many good qualities, where the carnal mind, and spiritual death is.

The spiritual mind is life, &c.—It savours spiritual things; pursues them with vigour; and meditates much upon them. The regenerate have both a spiritual and carnal mind; the unregenerate only a carnal mind.

The mind assimilates itself to what it thinks much upon; grows more worldly, by thinking on

worldly things; and more spiritual, by thinking on spiritual things. The spiritual mind grows by much prayer, and meditation upon God, his love, and his word; upon Christ, his grace, and free and full salvation; upon the Holy Spirit, and his sweet and powerful influences; the need of humiliation, watchfulness, and self-examination perpetually. Endeavour after spiritual things. Exercise yourself on the love, care, compassion and tenderness of Christ.

Rom. viii. 32.—He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

He that spared not his *own* Son.—All mankind had perished in Adam, unless God had sent his Son to prevent it. Angels and Adam were created sons. Saints adopted sons. Christ the only-begotten Son. When the Son was sent, the Father did not spare him; did not abate him any thing that law and justice required of us; but obliged him as surety to discharge our whole debt, and take our whole curse upon him. Therefore he came into the world like an outcast; earned bread by the sweat of his brow; in sorrow did eat of it all the days of his life; endured agonies in the garden; shame and pain, desertion and death on the cross.

But delivered him up.—Unasked, out of his own marvellous love; delivered him up to bear our sins, and die in our stead, as a sacrifice of atonement.

For us.—Who were rebels to his government, and enemies to his nature and being.

All. - And this the case not of *some*, but *all;* and this salvation is freely offered unto all. The call of the word is, Whosoever will, let him come. But such is the prejudice and negligence of sinners, the call of the word is never effectual without the prevailing call of the Spirit.

How shall he not with him also freely give us all things.—Since the Father freely gave up his Son to die for sinners, no doubt but he will freely give them the purchase of his death. It is a more amazing act of love for the Father to give up his Son to suffer death, than afterwards to give a sinner the blessings purchased by his death. Now the Father along with Christ will freely give us *all things*, that is, all needful things relating to soul and body.

What is given us we must receive, else it is no gift. Yet when thoughtless sinners hear of God's readiness to give all things freely, they rest satisfied in the hearing, and think themselves safe without receiving the blessings, or seeking earnestly to receive them. Multitudes, multitudes perish in this deceit. Not only dead sinners, but half-hearted professors, can be easy in hearing of God's love, without manifestations of it made to their soul; can be contented with hearing gospel-promises preached on weekly, without possessing them. It is possession makes the christian; others hear and give assent, but remain satisfied without possession.

If God gives *all* things freely, then he gives repentance. Have you got it? Acts v. 31. Faith. Have you received it? Eph. ii. 8. A spirit of prayer. Have you obtained it? Zech. xii. 10.

Pardon of sin. Have you found it? Acts x. 43.—xxvi. 18. Deliverance from its power. Micah vii. 19. Holiness. Are you possesed of it? Growth in grace. Do you experience it? God who giveth spiritual, will also give earthly blessings, even all things belonging to this life, as well as godliness. He will give daily bread. Do you obtain it?

He will give all things freely, that is, without desert; without reluctance; with cheerfulness and joy; and *freely* heaven at last. Did he give us Christ, when we were enemies, and will he deny us any good thing, now we are made, through Christ, friends and children? Has he prepared a kingdom for us, and will he not find us bread, and bear our charges in the way to the kingdom?

2 Cor. iii. 2.—Ye are our Epistles.—This was the language of the great Apostle Paul, (who in his own eyes, was less than the least of all saints,) in an address to the Corinthian church; the members of which had been some of the most abandoned characters; and to whatever place the Apostle went, where letters of commendation were required of the visiting ministers, he pointed to those conspicuous converts, who were living epistles, and so eminent as to be known and read of all men. The change in them was so great, as to render it evident to every one: the drunkards were become sober; the dishonest just; the miser liberal; the prodigal frugal; the libertine chaste; and the proud humble. To these the Apostle appealed, for himself and fellow-labourers, as letters of commenda-

tion, who were living epistles at Corinth, and as lights in the world.

In an epistle there must be *paper*, or *parchment;* a *pen; ink;* a *writer;* and *somewhat written.*

First.—The paper, or parchment, we may consider, in these divine epistles, as the *human heart*, which, some people say, is as clean as a white sheet of paper; but if it be so on one side, it is as black as sin can make it on the other. It may appear clean like a whited sepulchre *without*, but it is full of all uncleanness and defilement *within.*

Second.—The *pen* may be well compared to the *ministers* of the gospel, who are used in these living epistles as such; and many of them are willing to acknowledge themselves very bad pens, scarcely fit to write with, or any way to be employed in so great a work.

It seems they have been trying for many years to make good pens at the Universities; but after all the ingenuity and pains taken, the pens which are made there *are good for nothing till God has nibbed them.* When they are made, it is well known that the best of pens want *mending.* I find that the poor old pen that has been in use now for a long while, and is yet employed in scribbling, needs to be mended two or three times in a sermon.

Third.—The *ink* used in these divine epistles I compare to the influences of divine grace upon the heart; and this flows freely from the pen when it has a good supply from the fountain head, which we constantly stand in need of; but sometimes you

perceive the pen is exhausted, and almost dry. Whenever any of you find it so, either at *Tabernacle, St. Ann's*, or *Tottenham Court Chapel*, and are ready to say, O what a poor a creature this is; I could preach as well myself: that may be true; but instead of these sad complaints, lift up your hearts in prayer for the poor pen, and say, *Lord, give him a little more ink.* But if a pen is made well, and quite fit for use, it cannot move of itself; there must be an agent to put it into motion, and

Fourth.—The *writer* of these glorious and living epistles is the Lord Jesus Christ. Some people talk about, and are very curious in fine writing; but there is something in the penmanship of these epistles, which exceeds all that was ever written in the world; for, as the Lord spake, so he writes, as never man ever spake or wrote. One superior excellency in these epistles is, that they are all so plain and intelligible, as to be known and read of all men; and the strokes will never be obliterated. As pens cannot move of themselves, so we profess when we take on us this sacred character, to be moved thereunto by the Holy Spirit; nor can we move to any *good purpose* without his divine assistance.

Lastly. –In all these epistles there must be *somewhat written.* Many things might be said here, but I shall include the divine inscription of these epistles in *repentance, faith* and *holiness.* Repentance is written with a *broad-nibbed pen*, in the *old black letter* of the law, at the foot of Mount Sinai. Faith is written with a *crow-quill pen*, in fine and

gentle strokes, at the foot of Mount Calvary. Holiness is gradually and progressively written; and when *this* character is *completely* inscribed, the epistle is finished, and sent to glory.

Col. i. 27, 28.—Christ in you, the hope of glory. Whom we preach.

The Apostle speaks of a rich and glorious mystery, which God makes known to his saints, viz. Christ *in* them, the hope of glory. This mystery is only revealed to the saints; carnal people know nothing of a Christ *in* them; and keep their minds quiet and secure by calling the preachers of this doctrine enthusiasts; but then Paul must be called so too.

What are we to understand by a Christ *in* us? 1st. Christ revealed *in* us. 2nd. Christ dwelling *in* us. 3rd. Christ revealed *in* us, and dwelling *in* us, is our hope of glory.

First.—Christ revealed *in* us: Gal. i. 16.—(1.) By the gospel Christ is revealed *to* us.—By hearing and reading this gospel, men may arrive at a true doctrinal notion of Christ in his various offices, and yet have no saving faith in him, or love towards him; they may still abide carnal; lovers of pleasure; and lovers of the world.

Wherefore, (2.) by the Spirit Christ is revealed *in* us: 2 Cor. iv. 6.—Moses says, Lord, show me thy glory. And when Christ is revealed *in* us, the Holy Spirit gives us such a view of Christ's glorious person, as makes the heart love him, delight in him, and cleave unto him. Then Christ appears, as he

ought, altogether lovely and desirable. He takes possession of the heart, and draws it after him. Nothing in religion duly affects us, till seen by the Spirit's light. The heart is wicked; who believes it? Life uncertain; judgment near; who regards it? Not even dying sinners, without the Spirit's aid. If Christ be *in* us, he is not only revealed *in* us, but

Second.—Christ dwells *in* us: Eph. iii. 17.—(1.) When the Spirit of Christ dwells *in* us: Rom. viii. 9. 1 John. iv. 13. And this will be apparent by its producing a spiritual mind. (2.) When the *word* of Christ dwells *in* us: Col. iii. 16. producing a love for his word: a daily perusing it, and musing upon it; and a right obedient regard to it; making it the rule of our conduct. (3.) Christ dwells *in* us, when we live on him by faith: Gal. ii. 20. feeding on his flesh and blood; on his meritorious obedience and perfect atonement; pardoned and accepted through his righteousness, as well as sanctified by his Spirit. By faith we are united unto Jesus, through the operation of his Spirit. Faith opens the door of the heart; submits to him cheerfully. (4.) When the desire of our heart is toward him; our affection being fixed upon him; and our thoughts and desires moving daily and freely towards him. (5.) When the love of Christ is shed abroad in the heart; we have then a sensible feel of his presence by the sweet consolation he brings. Thus, when Christ is revealed in us, and dwells in us, by his Spirit; by his word; and by faith; procuring our love to him; and revealing his love to us, he then

becomes our hope of glory: 1 Peter. iii. 15. 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

2 Thes. ii. 13, 14.—We are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren, beloved of God, because he hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth; unto which (salvation) he hath called you by our gospel, for the obtaining of the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Paul blesses God continually for mercy shown to the Thessalonians. Here we behold the benevolent spirit of the gospel, praising God for blessing others; but this is not the spirit of the world, who are so far from thanking God for mercy shown to others, they can scarce thank him for mercy shown to themselves. Grace makes the heart gracious, ferrets out stingy self, and plants benevolence in its room.

Brethren.—True believers may say as Joseph's brethren did, We are all one man's sons. One dear God-man is the spiritual Father of us all; all quickened by Jesus Christ; all born of his Spirit. Thus all believers are brethren by birth; children of the same Father: all heirs, and therefore all called the firstborn, Israel is my firstborn: Ex. iv. 22. I am a Father, and Ephraim is my firstborn: Jer. xxxi. 9. Ye are come to the church of the firstborn: Heb. xii. 23. Do you call yourself one of these brethren? Prove it! Prove it, by showing a brotherly love to them.

Beloved of the Lord.—How does it appear that

the Lord loved them? Not for our goodness; for there is badness enough in the best to set God's heart against them. Their goodness is not the cause of God's love; but his love is the cause of their goodness. He loved them, and chose them before they were born to salvation: not to a mercy possible, or hazardous salvation, which they might be disappointed of; but to a complete and eternal salvation from sin, and misery its fruit, and to the full enjoyment of all blessedness.

And he chose them from the beginning.—Not the beginning of the gospel, but the beginning of the world; or, as Paul says, before the foundation of the world: Eph. i. 4. Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world: Acts xv. 18. Thus God's free love is the *ground* of his choice; complete salvation is the certain *end* of his choice, and the needful *means* to bring about this end, are, (1st.) Sanctification.—Our understanding, will, and affections are all by nature earthly and carnal. The understanding dark and ignorant of spiritual things. The will averse to God and spiritual duties. The affections fixed on earthly things. These must all be renewed, and directed towards God. This change is wrought at once by the Holy Spirit in our regeneration, and carried on further by sanctification. (2nd.) Belief of the truth.—Not only of the truth of God's word, but a belief in him who is the truth; this manifested by following Jesus with prayer, cleaving to him, and feeding upon him.

Called you by our gospel.—By the word and Spirit

of grace, to obtain the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ. What an honourable call is this! Nothing on earth like it. Called to reign with him: 2 Tim. ii. 12. Rev. xx. 6. To partake of that glory he has purchased, and is now possessed of. Obtain a title to it by faith, and some earnests and first fruits of it here by sanctification, and the full and eternal enjoyment hereafter. Therefore stand fast brethren. Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel; be diligent in reading and hearing, and watching, and praying, and believing: yet a little while, and ye shall reap, if ye faint not.

1 Tim. i. 15.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation; that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

His love in coming into so bad a world; under the curse and power of Satan; and on such a painful errand. He comes to save; therefore salvation is lodged in his hands wholly. To save sinners; therefore he either rejects the righteous, or makes them feel and lament their sinnership, before he saves them. He saves sinners, as surety for their *debt*, by paying for them the debt of perfect obedience, and thereby procuring for them a title to heaven; and paying their debt of suffering, by taking their curse, and thereby procuring for them the blessing of pardon. Thus, as surety, he pays the sinner's legal debts; but further, he is also *surety* for *duty*; he is not only engaged to pay their legal debts, but to work in them repentance, faith, and holiness, as their meetness for glory: Jer. xxxi. 33. Ezek.

xxxvi. 25, &c. A new nature must be given to enable sinners effectually to seek after Christ and his salvation. Without this, convictions will dwindle away ; and the knowledge of doctrines will only puff up. Unless a work is wrought *in* sinners, they will not regard what is wrought *for* them.

This saying deserves credit.—Infidels may reject it, but cannot overthrow it. No salvation without it. The wages of sin is death, and, of course, infidels must perish in their sins. Repenting sinners may give it credit ; for it has saved the worst sinners, and never failed any that trusted in it.

Worthy of all acceptation.—It must have *all* or *none*. It must be received with *all* the love and trust and thankfulness of the heart. A cold assent to this truth avails nothing. It is a truth of such magnitude, as demands the reception of the whole heart.

Of whom I *am* chief.—Not I was, but am. Time was, when Paul thought himself a chief among saints, now chief among sinners. Once he could say, Touching the righteousness of the law, I am blameless : Phil. iii. vi. None could blame him for any *outward* breach of God's law. Here he rested, as others do, without regarding the inward and spiritual demands of the law. But when grace comes, this gain vanishes, and this trust is given up. Now Paul says, I count all things but loss for Christ, and desire to be found only in his righteousness. Now he cries, O wretched man, that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? Rom. vii. 24. And now he styles himself the chief

of sinners. When we drink deep into the spirit of the gospel, we shall think and speak of ourselves as Paul did; and have a gracious evidence of our adoption.

1 Tim. vi. 12.—Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, unto which thou hast been called.

Speak to the 10th and 11th verses, as a preface.

Faith is called a *fight*, because it cannot usually be exercised without opposition from unbelief. A fight supposes some antagonist. This opposition to faith makes believers reluctantly use it; we love not fighting; we stagger and faint often in the use; and cause suspicion about the truth of faith. Unbelief not felt till we are convinced of sin by the Spirit: John xvi. 9. Till faith is planted in the heart, unbelief has quiet rule; but when sin is felt unbelief appears.

Faith a *good* fight, for it is engaged in a *good* cause against sin, and 1st. against our in-bred foes: Acts xv. 9. Against the world: 1 John v. 4. Against the wicked one: Eph. vi. 16. Engaged under a *good* Captain, who is almighty, full of compassion, always at hand, and has promised to help them that trust in him. Faith is a good *fight*, because it will have a *good* issue. Divine faith is a victorious grace. Many foils it may meet with in the course of the war, but it is sure to conquer at last. Jesus, who is the author, will be the finisher of it. Sometimes it staggers, as in the father of the possest child; but Jesus upholds it: sometimes

it is fainting, as in Peter sinking; but Jesus revives it: sometimes it is cowardly; but Jesus emboldens it—Nicodemus: sometimes it is beaten out of the field; but Jesus rallies it again; so all forsook Christ when he was apprehended.

Ebbings of faith are needful at times, to make us humble and prayerful. Elijah boldly meets Ahab, but afterwards is terrified by Jezebel: 1 Kings xviii and xix chap.

Hence we may form some good conjecture of those who have, and those who have not this precious faith. Some fall, but where faith is, rise again, and are more watchful. Others fall, and rise no more; either they desert gospel preaching altogether, or are merely gospel hearers, but not faith-fighters. They let the world, flesh, and devil alone.

Lay hold on eternal life.—Hear what Christ saith, John vi. 47. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, hath everlasting life. He has a right and title to eternal life, with the beginnings, earnests, and foretastes of it, which shall certainly issue in the full enjoyment of it.

But a title may belong to a person, when he is not fully assured of it. Weak faith dares not claim what is its own. The title may be good, and be in hope, but not in hand. Therefore the Apostle says, Lay hold. Unbelief makes the title fly from us, therefore Paul says, Lay hold, pursue it, and seize it. Be in earnest to have hold, as well as hope of eternal life. The Apostle urges this as a weighty matter on believers, to lay hold on eternal life; to get an assured hope of it; and the believer's walk

cannot be comfortable without it. We cannot love the Lord, nor serve him, nor rejoice in him as we ought, without a knowledge of his pardoning love. But *how* are we to lay hold on eternal life? By laying hold on Christ. John says, 1 John. v. 20. Christ is the true God, and eternal life. Therefore to lay hold on Christ, is laying hold of eternal life. If then we would *lay* hold on Christ, we must *leave* hold of every thing else. If you would lay hold of pardon, leave hold of all desert of your own. Do you reply you can leave hold of your own things, but cannot yet lay hold on Christ. Your arm is withered; then stand before Jesus as the man did with a withered arm; and ask him to enable thee to stretch it out, and lay hold on him. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

2 Tim. ii. 1.—Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

Exhortation *needful* for the best *saints*.

My son.—The gospel brings a new parental relation, and suitable affection between a spiritual Father and his children; and a brotherly relation and affection between the children.

Be strong.—When Joshua is sent forth against the Canaanites; cities walled up to heaven; men of gigantic stature, fighting with chariots, armed with scythes; thrice God says, Be strong, Joshua. And when a believer goes forth to fight against flesh, world, and devil, he needs exhorting to be strong. But where lies his strength? Adam, when created, was set up with sufficient furniture, and

had no need to look out of himself for direction, or protection. The word of exhortation to him, was, Adam, look to thyself; but neglecting his feet, he looked above himself, got a fall, and broke his neck—his neck of dignity. Through his fall he died, became a child of wrath, and died unto God, being stripped of all spiritual *life*, and *light*, and *strength*. This fallen nature he conveyed to all his children, with a legacy to each one, consisting of pride, and spiritual poverty, with an entail of death. Man has hosts of enemies, within, without, and round about him; his own heart in deep conspiracy against him; and without any native will, or strength, to defend himself; being wholly carnal by nature, and sold under sin: Rom. vii. 14. Where then must he find strength?

Be strong in the grace, or gracious supplies, that are treasured up in Christ.—Man was no more to be trusted. If he could not stand when sound and whole, how should he stand when all his bones are broken; not one spiritual limb entire? It therefore pleased the Father, in the recovery of sinners, to make all fulness dwell in Christ, that we should receive out of his fulness daily supplies of grace to enlighten, quicken, strengthen, pardon, and bless us. A christian's work is to live out of himself, and to live upon Christ, and to grow up into Christ in every thing; not living upon any fancied native ability, or received stores, but on fresh supplies continually. This is the life of faith, which none can teach us but the Lord; being hateful to nature; quite opposite to our proud and legal spirit, which

liketh not to be a mere pensioner to Christ, dependent on him, and indebted to him for grace and glory, as being his purchase and gift. To him therefore let us go for *directing* grace, in times of darkness and perplexity; for *quickening* grace, in times of deadness and heaviness; for *supporting* grace, in sickness, pain, or any pressure; for *pardoning* grace, under guilt; for *sanctifying* grace, to make us grow, and be meet for heaven; for *restoring* grace, to recover and heal backslidings; for *persevering* grace, to carry us safe to heaven; for *providential* grace, to protect and support our bodies.

A fulness of all grace is lodged in Jesus, and this is to be received by stout asking, and stout expecting it; by much prayer for the grace, and a confident expectation of it. Enquire where the people's strength lies, in themselves or Jesus; and whether they are diligently seeking for the grace treasured up in Christ.

Heb. vii. 25.—He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

He is able to save.—As the church's *King*, he has all power in heaven and earth, in all things temporal, spiritual, and eternal. He can change our natures; subdue our iniquities; control our enemies. As his people's *Prophet*, all treasures of wisdom and knowledge are laid up in him. By a *communication* of this knowledge he opens their eyes, and makes them wise to salvation. As his

people's *Priest*, his blood has power to cleanse from all sin ; for by a close union of his human nature with the divine, his blood, when shed as a sacrifice, had infinite value, being called, indeed, because of that union, the blood of God ; and being of such infinite worth, when applied to a sinner's conscience, will purge it from guilt, bringing pardon and peace.

Save to the uttermost.—To the uttermost deliverance from sin ; from its love ; from fear of wrath ; from its guilt ; from Satan's temptation ; from its power ; from the world's outrage ; from its being : to the utmost extent of our desires ; of peace : Phil. iv. 7. Of love : Rom. v. 5. Of joy : 1 Peter i. 8. Of these, continual and everlasting ; of a glorious body at the resurrection.

Save them that come to God.—Devout worshippers of God, who are coming to him in daily prayer, with a feeling of their wants, and a hungering after righteousness, and earnest care to glorify God. One thing to come to church, another thing to come to God : many are praying at times, yet few come to God in prayer.

By him.—With faith in his *oblation* and *intercession*. No coming unto God by our own works or worthiness ; Christ is the only way. No coming to the Father but by him. He is able *himself* to save us to the uttermost, and therefore will admit no partner to rival him in the glory of saving sinners.

Since he ever liveth to make intercession for us.—By the one oblation of himself, Christ *obtained* eternal redemption for us ; wherefore nothing

remains for his intercession, but an *application* of the fruits of his death. He lives to instruct the church by his prophetical office. He lives to protect and rule the church by his kingly office. He lives to intercede for the church by his priestly office. These three things contain the whole of his mediatory life in heaven. By the first he sends the Holy Spirit to his disciples. Hereon depends all saving light; all habitual grace; all additional supplies of grace; all spiritual gifts and consolation. By his kingly power his people are protected; their enemies controlled, and at length destroyed. By the mediatory exercise of his priestly office his people's sins are pardoned; their sorrows removed; their temptations subdued; their trials sanctified; and their services accepted; and their persons saved.

When Christ had fulfilled all righteousness, and made atonement for sin, if he had left us to build for ourselves, on the foundation he had laid, without exercising a mediatory life for us in heaven, we had been no better for his obedience and death; but he says to his disciples, before parting, I will not leave you orphans, i. e. unable to defend yourselves from injuries, or to secure your right to the inheritance; but will continue to act for you, when in heaven.

Heb. viii. 10.—For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.

This covenant, a covenant of promises, wherein

God engages to work in us, Phil. ii. 13, whatever he requires of us. It is properly a testament, or will, in which all the blessings of grace or glory are freely bequeathed to sinners in the way of legacy. This covenant first made with Christ, Isa. xlii. 6. — xlix. 8, and with him a covenant of works. Through his obedience and death it becomes a covenant of grace to us. The blessings he purchased are bequeathed in a testamentary manner to his people. So the first Adam, if he had stood, would have procured a covenant of grace for all his seed that spring from him, as Christ for all his seed that spring from him.

House of Israel.—All that are born of God, and like Israel of old, are a praying people.

After those days.—After the mosaical dispensation is ended.

I will put my laws into their minds.—*I* will put. The work is God's. The mind is naturally *dark* and ignorant of spiritual things. It shall be enlightened to behold the spirituality and extent of the law, together with the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ. The mind is naturally *vain*. It shall be renewed, Eph. iv. 23, and made spiritual. God's laws, (his precepts and promises,) shall not only be discerned by the mind, but put into the mind, so as to *abide* there, and convey a spiritual savour. Unconverted people may have the former, but not the latter. The children are often directed, or quickened, or comforted by a precept or promise dropped into their mind.

I will *write* them on their hearts—alluding to the

tables of the law.—I will not only enlighten and renew their minds by my laws, but will make a thorough change upon their wills and affections, by impressing my laws upon their heart and conscience, to guide and govern them in all their ways. The laws were first wrote for them on the tables, now to be wrote *in* them.

I will be a God (peculiarly) to them.—In a way of protection and blessing; doing all things needful for their temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare. I will own them, watch over them, feed them, and defend them as their God.

And they shall be a peculiar people to me.—My grace shall enable them to believe in me, and love me, and devote themselves to me, as persons redeemed, adopted, and saved by me. Thus the covenant shall not be liable to be made void on their part, any more than on my own, as the first covenant was. God engages in this covenant both for himself and his people—protection and blessing for himself; love and duty for his Israel.

Here is ground for examination.—If has God put his laws in your mind, and wrote them on your heart, you are then God's Israel; but if you are strangers to this inward work of God's spirit, your religion is vain, and your hope is vain. Awake, and call upon God, that you perish not.

Ground for comfort.—God will carry on his work from grace to grace; from strength to strength. Therefore pray and faint not; believe and doubt not. Look for increase of grace, and for the mercy of God unto life eternal.

James iv. 8.—Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you: cleanse your hands, ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double-minded.

Scripture mentions two sorts of sinners, the profane or open, and the decent—the publican and pharisee; and God speaks a word to both in the text.

Cleanse your hands, ye sinners.—The hand is the instrument for action, and here stands for the outward conduct, or active part of life. Cleanse your hands, i. e. cease to do evil. Open sinners encourage themselves in sin through the infirmity of nature, the multitude of offenders, and the mercy of God; but grace is offered. Numbers avail nothing. The mercy of God is no countenance for sin. All expectation of the wicked perish at his death: Prov. xi. 7.—iii. 33. Isa. iii. 10, 11.

Purify your hearts, ye double-minded.—Pharisees and mere moralists have half a mind to God, and half a mind to mammon: half a mind to be saved by Christ, and half a mind to be saved by themselves: half a mind to sin, and half a mind to righteousness: harbouring heart sin, and avoiding outward sin. Purify your hearts from the love of sin, of money, of pleasure, and of praise or honour. But how must the hand be cleansed, and the heart purified? By the grace of God, which must be sought of God; and encouragement is given both to the open and decent sinner to draw nigh to God. But how must we draw nigh to God? With a suitable temper; humble and contrite; in a suitable name—that of Christ; with suitable help of the Holy Spirit.

God will draw nigh to you.—Manifesting his presence, his peace, his love to the heart.

Application to sinners.—Are your hands cleansed? Are your hearts purified? Encouragement enough to seek for these blessings, however filthy and impure the hand or heart may be at present. God calls on you to draw near to him, and promises to draw nigh to you with his blessing.

Application to saints.—Your daily business is to draw nigh to God for more light of his countenance; more comfort of his love; more aid of his Spirit. And the more your hearts are purified, the more communion you will have with God. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. He will manifest himself to them, as he does not to the world.

1 Peter ii. 7.—Unto you, which believe, he is precious.

Precious in himself, and in the eyes of all true believers. Precious in his person; as God possessing all glorious attributes; as Man, possessing every human excellency, and without spot of sin; as God and Man in one Person, every way qualified to be a Saviour; able to keep the law, and ready to die for sinners as their surety, and thereby purchase for them pardon of sin, and a title to heaven. A Saviour, having almighty power to protect us; infinite wisdom to direct us; and love without bounds to pity and relieve us. Yes, you may say, a very good Saviour indeed, and yet have no real value for him; but may esteem earthly

riches, and worldly pleasures more, and carnal delight more precious things than Christ. We never love Christ, till we receive precious tokens of his love. Where Christ is really precious, he is precious above all things. He deserves our whole heart, and will bear no rival. He that loveth any thing more than me, is not worthy of me : earthly relations, riches, honour, pleasures, or his own life : Matt. x. 37. Where Christ is precious the heart cries out with David, Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c. Psalm. lxxiii. 25. Hence Christ is seen to be precious only by a few, and of course only few believers. Among professors, not many seem willing to deny themselves, to part with sinful tempers, and sinful pleasures, for Christ's sake. Where sin of any kind is precious, Christ cannot be so. What is it makes Christ truly precious ? Not merely hearing of his salvation and assenting to it, but receiving it.

We love him because he first loved us. You may hear of Christ's dying for sinners, but will feel no love for Christ, whilst your heart loves sin, and desires not to be saved from it : but when Christ opens a sinner's eyes, and makes him see and feel the evil of sin effectually, he then cries out for a Saviour. When he finds what guilt he has contracted by sins of commission and omission, (here enlarge,) his heart trembles for fear of God's righteous judgments ; and when he finds he is utterly unable to help himself, then Christ's invitations are regarded, and Christ himself begins to be precious. He sees him as a brother born for

adversity ; born to help and rescue poor sinners ; taking our nature in its lowest form (of a servant) ; fulfilling all righteousness for us ; and taking our curse, that we might inherit eternal blessings. Then the heart truly yearns after Jesus ; and when a pardon comes, then Christ is precious indeed. Sin is not only dreadful on account of its guilt, but is loathsome in its nature. So it appears to awakened sinners. The evils of the heart are called the plague, and no physician but Jesus can cure this plague : 1 Kings viii. 38. This makes Jesus precious. A christian's passage through the wilderness is attended with difficulty and danger ; and a christian would faint under trials if left to himself; but Jesus never leaves his people ; this makes him precious. Believers at times are cold and lifeless ; but Christ revives them : this makes him precious. Believers sometimes prove unfaithful to Christ ; their hearts ramble into the world, or their feet ramble into sinful ways ; then Jesus smites and scourges with a heavy hand : he will not leave his people in sin, but makes it bitter to them, and restores them. This makes Jesus precious. And woe be to that professor who turns into sinful paths, and is suffered to continue in them. Whatever trouble we are in, Jesus says, Call upon me, and I will deliver thee ; this makes him precious.

THE

FAREWELL SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE TABERNACLE, NEAR MOORFIELDS, APRIL 1ST, 1792.

PSALM lxii. 8.—*Trust ye in the Lord at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him. God is a Refuge for us.*

This Psalm is a very precious one, full of gospel manna; containing directions for the church how to walk with God.

The Psalmist says, Truly, in good truth, my soul waiteth upon God; for from him cometh my salvation.—And does he not give a good reason why his soul waited upon God? It was because all his salvation came from him. And where should a sinner look, but to him that has purchased salvation for sinners, and brings it to them who find their need of it?

He then says, My soul, wait thou *only* upon God. He hath put in another word, *only:* it is but a little one, but it is very emphatical; for it is a common case with people to make Christ half a Saviour; relying upon him, and upon themselves; saying they are to be saved by faith and works. No, says David, that will not do for me; I must have all my salvation from the Lord.

He only is my rock.—The rock on which my heart shall rest; that is, on Jesus. And if he is not your only rock, my brethren, you will find that the rock which you trust in, will slip away from you.

Jesus will not suffer his glory to be diminished; not let any steal one jewel from his crown; for he is worthy of all the honour that we can give him; and he is jealous of his honour; do you be jealous of his honour too, and shew that you are desirous of giving him all the praise that he deserves; and, give him all that you can, you will never give him what he deserves; you will always be defective in this to all eternity, for while we are giving to him our best praises, our obligations to him increase every day.

He then says, I shall not be greatly moved, while the Lord only is my rock, and my salvation.—I find him to be as he says; he is my defence from time to time; I shall not be greatly moved.

The word *greatly* is often of use to the children of God, who fall into doubts at times, ready to fear they shall fall from their confidence. No, says David, make the Lord all your rock, and build upon him all your salvation: then though you may be shaken at times, and find your confidence beginning to totter, yet you shall not be greatly moved; the Lord will come again, and lift you up, and cause you to rejoice in him.

But David is so pleased with the words that he hath uttered, that he repeats them over again; and he could not repeat them too often; My soul, says he, wait thou only upon God.—Before, he told you what was his daily use, and now he exhorts and encourages himself to go on with this waiting. Be not afraid of your being disappointed; continue

waiting and looking for the Lord ; for he will never let them fail who trust in him.

Now, if David encourages himself in trusting in the Lord, we have also the same reason ; for our hearts at times are ready to sink, and to think that we shall be wrong at last ; therefore take David's words : My soul wait thou only upon God ; for my expectation is from him.

But Satan may say, Where will you look and go ? What says Peter ? Unto him who has the words of eternal life. So we may say to our souls, when they are beginning to doubt : Where would you go ? Where would you find salvation in any other ? Christ only has the words of eternal life.

Then he adds, The Lord only is my defence.—I find him so, while I am trusting in him ; though I am often afraid, yet he is better to me than either my fears or my hopes.

Then he adds, I shall not be moved.—Thus by exhorting and waiting upon the Lord he gets more strength. He drops the word *greatly* which he began with, when he said, I shall not be greatly moved ; and now he speaks courageously : I shall not be moved. The Lord is my defence ; he holds me up, carries me on, and at length he will bring me to himself in glory.

Then David goes on to the words in my text, Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people.—Now he exhorts us what to do. Good advice ; the best advice ; and such as all the children of God are taking, and never find themselves disappointed. Trust in the Lord ; make him your confidence for

all things ; not only for all things, but at all times. When people are in peace and prosperity, they do not seem so much to see their need of trusting in the Lord, as they did ; but they are ready to drop their confidence, when the Lord has given them what they want of worldly things. Now this is a shameful practice ; and the Lord often takes away what he has given them, because they make a bad use of it. Has the Lord given you outward peace and prosperity ? Trust in him to preserve it ; for none can preserve it but he who gave it.

But are you brought into worldly trouble, and in great distress, and know not which way to look ? You have no friend, perhaps, to go to ; and your heart is ready to say, What must I do now ?—All have forsaken me. No ; there is one that never forsakes his people. But you can see no way how you are to be relieved. What of all that ? Has the Lord no better eyes than you ? He can make a way for you, no doubt, if you trust in him. But, you say, what am I to expect ? Why, that relief which you want. Therefore, however difficult your worldly affairs will be, and though you have no friend at hand to help you, yet there is one above always at hand : go to him ; he will not despise the poor and destitute ; but will hear their cry, and will help them.

If he bids you come to him, and trust in him at all times ; it is your business to go to him at all times ; and the more distressed your circumstances are, the more fit for God to take care of. Supposing your bosom is full of guilt, and you find trouble on

account of it; in this case, you say, you cannot go to Christ; whereas it is the only reason that you should go. Sinners will not go to Christ while they are at ease; but when they know themselves to be in a lost state and condition, and when they can find no help any where else, then Jesus says, I am come to save the lost. Go your way to him. He bids you trust in him at this time, when under a sense of your lost estate. If you see yourselves ruined, however deplorable and wretched your case be, it is not too hard for Christ; for he receives all that come to him: not with frowning looks: no; but with a smiling countenance. Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden: come, and I will give you rest.

What are you to do, but to trust in him in this time of sin and misery? Go to him just as you are. Do not be running to some of your lusts; nor imagine that you can do any thing to prepare your way; but go and cast yourselves at the feet of Christ, saying, Lord, I am come as a ruined sinner; I know none can help me but thee; and thou hast ordered me to trust in thee at all times: I am come, Lord, at this time.

But, perhaps, when you are dying, your adversary, the devil, may tell you, now you are sick and lying upon a dying bed, it is too late to come now: why did you not come sooner; there was mercy to be had then; but you have over-stayed your time: Christ has been calling by his word, and by his ministers, but you would not hear them; and now he has sent the summons to you, to remove you out

of this world; and you would be glad of salvation, when you can have no more comfort here. Well, when these words, or words like these, are brought to your hearts, remember from whom they come; they come from the adversary of your souls. O! he does not love to see a sinner, burdened with sin, looking unto Christ.

But Satan may say, Did you ever hear of a sinner, so great as you are, come to Christ, and was received by him? Yes, tell him; you read of a cross-thief, as bad as yourself, that railed on Christ when on the cross; and when he went to Christ, he must naturally think, Will he shew mercy to me? He asked for mercy, and he received it. Go you and try; that is the only way to deal with Jesus. Mind not what the adversary tells you. If your grief is great, confess it, and tell the Lord all your trouble; and at the same time tell him, for he loves to be told of his word with confidence and modesty, tell him when you go, Though your heart is discouraged, and Satan distresses you, and unbelief terrifies you, yet you have got his word: Trust in me at all times: I am come at this time; it is late indeed; but it is in the time of life; I come to thee, Lord, and beseech thee to help me; show thy mercy towards a poor sinner, who is come at last; I am now come, and desire to partake of that mercy held forth to sinners; Lord, send me that mercy, and I will shout the loudest of thy children above.

There is nothing which the Lord delights in more than to hear his people, when they come to him, plead his word, and hold it fast. Though Satan

wants to take it away from you, yet never give it up. Die with your souls deceived, (if that is possible,) in the hands of Christ. Tell Satan, Though I am as vile as any in the world, yet the Lord has taught me to put my trust in him : I will go to him, and endeavour by his grace to trust in him at all times. Ah, but, says Satan, what a poor feeble faith is thine! What hast thou to depend upon? Sometimes hoping and sometimes doubting, dost thou expect that the Lord will look upon thy little faith? Yes, tell him ; the Lord does not so much look at the greatness of our faith, when we go to him, as at the reality of it. Though faith is weak, when we come before the Lord, yet he will receive it. He never sent any away for the weakness of their faith ; but he often reproves his people because they do not believe more strongly. Go to him, and tell him your condition ; and when you call upon him, expect an answer. Nothing pleases the Lord more, than when a poor tempted and troubled soul comes to him, as Abraham did, against hope, believing in hope. You are ready to think his was a poor hope from time to time, for about twenty-five years ; but he believed in hope. And what is said of this believer in God? That he gave glory to him.

The Lord is never more glorified than when we go to him relying upon his word, notwithstanding providences, and every thing else, make against us. Yet, even then, says the poor soul, the word is for me ; for Christ invites sinners to come, whoever they are.

Though Abraham against hope believed in hope, yet the Lord did not look upon this as a poor testimony of his faith. We see by his not hearkening to what he felt within him, nor to the temptations which the devil cast in his way, that he only looked at the word of God; relying upon his word and promise, though all providences made against him, he thereby gave glory to God.

And so it will be with us. When we find many things make against us, if we have but a word of promise to rely upon, and hold it fast, then we are giving glory to God. What says the tried old soldier, Job? Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Well said. Though the Lord seems, by his providence and dealings with me, to cast me off, and to take no notice of me, I do not mind that. The Lord says, Trust in me at all times. Go to him; lie at his feet; tell him you are come merely relying upon his word of promise; and that you have nothing to encourage you but his word. Put your trust in him, and you will find that the Lord in due time will come and bless you.

I might mention many other times in which we might trust in the Lord; but they are comprised in this little word *all;* and a precious word it is: Trust in him at *all* times. When you are full of fears, then you should bring the little word *all* unto him, and say, I have nothing to encourage me to come unto thee, but that precious little word *all*: Trust in the Lord at *all* times.

Satan is very crafty; he will tell poor souls, why, what do you mean by trusting in the Lord? What

right have you to do so? Are you a child of God? Are you one of the elect: you are doubting it every day. What have you to do to trust in the Lord? Give him this answer: Though I am often afraid about my adoption, and cannot say I am one of the children of God; this I can say, I am one of the *people*. What does my text say? Trust in the Lord at all times, ye people. You may go with this to the Lord. Though you cannot satisfy yourself that you are an adopted child, you may say, I am one of the *people*, and will lie at thy feet till thou dost show me that I am thine adopted child.

Many are often discouraged in themselves, because they know not their election. Seek for it; wait upon the Lord; wait his time; and in due time he will make it manifest. For your encouragement, the Lord has given you these words in our text: Trust in the Lord at all times, ye *people*.

Are you not one of the people? May you not plead this with the Lord, who commands all his people to trust in him? Why, then go to him as one of the people, and expect to receive his salvation.

Take notice, it is not said in my text, Trust in him at all times, *my* people; but *the* people. Thereby he gives á general order. Go to him, then, as one of the people, and expect his help.

But let us notice the next words in my text: Pour out your hearts before him.—This is a precious command. Many times the children of God are so burdened with grief, with sin, and worldly cares, that they know not how to bear them; and their bosom is so full of sorrow, so that they sit down and

mourn over their hard lot. The devil dearly loves to see a child of God sit down and say, What a sad condition I am in. I dare not go to the Lord, I am so miserable. Well, suppose you are; where would you go? You cannot be worse for it. Others are running about from post to pillar, desiring to know what they shall do; their trials are so great, they know not how to be delivered out of them; and they go and ask one neighbour, and another, till they tire them all out. What does the Lord say to them! He gives good advice. Instead of making neighbours your counsellors, go to him who is the chief Counsellor, able to tell you what to do, and willing to relieve you at all times. Go to him, and say, Lord, I am come, with a heart laden with grief, and with worldly cares, and know not which way to turn myself: what must I do? The first thing which he tells you to do, is, Pour out your hearts before me. You have been pouring them out before your neighbours; and what have you got there? Why, nothing. Then come and pour them out before me.

The word *pour* plainly signifies that the heart is full of grief, and almost afraid to empty itself before the Lord. What does he say to you? Come, and pour out all your trouble before me. He is never weary with hearing the complaints of his people; therefore you should go, and keep nothing back: tell him every thing that hurts you, and pour all your complaints into his merciful bosom. That is a precious word: Pour out your hearts before him. Make him your counsellor and friend: you cannot

please him better than when your hearts rely wholly upon him. You may tell him, if you please, you have been so foolish, as to look to this friend and the other for relief, and found none; and you now come to him, who commands you to pour out your heart before him.

But perhaps your heart is burdened, not only with worldly cares, but with sinful lusts and corruptions. A sore burden indeed. And you are afraid and ashamed, perhaps, to go and tell the Lord all your trouble. But you need not be afraid of going, when he commands you. He knows every thing in your heart; all worldly cares, all sinful burdens; and when the heart is quite full, he says then, Pour out all before me. Here is great encouragement for you: take the encouragement which the Lord offers; go and tell him your grief and burdens.

Ah! says the poor soul, I have been to the Lord again and again; but I find I am sinning against him daily, and I am ashamed to go to him. Now my conscience accuses me, and the devil tells me I am impertinent, how shall I appear before Christ, to pour out my heart before him? Go and pour out your heart before him, till that crafty devil leaves you. You have the best reason in the world to go to the Saviour. He that knows what you are; what burdens you are bearing, and what sins you have committed; even he says, Come, and pour out your hearts before me.

But I may add further, does not the Lord command us in his word, and in his prayer, to say,

Forgive us our trespasses? And does not this plainly intimate, that trespasses are to be forgiven daily? Where are you to bring them but to the Lord? Go, therefore, and tell him, you are come, according to his word, to acquaint him with your sins and trespasses. Ah, but, you say, I have gone so often already, that I am ashamed to go. What does the Lord say to Peter? If thy brother trespass against thee seven times a day, thou shalt forgive him. And Peter had not a little forgiven him.

Go to Christ every day for pardon. If you keep your guilt in your bosom, it will only make it rankle. Tell him you are weary, and ashamed of yourself; and you are come to tell him all your grief, and to beg that he will come and deliver you from guilt, and save you more and more from the power of sin. Whatever burden, therefore, you have upon your heart, the Lord would not have you suffer it to rest there; for if you do, it will make you feeble by and by. But when you find your breast full of trouble, remember his kind word to you: Come, poor soul, and pour out your burdens before me. Pour out your whole hearts, and let him know every thing that distresses you.

But what follows in the last words of my text: God is a Refuge for us.—O! these are precious words. We may look round about us again, for a place of refuge, for a person to apply to for help, and we shall find ourselves frequently, if not continually, disappointed. Therefore the Lord tells his people, for their comfort, that God is a refuge for

them. Are you poor? The Lord is rich. Can you find no refuge in your fellow creatures? And have you no where to fly to? Go to the Lord.

It is very strange, when the Lord has all things in his hands, and all love in his heart, and advises his people to come to him, telling them that he is a refuge for them, they so often delay to come; they had rather find refuge from a fellow-creature, than from their God. They who have learned to trust in the Lord, know what precious words these are, God is a refuge for us. Come, and try; and you shall find him so too.

The devil will often be telling you that are the people of God, there is no help for you, even in your God; you have been seeking for help a long time, but have found none; what will you do now? Why, tell him, you will go to him that says, God is a refuge for us. But the devil will say, You are so poor, and so despicable a creature: what, can you think that Christ will take notice of you? Why, your own brethren are ready to overlook you; and the world despises you; and yet you think Christ will take notice of you! Tell the devil, Yes; he never fails them that trust in him. Whatever your circumstances may be; though you may look all around you, this and that way, and find no place to flee to; no refuge for your souls; yet God, the faithful God says, he is a refuge for you. Trust him; go to him accordingly; look unto him at all times. Let your condition be what it may; be it ever so deplorable and wretched, yet the Lord tells you, when you go, I am a refuge for you.

Be sure, if you forget every other part of the sermon, carry this home with you, God is a refuge for me. Therefore though I find no help in myself, nor in creatures, yet there is help enough in God; all my help is laid upon him; and he tells helpless creatures, I am a refuge for you.

Hear it, ye poor burdened sinners; and thank him for his kind word. Go to him, to have his promise fulfilled time after time. Yet a little while, and he will bring you to his kingdom, where you shall live and reign with him for ever.

Are you sick, and in great distress, and without any friend to apply to, ready to say, What must I do now? Why, my text tells you what you are to do at all times. Whatever your case is; whether sick, poor, naked, or wretched, come to the Lord; he says, I am a refuge for you.

But, you say, Lord, I have been sinning against thee time after time. I know it, says Christ; but if you come weary of sin, and desirous of gospel rest, you shall find that I am a refuge for you.

But you say, you come so often, that you are ashamed to come. That may be a good argument to keep you from your fellow-creatures; you have been knocking often at their doors, and they are ready to say, You came to my house the other day. Well, say you, may I not come every day? No; you find no such help from man. But Christ never complains of your coming too often, but is better pleased with those that are oftenest knocking at his door, and looking to him for the help which he has promised.

And you that are poor in spirit, who cannot find

relief in yourself, nor from you fellow-creatures, go to Christ, and he will be ready to help you: God is a refuge for you. O think of that word, whenever troubles enter into your mind. Repeat them again and again; and shame the devil out: tell him, Though every thing looks black, yet God is a refuge for me. Are you to believe the devil or God? Keep these words always in your mind; for all of you will be in such circumstances, at times, as not to know where to go, nor what to do; then these words come sweetly into the bosom: God is a refuge for me. He loves to help the helpless, to hear the poor wounded soul, and to save the guilty sinner: while he is doing this, he is acting the part of a Saviour, and brings glory to himself.

But I might add, that no one knows the compassion which is found in the heart of Jesus, but himself; therefore, when you go to him, do not entertain any unkind thoughts of him; for he invites all sinners to come to him; all poor and wretched sinners; and he that invites us to come, has blessings to dispose of. Keep the last words of my text evermore in your mind; they will be of use to you, living and dying, sick or well; whatever circumstances you are in, you may find the want of such words as these: God is a refuge for us. Take heed, when you go to him, to do as David did; plead his word with him. This is one part of the christian's duty which he often neglects. David says, O keep my soul, and deliver me. What then, David? Why, says he, for I trust in thee. He pleaded the Lord's word, and so may you.

The promises in the Bible are free for all who see their need of them; and the Lord has told thee, if thou trustest in him, thou shalt never be confounded. But perhaps you are thinking, if I trust in the Lord, I shall be confounded; and suppose you are, you will lose nothing by your trusting, even though it should not be fulfilled. But remember that the Lord will never suffer his promise to fail: Faithful is he that hath promised. Though you may often doubt of his performing, yet he never did, nor ever will fail. Therefore trust in the Lord at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him in every time of trouble.

I do not know a more precious verse in the Scriptures than my text: Trust in him at all times, ye people. Though at present you may not know whether you belong to the family of God, yet trust in him, you are of the people; here hang, till he gives you better support. And when you find your poor bosom laden with cares and grief, whatever causes your distress, the Lord knows very well, that if you keep it back, it will make you worse; therefore do as the Lord says; Pour out your heart before me; tell me all your grief; make me your counsellor and friend, and you shall find what a counsellor I am; and I will remember to comfort you in the worst state that you can be in.

In health and in sickness, in life and in death, this will apply to Jesus: He is a refuge for us. What could you wish for more? Go, then, unto him; doubt no more; cast away your doubts and fears; trust in him; if you cannot with full

assurance, do it with some assurance, with a little faith, and expect more. Remember the Lord loves to increase what he has given, and to build you up in faith and holiness.

I would say a little more ; but I find my strength begins to fail : I am glad, and I am thankful, that the Lord has held me up hitherto, blessed be his name. When I begin to totter, and when I experience infirmity, I am ashamed that I should ever entertain a doubt of him. May these words be impressed upon my heart : God is a refuge for me : and may he fix it on all your hearts.

And now I conclude my subject. I came up to you trembling, but the Lord hath carried me through, blessed be his name ; and I look to him to carry me home ; for I have no feet of my own to walk with. But the Lord can hold me up, till I have done my work, and then he will put an end to my labours. Thanks be to his name for calling me to preach out of doors. It is the glory of a creature to publish the fame and salvation of God.

I must now speak a little by way of taking leave.

Lord, I beseech thee to pour thy blessing constantly upon this congregation ; thy power and glory let it be made manifest among them. Open the eyes of those that are spiritually blind, deaf, and dead. Comfort the mourner. Strengthen the weak to go on their way. Build up thy church on their most holy faith. May this house be filled with thy presence. Bless every hearer that attends here from time to time ; and may the Lord delight in them to bless them ; and may they excel in his

blessed service. May this ever be a house of God; kept from error; kept in union; going on their way; looking and longing for the coming of their dear Lord.

Bless all the ministers that labour here, occasionally and statedly. Fill their mouths with thy truth. Warm their hearts with thy love. Keep them evermore in the faith; zealously disposed to exalt the honour of the dear Redeemer, and to promote the salvation of sinners.

And may the Lord bless the Trustees. Lengthen out their days. We bless thee that they have been faithful and true to their trust. Give them, Lord, the comforts of thy Holy Spirit. Enable them to go forward yet for a while: and bless their labours; and may they see that the people honour them for what they have done. May there never be wanting faithful men to succeed them; nor faithful ministers to labour among them. And as one of the Trustees has been lately removed from them* the Lord will direct them in the choice of another. Be gracious to their partners in life; impress their souls with thy precious love: strengthen them, quicken them, and build them up; may the Lord delight in them, and water their souls from time to time; causing the seed of grace, that has been sown in their bosom, to bring forth fruit to life eternal.

The Lord remember all the children for good; causing them to receive a blessing from the

* Mr. Mills.

Lord, and righteousness from the God of their salvation.

And now, Lord, I must take my leave of this chapel, which I have long visited. O! keep them continually in thy fear; and bless them abundantly with all spiritual blessings. May they evermore delight in the Lord, and the Lord delight in them to heal them.

I know not whether ever I shall return any more; nor is it needful for me to know; but this I know, if the Lord continues my life, and allows me some measure of strength, I will crawl up again. In the mean time, think of a poor crawling creature when you are upon your knees, and put up a short petition to the Lord, that he would bless me, pardon me, sanctify and prepare me for his kingdom and glory. Amen and Amen.

May the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and in the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. And may the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always. Amen.

OBSERVATIONS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Gen. iii. 10.—I was afraid and hid myself. Never were words of greater horror uttered. Adam meditates no defence; expects no pardon, but flies and hides: and when called, makes no plea for mercy, but trembles, and expects the vengeance due for his sin; the greatest that ever was committed. It was the sin, not of a particular person, but of the whole human nature; not of an individual man, but of the representative of all men. It was a proud and wanton breach of God's law, when his nature was upright, and himself bound by the strongest obligations to God, and his posterity to do otherwise. By this sin he ruined the human nature, and did not leave God one subject, as to moral obedience. No guilt like this disobedience of the first Adam; a truly counterpart of the obedience of the second Adam.

Exod. xiv. 2.—When Pharoah hears that Israel is entangled in the wilderness he pursues them: so when Satan sees a soul entangled with distressing troubles, he thinks it is his hour for temptation. He seeks to winnow, when corn is under the flail. Reckon then, when trouble comes, the prince of darkness cometh also. Now lay hold on the shield of faith to quench his fiery darts. Take heed he does not represent God falsely, by calling him an austere master, and of implacable spirit; not seeking your welfare by these troubles, but afflicting you out of

hatred, and with a purpose to destroy you. These are usual tricks of this diabolical makebate.

Exod. xx. 20.—After the people had sanctified themselves at God's command (xix. 14, 15) they grew presumptuous, thought themselves very comely guests for the Lord, and were disposed to rush upon the mount without fear of God's majesty. But the proclamation of the law filled them with awe, and taught them to fear God. Now this is the case at all times. Where the law has not been proclaimed in its deep majesty and spirituality to the heart of a sinner, there will always be a fond presumption of our own righteousness, which cannot consist with the fear of God. The Israelites saw no need of a mediator, after they were sanctified, till the law was thundered into their ears and hearts: then they cried out for a Mediator.

Job xiii. 15.—Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,—that is, I will not let him go. This is the language of the church in the deepest distress. In ourselves we are certainly lost: how the Lord will deal with us we know not. We see not our signs or tokens any more. All evidences of God's grace in us, of his love to us, are out of sight; yet we will lay ourselves down at his feet, and pray and attend the pleasure of his grace. And this sometimes proves an anchor to a tossed soul, which, though it brings not peace, yet saves from despair. Here faith rests, till more light breaks forth; it will not hide like Adam; nor fly, like Jonah; nor

say, desponding, as a king of Israel did, Why should I wait any longer? nor fly to diversions for relief, as the world do; but will lie at the Lord's feet, and wait the issue.

Psalm i. 2.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord. A Pharisee, who respects only the outward part of duties, may feel a backwardness to them, but is not sensible of his weakness to perform duties aright. To fill up duties with faith, love, and delight, is no part of his work: he see no need of it, and hence he feels not his inability to perform duties. Nor can duties ever be performed aright, without faith of forgiveness in the blood of Christ: this will bring ability. For Christ comes not with pardon alone, (by this he opens the door of the heart, and enters,) but he brings also a spirit of life and power. Gospel-forgiveness engages the grace of the gospel to our assistance. And as without Christ we can do nothing; so with him, or by his enabling us, we may do all things.

Psalm xxv. 8—11.—The Lord is good, therefore will he teach sinners; the Lord is upright and faithful, and therefore will continue to teach maugre our unworthiness. He will teach the evil of sin, and make sinners feel and dread it. This brings repentance. He will teach the way of salvation by Christ; he will teach sinners to come to Jesus by faith, and get pardon and peace; he will teach sinners to walk with Christ, and get communion with God, and conformity to him. The meek

will he guide in judgment. They have been made meek, i. e. desirous of being taught; and praying to be so; but, being now sensible of unworthiness, they are afraid that God will not teach them. This may be done to other sinners, but not to them. Therefore they are told who may expect teaching, even them who desire and pray for teaching.

Psalm lxxxv. 8.—I will hearken what God will speak. Carnal men speak peace to themselves on account of some supposed goodness in themselves. And unsound professors steal peace from God's promises, such as Isa. lv. 7. Hosea xiv. 4. But an upright heart will not be satisfied without hearing God speak peace to his heart by his Spirit. And for this he will pray, and wait, and hearken. And when God speaks peace, there comes such sweetness with it, and such discovery of his love, as lays a powerful influence on the soul, not to turn again to folly. This peace is an humbling, melting peace, which brings humiliation to the soul, as well as joy; but this never happens when men speak peace to themselves.

Psalm xcii. 13, &c.—Believers compared to trees of righteousness. The wicked to grass, ver. 7, because numerous more blades than trees. Groweth naturally. Of quick growth, and gay with flowers. Vice grows apace, and jolly in its growth. Mown down. Fresh crops every year; these also mown down. Believers not forest, nor hedge trees, but planted by a heavenly husbandman in the Lord's

house by his ordinances. The root buried in the earth—earthly nature of Christ; buried with him in his death; yet need the heavenly nature, as trees are nourished by earth and heaven. Grow upwards like cedars; flourish like the palm tree by pressure; yet flourish in God's courts. Still bear fruit, not leaves only, when *old;* most fat and mellow fruit. This fruit-bearing an evidence of grace; showing the truth of it to our *comfort*, yet redounding wholly to the *glory* of God, as showing his uprightness or faithfulness to his promise: I will not forsake thee. God's faithfulness is the rock that supports the soul. Unrighteousness enough in ourselves, but none in God.

Psalm civ. 34.—My meditation of him shall be sweet. Believers, who are much in secret prayer and meditation, have more life and joy than others, who are chiefly employed in hearing and reading; because the former are nearer the well-head, and have their supplies more immediately from God: we bring our hearts more easily to read and hear than to secret prayer and meditation, because in the former there is more of man, and in the latter we approach the Lord alone; and our natures draw back from the more spiritual duties, though they are the most profitable.

Prov. iv. 23.—Keep thy heart above all keepings.—Margin. You watch to keep your lives, your estates, your families, your reputation; but above all, watch to keep your heart, that your

affections be not entangled by the alluring baits of sin. Keep your eyes: Job xxxi. 1. Keep your tongue: Psalm xxxiv. 13. Keep your feet: Eccles. v. 1. But above all, keep your heart; for the issues or springs of life proceed from the heart. Bodily life proceeds from blood issuing out of the heart round the body; and spiritual life proceeds from holy affections issuing from the heart, and invigorating the whole man.

Jer. ii. 19.—Thy wickedness shall correct thee. Evil pursueth sinners. Thy *own* wickedness, not that of others: nothing truly our *own*, but sin. Thy backslidings shall reprove thee, bring shame as well as smart: the correction shall come with sharp reproof. *Backslidings*, i. e., sliding back from our engagements to God, turning from the Lord's will to our own, setting up the servant above his master, the creature above the creator; called afterwards a forsaking the Lord. This is called an evil and bitter thing. Sin, or forsaking the Lord, is evil in its nature. Rebellion against a sovereign; ingratitude towards a benefactor; corruption and depravation of nature. Sin is *bitter* in its consequences; it is the cause of all trouble in body and soul, here and hereafter. Want of God's fear the occasion of sin. Know therefore, and see, or consider what an evil and bitter thing sin is, and turn from it, that iniquity may not be your ruin.

Jer. vi. 28, 29.—They are brass and iron. Men may keep brass and iron in the furnace, till the

bellows are burnt, yet will not be refined into gold or silver; i. e. the utmost attempts for mortification of sin will be of no avail till the heart is renewed by grace, and thus converted into gold or silver: Mal. iii. 3. Then a furnace may purge out dross from the gold or silver, but cannot change brass into gold, or iron into silver. Men through grace must be made silver or gold at the bottom, else refining will do them no good.

They are brass on account of their impudent face; they are iron on account of their hardened heart: the lead is consumed in the fire. Lead was formerly used in refining metals, as quicksilver is now. The founder melteth in vain, till the bellows are burnt, and the lead is consumed; but no refining, no gold or silver appears. No furnace will refine a sinner, till grace, (called gold or silver,) is planted in the heart.

Jer. x. 23.—It is not in man to direct his steps. Then it may be asked, of what use are commands, exhortations, promises, and threatenings? I answer, they do not respect our native ability, but our duty; and are not designed to show us what we *can* do, but what we *ought* to do. The command directs our *duty*, and the promise, or grace in the promise, gives strength to perform it. Besides, God is pleased to make these exhortations and promises the *means* of conveying spiritual life and strength. Hence these effects are ascribed to the word, which are really and only wrought by the grace conveyed with the word. God may therefore order commands

and exhortations to be used towards us, notwithstanding our inability to comply with them, since he can and does make them effectual to the end aimed at.

Jer. xvii. 9.—The heart in scripture is sometimes used for the understanding, Exod. xxxv. 35. Sometimes for the will, Exod. xxxv. 3. Sometimes for the conscience, 2 Kings. xxii. 19. but usually for the affections. In general the heart denotes all the faculties of the soul, as concurring to do good or evil. Thus the mind as it judgeth; the will as it chooseth; the affection as it liketh; and the conscience as it warneth, are altogether called the heart. Now the wickedness of the heart consists in the perversion of all the faculties of the soul, in respect to God and his word. The mind is darkness; the will is frowardness; the heart is enmity; and the conscience is treachery. And the deceitfulness of the heart consists in keeping us ignorant of these evils. They are all within us, and always exerting their influence over us; and yet we are not aware of them. This is deceit above all deceit, as the prophet declares. The heart is deceitful. It promises what it cannot perform; it misleads us with vain desires; it mocks us with unsuccesful efforts; yet lifts us up with a false opinion of its integrity and strength.

Ezek. xxxvi. 31.—Ye shall loathe yourselves. Hence we see that self-loathing and condemnation is not only consistent with justification, and a sense

of pardon, but is the fruit of it. Some think God does not acquit them, because they cannot but condemn themselves. Yet while we feel sin within us, which condemns us, faith discovers a righteousness without us, which will justify us. And while we rejoice in Christ, as the Lord our Righteousness, we shall ever have sufficient cause of humiliation in ourselves. The gospel teaches men to feel sin, and believe for righteousness. Faith will carry heaven in one hand, and hell in the other. Hell as deserved; and heaven as purchased.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.—There is full assurance of faith. Gospel assurance does not consist in any *one* point, and so may be greater or less. It is a gracious persuasion of acceptance with God in Christ, and wrought by the Holy Ghost through the exercise of faith. This may be higher or lower at various seasons. God sometimes marvelously raises the souls of his saints, by a nearer approach unto them, giving them a sense of his eternal love; a taste of his Son's embraces; and a pledge of the Spirit's inhabitation; and this brings full assurance. But this life is not a season to be always taking these wages. We cannot ever abide on the mount, but must come down to the battle again; must fight again; weep again; cry again. And believers may have assurance of their acceptance with God, when they are wrestling with tears and supplications, as when they are exulting with joy. A man's assurance may be as true, though not so joyous when lying on the earth through a sense of

sin, as when lifted up to heaven by a foretaste of glory.

Zech. xiii. 1.—The law of God has both his authority, and his holiness impressed upon it. Sin, as contrary to his authority, is attended with guilt, which produceth fear; and, as contrary to God's holiness, is attended with filth, or uncleanness, which produceth shame. Now this fountain is opened to purge both guilt and filth; and thus frees us from fear and shame. Where an interest is obtained through faith in the purifying blood of Christ, it removes all loathsomeness in the sight of God from the sinner, so that he shall be treated as one absolutely purified before him. And it takes away fear and shame, and gives the soul boldness in the presence of God.

Matt. Chap. v, vi, vii.—The substance or matter of the duties mentioned in them is the same under the law and the gospel. What is it then that makes duties legal? When their *principle* is legal fear, and their *end* is legal or self-righteousness. What makes duties evangelical? When their *principle* or spring is faith working by love, and their *end* is to glorify God for his grace. Thus the same duties are legal or evangelical, according to the principles they proceed from, and the ends they are used to.

Matt. ix. 9.—Follow me. Christ here proposeth himself as our only pattern. Many blameable

things are found in saints of old. Lot falls into drunkenness and incest; Abraham denies his wife twice; Jacob tells lies to gain a blessing; Joseph swears by the life of Pharoah; and both Abraham and Jacob were guilty of polygamy. Now these things have no express censure cast on them by the Lord in the Old Testament. Hence some fondly suppose they may be patterns for imitation. But here Christ rejects every pattern, but himself, for imitation. Follow me is the word of Christ. Some professors admire the virtuous actions of the heathen, and copy after them, but have no thought of the grace and holiness that was in Christ Jesus. The reason is, they admire the morality that was found in a heathen, but dislike the holiness that was in Christ. Heathen morality sooths our pride, but christian holiness lays us in the dust.

Matt. xvii. 5.—Hear ye him. Some make the light of nature their only guide; aud many think a saying of Epictetus or Seneca has more life and power in it than any precept of the gospel. Take any precept of morality inculcated by a philosopher and by Christ, many would prefer the philosopher's document to Christ's. And no wonder; for the philosopher's instruction, proceeding from natural light only, is suited to our carnal fancy; but the teaching of Christ, proceeding from spiritual light, cannot be viewed in its beauty, without a measure of the same light in us to guide our understanding, and influence our affections. Therefore, whoever prefers the philosopher's document to Christ's, is

destitute of the Spirit of Christ; and let such a one remember, that he is not to give up his accounts, at the last day, to Epictetus, Seneca or Plato, but to Jesus Christ: therefore, *hear him*.

Matt. xxv. 41.—Everlasting fire. Sin, as committed against an infinite God and infinite goodness, has infinite evil in it, and requires infinite satisfaction. But no satisfaction can be infinite, unless by an infinite continuation of it, or by its infinite worth. For want of a temporary infinite worth or efficacy, it must be continued to an infinite duration. Hence those who are not interested in Christ's satisfaction, must suffer to an endless eternity. But where an infinite worth is found in the satisfaction, there it need not be continued infinitely in duration. For that would be over-doing it, because such satisfaction is infinite without that duration. Hence the infinite worth of Christ's sufferings needed not infinite duration to make an infinite satisfaction.

Mark v. 36.—Only believe. Faith, as wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, is a *grace;* but, as commanded is a *duty*. Yet few consider it as a duty; and hence their conscience is not burdened with guilt, for the non-performance of it; but consider unbelief, though the only damning sin, as their misfortune; rather than their crime. Whereas, since believing is commanded, we ought to exercise our mind about it, as well as about prayer, and expect assistance in that exercise. We should no more give way to unbe-

lieving thoughts in prayer, than to wandering thoughts; no more listen to the suggestions of unbelief, than to those of malice, murder, or adultery. And if christians were thus duly exercised about believing, faith would grow, and its blessed fruits would appear and flourish.

Luke i. 75.—Holiness must have a root of its own, a divine nature to produce it. The new creature cannot rise from the old. As well may figs spring from thistles, or light from darkness, as a spiritual mind from a carnal, or as love to God from enmity towards him, or as faith from unbelief. Mere morality rises from self, and terminates there: but holiness, springing from a divine nature, tends towards God, centers in God, and ceaseth not, and at length is perfect in the enjoyment of God for ever. It contains all morality, but what is called morality may be without holiness, and never will rise up to it. Think not to find in yourself the materials of Gospel-holiness, nor to raise it from the dust of natural endowments. Go to a Holy God for holiness.

Luke ii. 7.—No room for them in the Inn. When Jesus came into our earth, the world turn him out of doors; but when he comes to sanctify, he turns the world out of doors. Reader, has he turned the world out of thy doors,—the doors of thy heart?

Luke vi. 37.—Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Pardon of sin is wholly purchased by Christ, there-

fore our forgiving others can have no meritorious influence unto God's forgiveness; yet an unforgiving temper is a bar to God's forgiveness, and a proof that we are not forgiven. Forgiving of others, like repentance and faith, must go before God's forgiveness, not to purchase the blessing, but to prepare us for it. Impenitence, unbelief, and an unforgiving temper, are bars, that must be removed by grace, before God's forgiveness, purchased by Christ, can be received by us.

Luke xx. 36.—Children of the resurrection, i. e. of Christ, who says, John, xi. 25.—*I am the resurrection;* but if they are children of God, because they are children of Christ, the resurrection, then it follows, that Christ in his divine nature is really God. See Rev. xxi. 6, 7.—Children of God; so called, as being born of God; as standing in a marriage relation to Jesus; and as adopted into the heavenly family. These different ways of denoting our filial relation to God, are intended to help our conception; one mode of expression supplying what is wanting in another. Thus, to show the original of spiritual life, we are said to be born of God; to display our intimate union with the Son of God, we are said to be married to Jesus; and to remind us of our natural state of alienation from God, we are said to be adopted by him. Yet all the expressions of birth, marriage, and adoption, imply a right through grace to the heavenly inheritance. All God's Israel are called his first-born, and therefore heirs. The Lamb's wife is one with

the husband by marriage, and so inherits with him. And adoption, by its nature, brings the stranger into inheritance. The love of the Father occasions the new birth; the love of the Son in redemption, makes room for the marriage; and the grace of the Spirit witnesseth the adoption.

John x. 8.—Christ was made under the law, and, of course, liable to all its demands, notwithstanding the union of the two natures. Now the law lays a claim to our lives, in saying, Thou shalt not kill. Whereby we are forbid to take away another's life maliciously, or to lay down our own, arbitrarily. Therefore when Jesus says, I have power to lay down my life, he does not assume that power by virtue of his hypostatical union, for he was subject to the law notwithstanding; but he claims this power, by virtue of a special command from his Father. And the case is the same with all christians; they are not to lay down their own lives arbitrarily, but must have a special command from the Father, a real designation to this service, before they can lay down their own lives, even for the brethren.

Acts x. 33.—Commanded of God. Nothing is christian obedience, but what is done out of respect to the *command* of Christ. What proceeds only from the precept of man, is rejected by the Lord from his service: Isa. xxix. 13. Whatever good any man doeth, if his reason for doing it be not God's command, it is no obedience paid to him.

Moral actions flowing merely from light within, or the reason of things, or the beauty of virtue, and not principally respecting the command of God, are no obedience paid to him. This is our Creator's word: Obey my voice: Jer. xi. 4, 7. And obeying his voice is obedience to *him*. Obedience therefore does not consist in merely doing what God commands, but in doing it, because he commands it. Walk before me, said God to Abraham, i. e. with an eye to my commands, my authority, my inspection and protection of you. And so says God to us.

Acts xi. 26.—Called christians. Called so by divine direction. For so the original word imports. See Matt. ii. 12, 22. Luke ii. 26. Acts x. 22. Heb. xi. 7.—xii. 25. Rom. xi. 4. Christian is an emphatical name, implying our relation to God, our way of access to him, and constant dependence on Christ. From Christ alone every good desire proceeds; by Christ alone every good purpose is established; in Christ alone our best services are accepted. We are children of God by faith in Christ; draw near to God in the name of Christ; led and supported by the Spirit of Christ. Beware then of a christianity without Christ; all in all he must be, else you have a house without a foundation; a head without body; a tree without root; a hope without hope.

Acts xiii. 30.—Gospel-justification not only frees believers from guilt, but pronounces them righteous through the obedience of Christ. Justification

is an act of God, as a Judge, discharging us from condemnation, and accepting us as righteous. Adoption is an act of God, as a Father, appointing us his children, and joint-heirs with Christ. By justification we are brought into favour; by adoption into his family. Sometimes we are said to be justified by God's grace, to point out the original spring of justification; sometimes to be justified by Christ, to show the meritorious cause of our justification. And this is two-fold; by his obedient life, and by his blood: Rom. v. 9, 19. At other times we are said to be justified by faith, to point out the instrumental cause of justification, or how we are made partakers of this blessing. When God justifies, he absolves from all guilt, and accepts a sinner as completely and eternally righteous.

Acts xiv. 17.– Not without witness. As a friend, in sending us frequent presents, *testifies* his remembrance of us, and kindness for us, though he neither speak, nor write; so the gifts of providence, scattered on every side, are *witnesses*, which testify the divine care and goodness, and express it in sensible language to the heart: and the heart, unless desperately wicked, would own it, and relent under it.

Acts xvi. 31.—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Faith, as wrought in us by the Holy Ghost, is a grace of the Spirit; but as commanded in the word, it is a duty—a duty of high rank; and help may be had for its performance; and an utter failure in

this duty is certain damnation. Yet men look upon unbelief as a misfortune, rather than a crime; as a sad disease, rather than a damning sin. Thus the conscience is not duly affected with its guilt; and men do not labour, as they ought, to be rid of unbelief. They complain of it, as a burden; but do not feel and lament it, as the top sin that sealeth damnation. Now the office of faith is to make the soul live wholly on the grace and power of Christ Jesus, renouncing all self-deceit, and self-ability.

Rom. vi. 2.—Dead to sin. By profession, by obligation, by partaking of grace, for slaying it, and by union with Christ, the slayer of sin. How shall *we* live in sin, who have received grace to die unto sin? Doubtless we act most inconsistently, and are more evil than others, if *we* live in sin. When a believer sins he revolts and rebels against such love, mercy, grace, light, assistances, and deliverances, as unbelievers have not found.

1 Cor. iii. 11.—Christ is here called the foundation. He is also called the rock, 1 Cor. x. 4.—And the rock of ages, Isa. xxvi. 4, not only because he is eternal, but because he gives an eternal security to all who are spiritually united to him. Nothing can be laid for a foundation of pardon, but Christ alone; his blood and righteousness. Some are seeking to lay this foundation, but find no peace, because they mix stones with the foundation, that are only fit for the superstructure, i. e. they bring their duties to the foundation, and incorporate them with Christ.

Now duties are precious stones for a superstructure, but useless and pernicious stones for a foundation, because unable to bear the weight of the superstructure. The foundation must be laid in mere mercy and pardon through the blood of Christ. A sinner must rest in this alone, in mere grace, and see nothing in himself but what deserves condemnation and ruin. Now the legal spirit within us, finds a difficulty here, and cannot tell how to fix these foundation stones without some cement of its own duties and endeavours; and because these will not incorporate, many spend much fruitless labour about the foundation. See then that your foundation be laid in mere mercy through the blood of Christ. Stir not from hence till the work is effected. Then up and be doing, and carry on your superstructure.

Gal. iv. 6.—God sends his Spirit into the hearts of his children, as an evidence of their adoption, and an earnest of their future inheritance, enabling them thereby with appropriation and confidence to cry Abba, Father; and this Spirit brings light, and peace, and joy, and liberty. He glorifies Christ in the believer's view; sheds divine love abroad in his heart; enables him to plead the promises; elevates his affections to things above; and seals him as an heir of the kingdom, to the day of redemption.

Eph. i. 10.—Christ appointed one Head to them all, namely, angels and men. One branch of God's kingdom, (man,) being cast out of order by the fall of Adam; and the other branch, (angels,) in a possi-

bility of being cast out, as appears by the fall of some of their fellows, it pleased God to erect one kingdom out of these two members of his dominion, and appoint one common Head to both, see chap. iii. 15, and also Col. i. 20. Angels and men are now brought into one family, by an union with Christ their Head. All supplies of wisdom, power, goodness, grace, and glory, are immediately from this new Head derived from God unto them through *him*. In him they all consist; on him they all depend for their peace and safety. By him angels are preserved from committing sin; men delivered from sin committed. Through him angels receive a confirmation in glory; men obtain a recovery from their fall. Two families being thus united, the angels who are the chief, or higher part, become, according to Christ's command and example, the servants of all the rest: Heb. i. 14.

Phil. iv. 7.—Which passeth all understanding. Here reason is nonplussed. To know that which passeth knowledge, is no part of reason's office, and is therefore neglected and despised. And this holds good of all the mysterious truths and blessings of the gospel. They are revealed by the Spirit of God, and revealed to our faith, which is suited to such truths and blessings, and delighteth in them. Nothing will satisfy the soul, says faith, but what contains abundantly more than I do comprehend. Faith enters into unsearchable riches, and bottomless depths, and rejoices it can find no bottom. Reason wades in streams, where it finds a

footing; but faith loves an ocean, and the deeper it is, the pleasanter faith swims.

1 Tim. iv. 1.—Some shall depart (apostatize) from the truth. Apostacy is such a revolt from the truth, as leads men wholly to worship idols, or to worship idols conjointly with God, or to worship God under an image, or to use other mediators (whether they be angels, departed spirits, or our own good deeds or tempers) besides the man Christ Jesus. There is but one God, and one Mediator. Some, &c. giving heed to erroneous spirits, and doctrines of demons, i. e. teaching the worship of angels, and departed spirits. Demons, Plato says, are middle beings between God and man, and are regarded as mediators between them. And these demons, Plato saith, are of two sorts, namely, souls that never inhabited bodies, (the Dii majorum Gentium,) and souls of departed heroes; or as Rome papal would call, and do worship them, angels and canonized saints, through the hypocrisy of them that invent lies, the legendary monks.

2 Tim. ii. 1.—Be strong in the grace which is in Christ. All power for duty comes directly from Christ: John i. 16. He, as the vine, supplies all the branches with sap. And unless we live in this persuasion, that we have no power of our own, we can have no power from Christ; for the life of faith is a life of dependence on Christ for what we have not in ourselves. Christ tells Paul, My grace is sufficient for thee; and this grace is to be received

continually out of Christ's fulness. In Christ it is treasured up for our use; and by prayer and faith it is derived unto us. Thus we are momentarily nothing, and Christ is our all; and we must feel our weakness momentarily, else we shall not seek to be strong in his strength, or strong in and through the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

Heb. xi. 1.—Faith is the substance, or substantial foundation of things hoped for. Faith and hope are linked together; and the faith of the gospel is the ground of the hope of the gospel. Faith eyeth the meritorious obedience of Christ, and hope looketh to that eternal weight of glory, which is the reward of Christ's perfect obedience, and divine righteousness. But though faith and hope have different objects, yet they are so connected that the one, namely faith, is the subsistence or foundation of the other, namely hope. Faith, as a foundation, standeth under hope, and supporteth it: hope, like a superstructure, resteth wholly upon faith, its subsistence; and every man's hope will be of the same kind with his faith. If faith is rightly fixed, hope will be stable and vigorous, and vice versa.

James iv. 5.—Lusteth to envy. A passion made up of pride and discontent; an enemy to the love both of God and man. Pride brought envy into heaven, and fallen angels brought it into earth. Ever since it entered, natural corruption breaks out very much in envy; but God has grace both to pardon and subdue it.

1 Peter i. 7.—Manifold temptations. We have manifold evils in us which require manifold afflictions to subdue them: and when God intends us manifold blessings, he appoints manifold troubles to bring us to the enjoyment of them; thus the heart is humbled and prepared for their reception.

2 Peter ii. 4.—The sinning angels he spared not, but laid their whole iniquity upon them. So when Christ became our Surety, the Father spared him not, (Rom. viii. 32.) but laid upon him the full punishment due for sin, by the curse of the law. Kept in *chains*, like malefactors, against a future day of judgment; though by walking to and fro in the earth they seem to be at liberty: kept in chains of *darkness*, like malefactors in a dungeon; so that though they tremble at the future vengeance of God, yet, like carnal men walking in darkness, they persist in rebellion, and do not seek by repentance and obedience, a mitigation of their misery. They know, as well as careless sinners, the more they sin, the more they will be punished; yet, through the darkness of their minds, they go on, adding sin to sin.

1 John iii. 7.—Even as he is righteous. Righteous in *like manner*, though not in the *same degree*, as he is righteous. So, I am not of the world, *even as* ye are not of the world: John xvii. 14. The disciples were separated from the world, even as, or in like manner with their Master: but were they separated from it in the same exalted degree? No,

surely. Again, neither murmur ye, *as* some of them murmured: 1 Cor. x. 10. Does the Apostle here guard us only against a certain degree of murmuring, as if he should say, Do not murmur so *violently*, as they did? No, but he would guard us against all *kind* of murmuring. And though *even as* does sometimes import a sameness in *degree*, yet it usually means a likeness in *kind*. This passage of St. John is intended as a guard against Antinomianism; for though a believer's justifying righteousness is entirely of the Lord, (Isa. liv. 17. Rom. v. 19.) performed by Christ, and imputed to him; yet where the grace of God is, it changes the nature, making us love righteousness and hate iniquity; yea, and writes the law in our hearts, making that to be the rule of our obedience, which is the standard of God's actions.

THE

CHRISTIAN WORLD

UNMASKED:

PRAY COME AND PEEP.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desparately wicked: who can know it."—JER. xvii. 9.

"Search me, O God, and make known my heart."—PSALM cxxxix. 23.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor considers it necessary to inform the Public, that the Author of ***THE CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED*** *regretted many years before his death, that he had introduced some doctrinal topics in an unpleasant manner; and that had he himself re-published his Work, he would have made those alterations, which are now made in this Edition. The Author, in the latter part of his life, was actuated by a fervent spirit of christian charity and conciliation; and esteemed every one as a brother, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.*

THE

CHRISTIAN WORLD UNMASKED.

GENTLE READER,

Lend me a chair, and I will sit down and talk a little with you. If my company proves unseasonable, or my discourse unsavoury, you may be relieved from both, by a single cast of your eye. No longer I continue talking, than whilst you continue looking upon me. My visit will be long or short, just as you please; only while it lasts it should be friendly. I have no flattering words to give you, nor any alms to ask of you. I am come to inquire of your health, and would ask a few questions about it.

Indeed, Sir, I am a physician, was regularly bred to the business, have served more than three apprenticeships at a noted *hall* of physic, and consumed a deal of candle in lighting up a little understanding; yet am reviled as a mountebank, because I have been seen upon a stage. The Prince of physic set the fashion; and his example satisfies me, though it may not content another.

However, Sir, my business does not lie with the walls of your house, but with the tenant within. I bring no advice to strengthen your clay, but wish to see your spirit healed, and to set the heavenly lamp a-burning. Give me leave to feel your pulse—sick indeed, Sir,; very sick; and of a mortal disease; received from your parents; and

which infects your whole mass of blood. There is no health in you; and since you seem not sensible of the malady, I must pronounce you delirious.

Why, you frighten me, Doctor. Sure you were bred at Sion College, along with Doctor Whitefield and his brethren. A very hard mouthed race truly! who have dealt so much in pukes and blisters, no genteel people will employ them. Their practice lieth chiefly among the poor, who can bear banging.

However, since you are come upon a friendly visit, I will tell you honestly what I think of myself. I have my faults as well as my neighbours; but my appetites are pretty well bridled. My heart is honest, quite willing to pay all men their due; my hands too are sometimes disposed to relieve a neighbour's want; and my feet go orderly to church on a Sunday, when the bells chime, except it proves a rainy day; and then I read the weekly paper, or a bible chapter, at home, just as suits my fancy. This I call a regular life, and it is the ground of my hope; not forgetting Jesus Christ to help out some defects. For I am choleric, no doubt, but it quickly bloweth over; and a little apt to fib in a market; but who can help it? All my neighbours do the same; and my landlord, who talks much of his honour, will tell a fib upon occasion, as well as myself. Besides, I often bring the parish into good temper, when they are out of sorts, by talking to them in a kind and humourous way, so that I am really a peace-maker. Now from these circumstances it should seem, that I am not mortally sick, as you suppose, but enjoy good christian health. Yet I do not like your countenance; it looks so very cloudy. Have you got the gripes, Doctor?

No, Sir, but I am grieved at the weak account you have given of yourself. It convinces me you are not sick, but dead—dead to God, and to his spiritual service. I expected some account of a

true christian, and you put me off with the state of a *poor heathen*, who is somewhat sober, and honest, and charitable, and worships his God when the weather suits, or his inclination serves. I find no trace of a spiritual mind; no taste of a gospel blessing; no earnest of a future inheritance. God's word, I see, is not your sweet companion; his service not your true delight; his glory not your noble aim. Your religion floats upon the surface, like froth upon the water, and is a mere vanity. God has yet no hold of your heart, and you cannot give it him.

If you were a *child of God*, his spirit would instruct you to love and reverence him with the affections of a child; and by prayer to converse with him daily, as children converse with their parents.

If God were your *Father*, you would love his house. It would be dear unto you; and a little rain would no more keep you from his courts, than from a fair or market. Where should a child go, but to his father's house? And if a child of God, you would say, as David did, How lovely is thy dwelling-place, O Lord! a day in thy courts is better than a thousand spent elsewhere.

If you were a *real subject* of Christ, the kingdom which you ask for, in his short prayer, would come, and be set up within you; a kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. *He* would enable you not only to profess him, but to love and serve him, and fix your *whole* dependence upon him. Your bosom would become his presence-chamber, where he would manifest himself to you, as he does not to the world: and your heart would be his throne, where he would sit to sanctify your affections, to regulate your tempers, and subdue you to himself.

Jesus Christ is not a pasteboard king, with royal titles, but without authority. He sits upon his holy hill, invested with all power to captivate the hearts

of his subjects, and execute his threatened vengeance on his adversaries. And where he brings men under the sway of his sceptre, he bestows the blessings of his kingdom. The Holy Spirit, as a *Comforter*, is granted; the peace, passing all understanding, is given; and God's love is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. These jewels are only dug out of gospel mines, and only set in the breast of gospel subjects. And where they are well set, Jesus Christ becomes exceeding dear to such. They know the purchase price he paid; and having tasted of the blessings, they love his person, and adore his grace. Paul and they are now agreed, to know only Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He is their song and boast, their peace and hope, their all in all.

Let me draw my chair a little closer, Sir; plain dealing is exceeding needful here. If you are not a *real subject* of Jesus Christ, you must be a stranger to the blessings of his kingdom. The jewels I have mentioned are not locked up in your cabinet; they are not bestowed upon the outward court worshippers. You must come within the veil, which is now rent open for access, before you can view a reconciled Father, and feast upon his grace.

A decent walk will keep you from mistrusting your condition; and these heavenly comforts may be thought too rich for a state of pilgrimage; and the remnant who possess them, may be deemed a little brain-sick, quite unworthy of your notice. Perhaps the first christians may have tasted of these blessings, but you think the gospel wine which was broached at first, is now run out, and nothing left for us to sip but the lees. Thus you are fortified in Satan's castle of security; your conscience, when it cries, is rocked fast asleep; and, with a mask of a decent profession, you live a stranger to Christ's kingdom, and perish in your sins.

Nay, Sir; do not start away, but keep your

seat; and give my words a little chewing. Let conscience speak; it has an honest voice, though a coarse one; and if you cannot bear handling, it is a sign that you have ugly sores within, which are not less dangerous for being skinned over. I must probe again to make you feel the sores; and if my master guide my hand, I shall reach the quick, and hear you cry, as a perfect man of old did, Behold I am vile! Job xl. 4.

Whilst you remain a stranger to Christ's inward kingdom, you are, with all your outward decency, but a painted tomb, full of all uncleanness. And because the walls of your house have had a *white wash*, and hide its inward filth, and keep its horrid stench from your fellow-creatures, you care not much about that eye of God, which views your heart, and views it with abhorrence. Your bosom is a cage of unclean birds, and you dearly love their chirping, and feed them with your own hand. In this retired chamber you riot in uncleanness; and if your filthy thoughts were all exposed to the world, you would almost die with shame. And yet perhaps so void of shame, as to think yourself a chaste person, if no outward acts of uncleanness are committed. Oh, Sir, how can your heart, your filthy heart, appear before God, a holy God? Do you read the Bible? There I find it written, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. You are satisfied with clean hands, a decent profession; but God requires a *clean heart*, and none shall see his face without it.

But, Sir, your breast is a den of thieves too. A dark and dirty den, where self-will and self-sufficiency, the *head* of the gang, are up in arms against God, rejecting his authority, breaking down his fences, and laying his enclosures common. A den where anger, envy, pride, railing, lying, discontent, and worldliness, the *tail* of the gang, have stripped your bosom of its heavenly furniture, and turned God's ancient house into a market worse than

Billingsgate. What was God's court is now a den, where distraction lifts her clamorous voice, and violence deals her heavy hand. So that a man's worst foes are they of his own house, the thieves that lodge within his breast.

Sir, if Jesus Christ kept his court in your bosom, he would make peace there; for he is the Prince of Peace. Where he reigns, he does command peace, for the honour of his name as a Saviour, and for the glory of his government as a King. But how can you suppose that Christ is your King, when he lets your house be daily rifled by a gang of thieves? A gracious prince will not endure to see his subjects ravaged daily, when he has sufficient power to protect them.

And with what conscience can you call yourself a *subject* of Christ Jesus, when your bosom is a sturdy rebel, and content to be so? You might as well call me your prince, as Jesus Christ your King, if he does not rule within your breast; and might as properly call me your maker, as Christ your Saviour, if he does not save you from your sins. Where he rules as King, and shows himself a Saviour, he will purge the conscience, by his blood, from guilt, and hallow well the heart by his Spirit. He will cleanse the *cage*, and scour the *den;* and when a wanton bird presumes to chirp, he will wring its neck off; or if a rogue assault your house, his palace, he will apprehend the thief, and sentence him to *Tyburn*. Nay, it is a fixed rule with him, that whosoever harbours thieves, shall have his house pulled down, and a dreadful fire set to it, which burns, and never will be quenched.

If my expressions ever wear an air of pleasantry, it is because I would tempt you to hear me out. My subject is weighty, but may seem too grave, as the modern taste goes, without a little seasoning. Well, Sir, what think you of yourself? Are you a real subject of Jesus Christ, or an alien? Indeed, Doctor, more is lacking in me than I thought. I

have been resting on a decent conduct and my Sunday prayers ; but something still I find is wanting, and the main thing too. The house which I have built seemed a creditable house, and was thought to be as good as the Vicar's ; for we built exactly with the same materials. But I perceive at length there are no windows in the house, nor any furniture in the chambers ; and no wonder if a dark house become a den of thieves, for they love the night, and dwell in darkness. However, I am now provided with some light for the windows, and must seek out furniture for the chambers. I would not willingly miscarry in this matter, because it is of moment. And it would be sad indeed, after building and repairing all my days, to have the house upon my head at last. But I trust by the help of a *good will* and a *lusty arm* of my own, to fray the birds away, dislodge the gang, and furnish well my house. What think you now, Doctor? Do I not talk like a man ?

Yes, Sir, very much like a heathen man, and a publican. You swagger like a Canaanite ; but Canaanites, though giants, were overcome and slain. If you find no better help than your own will and your own arm, your house will be down at last, and bury you in its ruins.

Men are strangers to the spiritual nature of God's law, and to the woeful depravity of the human heart, and therefore entertain a meagre notion of religion, and a lofty thought of their own ability. If christian faith is nothing but a mere assent to the *gospel word*, every man may make himself a true believer when he please. And if christian duty only does consist in Sunday-service, with a pittance of sobriety, and honesty and charity, we might expect that men would vaunt of will and power to make themselves religious. And yet the *generality* are much defective here. They often talk of turning over *new* leaves, but their future life proves such talk is *empty* boast, and that they want

a will and power for this slender reformation. All allow that nothing is more needful to be done; and nothing can account for its being left undone, but a *want* of *human will*, and strength to do it.

Let me step into your closet, Sir, and peep upon its furniture. My hands are pretty honest, you may trust me; and nothing will be found, I fear, to tempt a man to be a thief. Well to be sure, what a filthly closet is here! Never swept for certain, since you were christened! And what a fat idol stands skulking in the corner! A sweet heart sin, I warrant it! How it simpers and seems as pleasant as a right eye! Can you find a *will* to part with it, or *strength* to pluck it out? And supposing you a match for this self-denial; can you so command your heart, as to hate the sin you do forsake? This is certainly required: truth is called for in the inward parts: God will have sin not only cast aside, but cast away with abhorrence. So he speaks, Ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate evil.

It is easy to affirm we have ability for this, and then dispute about it eagerly; yet who makes the trial? I have made it many times, and find I can do nothing to good purpose. Others seem well satisfied with supposing they have power, but make no thorough trial; else they would find, and would confess they can effectually do nothing.

If the wanton nightingale is put out of your *cage* on a Sunday morning, she will be taken in again at night. Your heart will pine for her midnight whistle, and cannot hate her note, or think it half so horrid as the hissing of a serpent, or the croaking of a toad, though far more loathsome than them both.

Can you find a pleasant heart to love your enemies, and pray for them, and do them good? Perhaps you may compel yourself to show them kindness; and this is sooner said than done. Yet *showing* kindness to an enemy is one thing, and

feeling kindness for him is another; and both are *equally* required. Pray make a trial here of your boasted *will* and *power;* and see if they do not prove of brittle metal, and snap between your fingers.

You own yourself a mortal man, notwithstanding all your mighty strength; and expect a mansion in the skies, when you quit this house of clay. But, Sir, you must be taught the work of heaven, before you can be settled there. An earthly heart could no more live in heaven, than a fish upon dry land. The element is too fine for both; it makes them sick; they cannot breathe in such an atmosphere.

Grace is the *blossom-bud* of glory; and a work of grace upon the heart is a needful preparation for glory. By grace men are brought into the school of Christ, and bound apprentices for heaven. In this school they learn to walk with God; to love him; and to serve him; to be strangers upon earth; and seek a better country; looking for the coming of the Son of God. These are some scripture marks of the heirs of glory. Do you find them in your breast; or can you stamp them there? Indeed you cannot. None but he who turned water into wine, can change your earthly nature into a heavenly. You must be born from above, before you learn to crave and truly seek the things above. You may peruse the word of God; but can you say with David, Lord, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

When a Bible and a newspaper are found upon your table, I can guess which your hand will take up first; and you know the heart directs the hands. The worldly magazine is sweeter to your taste than the heavenly leaves. You may force and drive your thoughts on heavenly things; but can you set your heart upon them? If so, your thoughts and talk would glide on heavenly things most pleasantly; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

But is this your case, or the case of others who are reckoned decent people? You know it is not. They have no *liking* for religious subjects, and find no *power* to introduce them. Conversation turns upon the earth, because the heart is earthly. Religious talk is unfashionable, because it is unsuitable to our fallen nature. We do not care to think or talk of God, our daily benefactor, because we are not born of God, and have no filial kindness for him. His blessings are received daily, and the author most politely is forgotten. No mention must be made of him who gave us all we have, and keeps us what we are. To talk of God upon a visit would turn the hearers sick or sour, and brand the speaker for a rude man and a methodist. All ingratitude is reckoned infamous, except ingratitude to God. Such is human nature; and such the *kind* religion of it.

What makes the Curate give a scanty sermon, just the fag end of the subject? And what makes the people love to have it so? The reason, Sir, is plain. A Sunday dinner is more savoury than the word of God.

But, Sir, if your house is furnished as you threaten, then your parlour, shop, and closet, must be lined with devotion; this is christian furniture. Can you pray, and find sweet fellowship with God in prayer? You talk of *will* and *power;* if they are at hand, why are they not in exercise? I call that man a boaster, and suspect his poverty who talketh of his riches, yet never pays his debts. No work is more needful, more profitable, or more honourable than prayer; and when rightly performed, none is more delightful; why then is it not more followed? Indeed, Sir, you have no ability to pray till God poureth out a spirit of grace and supplication on you: Zech. xii. 10. You may force your lips to *say* a *prayer*, and say it often; but cannot force your heart to like it. The work is irksome, mighty irksome, it drags on heavily, like a jaded

mill-horse who is whipped round and round, but longs to be released from his gears. A manger suits him better than a collar.

And can God be pleased with that service which your own heart loatheth? No, Sir, he requires a cheerful service; the obedience of *sons*, and not of *slaves*. He says, Give me thy heart: and his people are a *willing* people, made willing by his grace: Psalm cx. 3.

But supposing that a little *will* for prayer might be squeezed from a flinty heart; you have no *power* still to compass fellowship with God. And what is prayer without divine communion? A mere prating to a dead wall or blue sky. It is babbling to an unknown god, as four hundred and fifty prophets did to Baal, a jolly company from morning until evening, but found no answer: 1 Kings. xviii. 26. Baal kept no fellowship with his votaries then, and never has done since.

Praying unto God without communion, is like talking to a man who neither gives an answer, nor a smile, nor yet a look. You would soon be weary of such converse, and avoid such company. And no people find a heart to pray, who feel no fellowship with God.

You often hear at church St. Paul's parting prayer: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you. By nature we are far from God; sin has made the separation. And till brought nigh to him, we cannot say with them of old, We have fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ: 1 John. i. 3. It is one office of the Holy Spirit to draw our spirit near to God, and give us fellowship with him.

This *fellowship* is not obtained by a mere *profession* of the gospel, however decent that profession is, but by *regeneration*, or a spiritual birth. Where the Holy Spirit has imparted spiritual life, he instructs a sinner *how* to *pray*, helps his infirmities

in *praying*, draws the human spirit nigh to God, and gives communion with him. Thus the *heart* is strengthened and refreshed by *prayer*, and finds it both a pleasant and a profitable service. But where communion is not felt, nor truly sought, no comfort can be found in *prayer*, nor profit. And this is much the case of modern christianity, a dull insipid thing, void of *spiritual life*, and therefore void of *spiritual feeling*. Professors do not make pretence unto it, but disclaim it. So far indeed they are honest; but being destitute of *spiritual life* and *feeling*, they must be called *gospel puppets*, danced with *devotional wires*. A church is fitted up for their stage, with boxes, pit and gallery; and Sunday is the day of acting. During the performance, some are mighty *decent* characters, like a king and queen of France; others rude and rackety, like cobler Punch and his wife.

Yet further; men have no *heart* to *pray*, because they have no *feeling* of their *wants*. If I am, or fancy that I am endowed with *will* and *power* to help myself, it seems a needless thing to beg of God to give me grace; as needless as to ask his help to light my candle. And where men boast of native strength, I do suppose they act consistently, and seldom chafe a knee in *prayer*. Common *decency* requires a little outward homage, and a little will suffice.

Now, Sir, be pleased to hear what my dispensatory says concerning will and power. It is God who worketh in you both to will and do; and he works the will and power not for our desert, but merely of his own good pleasure: Phil. ii. 13. God stands in debt to none; and his works are not designed to reward man's *merit*, but to manifest his glorious *grace*.

When your will is turned from evil, or inclined to good, it is the Lord's doing. He overrules the will, though not asked of him nor perceived by you. This may be gathered from the text above

cited, and is confirmed by the following story :—

Abraham comes to Gerar, and through fear denies his wife : Gen. xx. 1. Abimelech sends for Sarah to his house, purposing to take her to his bed ; but when she comes, he is somehow wholly overruled. God appears to Abimelech, in a dream, and says, Thou art a dead man, for the woman thou hast taken is a man's wife. Abimelech protests his heart is upright, and his hands are innocent. God allows it, and says, I know thou hast done this in the integrity of thine heart ; but then he shows the cause of this integrity ; For I withheld thee from sinning against me, therefore *I suffered thee not* to touch her. In Abimelech we behold the doctrine of nature. He vaunts of his integrity, as modern christians do ; and is just as ignorant of God's determining his will, and of course as unthankful for that determination as modern christians are. We need not wonder at it ; nature is the same at all times, and in all dispensations : *grace* alone makes the difference.

Hence real christians learn to seek for will and power from God ; and give him hearty praise for all escapes from evil, and for every good desire wrought in them, and for all good works performed by them. As for you, Sir, and others, who can turn yourselves round by your own will and power, as nimbly as a floating weathercock, I wish the weeping prophet's prayer was much upon your lips : Turn thou me, O Lord, and so shall I be turned : Jer. xxxi. 18. Lam. v. 21.

But, Sir, you call yourself an honest man, and honest men will pay their debts ; you own yourself a sinner too, and sins are debts due to God. How are these debts to be discharged ? They are a most enormous sum ; and when felt, prove a heavy load ; and if not cancelled, must bring eternal ruin. Do you think of this matter, Sir ? It is a weighty business !

Yes, yes, Doctor, I have had some thoughts

about it, and do not apprehend much danger or much trouble here. I must *repent;* and *amend;* and do what I *can;* and Christ will do the rest. Some debts I shall *pay myself;* a *decent* part of the shot, and Jesus must discharge the rest of the reckoning. This is our parish way of paying sinful debts, and seems a very good way. We desire no better, and only wish to pay our neighbour's debts as easily. What think you of it, Doctor? Sure you can have no objection here.

Indeed, Sir, this way of paying sinful debts, as *easy* as it seems to *you*, would ruin me effectually. The wages of sin is death; and if I must pay off *only* one sin, I am ruined; for that debt is death. So of course I die and perish. No help is found for me in this way. Either I must be forgiven wholly, or wholly be undone.

This method of *payment* would make you a bankrupt *presently*, and ruin you *eternally*. Pray examine it a little closer. First, you talk of *repenting*. True repentance goes before forgiveness. But you speak as if repentance was your own work; whereas the Bible says it is the gift of God: Acts xi. 18. 2 Tim. ii. 25. And Jesus is exalted on high to give it: Acts v. 31. You had better pray for repentance, than try to squeeze it from a millstone; and such is every heart by nature. No kind relenting is found there, till Jesus sends it. What your own hands bestow can avail you nothing, but will need to be repented of. And where God gives repentance, it is never meant to purchase pardon. For tears pay no debts. They will not pay your neighbour's; and much less God's, which are weighty debts indeed.

Repentance is designed to make the heart loathe sin, through a sense of its deep pollution; and dread sin, through a feeling of its guilty burden Thus the heart becomes acquainted with its nakedness and ruin, is broke down and humbled, and forced to fly to Jesus Christ, and seek deliverance

by grace *alone*. Nor is the business quickly done. When the heart is conscious of its misery, it will try a thousand legal *tricks* to shake its pitched shirt off; but wearied out at length with endless disappointment, it falls at Jesus' feet, and meekly takes up Peter's prayer, Lord, save, or I perish.

After repenting, you talk of *amending*. Ay to be sure; no repentance can be true without amendment. But you seem to think your heart *only* wants amending, and may be mended just as easy as your coat. Truly, Sir, it wants new *making*; and no real *mending* can be found without new *making*. All the rest is varnish which may please yourself, and satisfy a neighbour, but will not pass with God. A *blackmoor* painted white is but a *blackmoor* still; and gives the image of a decent modern christian. Your conduct may be much reformed; but your heart, unless created new, will be full of earthliness and all uncleanness, and remain the devil's forge and workshop still. No thorough change is made, until the work begins above, and God creates the heart anew. When repentance is bestowed, David's prayer will suit you well, Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Nay, do not pout at David; your heart and eyes are teeming with uncleanness too, and make you stand in woeful need of David's prayer.

But supposing God should bless you with a new heart and right spirit, and thereby cause you to walk in his statutes, Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. still I ask what becomes of past arrears? No compensation yet is made for former trespasses. Doing present duty cannot pay off past debts; yet these debts must be discharged, or you are ruined; and you have no overplus to pay a single debt; nay, you are running deeper into debt *daily*, by doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do. Still your deserved wages every day and every hour is death. Let me remind you once

again of Peter's prayer, Lord, save, or I perish.

Lastly, you say, I must do what I *can*, and Christ will do the rest. This is the common cry, the general run; and is thought a safe and *easy* passage for a christian. But the passage is too strait and hazardous for me: I dare not venture my own soul upon it. Supposing you have will and power for *duty*, then I ask, Do you pray as much as you can, or read the scripture as much as you can, or relieve the poor as much as you can, or visit the sick as much as you can? Do you deny yourself as much as you can? and watch against sin as much as you can; or do any one duty as much as you can? Indeed *you do not*, and you know you do not. But if you put salvation on this footing of doing what you can, and have not done it, what sentence can you look for from the Lord but this? Out of thy own mouth I will judge thee: Luke xix. 22.

If this plea of doing what *you can*, will not abide a trial, no other plea remains but doing what you *will*, or what you *please*, and making Jesus Christ do all the rest. But you dare not urge this plea: it is too shameful and barefaced for any mortal to avow it. Now, Sir, if you are not able to abide the trial, of doing what *you can*; and dare not urge the shameful plea of doing what *you will;* how is it possible for you to be saved by your doings? Either a full pardon and a free salvation must be granted through Jesus Christ *alone*, or you are *undone* by your *doings*, cast and lost for ever.

Perhaps you think that Christ came to shorten man's duty, and make it more feasible, by shoving a commandment out of Moses' tables, as the Papists have done; or by clipping and paring all the commandments, as the moralists do. Thus *sincere* obedience, instead of *perfect*, is now considered as the law of works.

But, Sir, if Jesus Christ came to shorten man's duty, he came to give us a licence to sin. For duty

cannot be shortened without breaking commandments. And thus Christ becomes a minister of sin with a witness, and must be ranked at the head of Antinomian preachers. And what do you mean by *sincere* obedience? It is a pretty expression, and serves many pretty purposes. It sears a conscience notably, and daubs the face of Jesus Christ wonderfully; and has so vague a meaning, it will signify any thing, or nothing, just as you please. It is Satan's catch-word for the gospel; and upon his gates might be truly written, Room for sincere obedience.

But what is it? If *sincere* obedience means any thing, it must signify either doing what you *can*, or doing what you *will*. So we are got upon the old swampy ground, are sinking apace into a quagmire, and shall be strangled presently unless we retire.

Jesus Christ is so far from intending to pare away Moses' tables, that he carries every commandment to its utmost extent. A wanton look is declared to be adultery; and a wrathful heart is deemed murder; and the man who calls his neighbour a fool, is threatened with hell-fire. This does not look like shortening man's duty, and making it sit more easy on a squeamish stomach. Surely this preaching cries out mainly against *sincere* obedience: a doctrine sweetly framed to set the heavenly gates wide open for drunkards, whoremongers, and all men.

Jesus says expressly, that he did not come to destroy the law, by weakening or shortening Moses' tables; and he assures us, that whoever shall break the *least* commandment, and teach men to do so, shall be *least* in the kingdom of heaven, or farthest from it.

If another witness is needful, we may call in St. James, who is just at hand, and a favourite with the champions for *works* and *sincere obedience*. But the good Apostle happens to be rather sturdy in this matter, and declares that if a man should

keep the whole law, except in one point, he is yet guilty of all: James ii. 10. A failure in a single article ruins him. Whoever breaks the least command, or neglects the least duty, thereby procures to himself as solid a title to eternal misery, as the man who breaks all the commandments every day of his life. Which is designed to show the absolute impossibility of being justified in any manner by our works.

Why, Doctor, you amaze me mightily. I never heard such language in my life before. Our parish Doctor does not treat his patients in this rough manner. Surely you have overshot the mark. What is really just and equitable among men will be just and equitable with God. And is any thing found among men that bears a resemblance to this proceeding of God?

Yes, Sir, enough is found in every country, and in your own land, to justify God herein. Many crimes are punished with death in Britain, and the punishment is inflicted for a *single* crime. The law does not inquire whether you have offended *often*, but whether you have offended *once*. It tries you for a *single* offence; and if found guilty, will condemn you without mercy. Now if human laws are not taxed with injustice, though they doom a man to die for a single act of treason, murder, robbery, or forgery, why should God's law be thought unjust because it punishes a single crime with death?

However, you must not mistake St. James's meaning. He does affirm, that a single breach of God's law deserves eternal death, as well as ten thousand; yet he does not say, that small and great offenders will have equal punishment. No; mighty sinners will be mightily tormented. Men's future torment will be suited to the number and greatness of their crimes. Yet moderate offenders can have small consolation from hence, because the shortest punishment is eternal, and the coldest place in hell will prove a hot one.

Sir, by your countenance, I perceive you are not yet disposed to renounce sincere obedience. And though unable to maintain your ground, you are not willing to give up your arms, and ask your noble *Captain* quarter, to save your life. Let the matter take a little more sifting. You seemed to complain of God, for making death the wages of a single sin; but you might have reason to complain if God had made sincere obedience a *condition* of salvation, because no man understands what it means. Much talked of it is, like the good man in the moon, yet none could ever ken it. I dare defy the scribes, and all the lawyers in the world, to tell me truly what sincere obedience is. Whether it means the doing half my duty, or three quarters, or one quarter, or one fiftieth, or one hundredth part. Where must we draw the line of sincere obedience? It surely needs a magic wand to draw it. And can we think that God would leave a matter of such moment at such dreadful hazard? Whatever is made a *condition* in a human or divine covenant, be that condition less or more, sincere or perfect obedience, it must be executed punctually, from first to last, or the covenant is forfeited. On this account *conditions* in a covenant always are, and must be marked out precisely. Yet here, sincere obedience is called a condition, and no one knows what it is; nor will allow this poor unmeaning thing, whatever it is, to be absolutely binding. It is a condition and no condition: just as much grace as you choose, and as many or as few good works as you please. O fine condition! Surely Satan was the author of it.

When human lawgivers judge a crime deserveth death, and make it capital, they always draw the line of death, and mark the crime exactly, that all may know what it is, and when they do commit it. And if God hath made sincere obedience the *condition* of salvation, he would certainly have drawn the line, and marked out the

boundary *precisely*, because our life depended on it.

If some Utopian prince should frame a body of laws, and declare that every one, who did not keep the laws *sincerely*, as well as ever he could, should die, this pleasant sanction would make a dull Bæotian grin ; and when the judges took a circuit in this fairy land, each assize would prove a maiden one, no doubt. Now if such a constitution would be hooted at among men, as the utmost foolishness of folly, can we think the wise God would adopt such a system ?

Sincere obedience is called the condition of salvation ; but God has drawn no line to mark the boundary ; therefore every man must draw the line for himself. Now, Sir, observe the consequence ; mark how this ravelled clew winds up, and shows its filthy bottom. One prays on Sundays, but at no other time : that is his line of devotion. Another only prays in a tempest : that is his line. And a third will only pray when sick or dying. One is mellow once a week, and staggers home, but keeps upon his legs : that is his line of sobriety. Another gets much tipsy every night, but drinks no spirituous liquors : that is his line. And a third will take a dram stoutly, but declares *sincerely* that he *cannot* help it : he should be dead without it. One does not break the band of wedlock, but casts a wanton look upon his maid : that is his line of chastity. Another has no wife, but keeps a whore : that is his line. And a third has both a wife and a whore. What must we say to these things ? They are all condemned ; but if God has drawn no boundary, man must draw it, and will draw it where he pleaseth. Sincere obedience thus becomes a nose of wax ; and is so fingered as to fit exactly every human face. I look upon this doctrine as the devil's masterpiece, the most ingenious trap that ever was contrived by him. Where other woeful doctrines slay a thousand, this will slay ten

thousand. Talking of sincere obedience, and of doing what we can, is mighty plausible : it sounds well, and looks decent ; but opens a dreadful sluice for the profligate, and erects a noble pillar for the deist.

I cannot think that the growth of deism is chiefly owing to the growth of immorality. A person will not surely choose to be a deist, because he grows more wicked : he will not merely reject Jesus Christ, because he stands in more need of him. But a man becomes a deist by hearing of sincere obedience, and believing there is a merit in it. Now the price of merit is not fixed in a protestant market : it is much talked of, but not *rated.* He therefore sets what price he pleaseth on his own merit ; and pays his heavy debts off, as a neighbouring state once did, by raising the currency of his coin. Thus, though we may have been enormously wicked, yet by the fancied merit of a few good works in life, or by a charitable sum bequeathed at his death, he goes in a fiery chariot up to heaven, unless he chance to be kidnapped in the way by Satan.

If works are a *condition* in the gospel covenant, then works must make the *whole* of it. Sincere obedience, as a condition, will lead you unavoidably up to *perfect* obedience. No intermediate point can be assigned where you may stop. All the commands of God are inforced by the same authority. He that saith, Commit no adultery, saith also, Do not kill. And if you allow *one duty* to be absolutely binding, you must allow *all* the rest : for they all stand upon the same footing.

But perhaps you think, though all the commands of God are binding, they bind only to a *certain degree :* and hence the gospel covenant is called a covenant of grace. Then I ask, Sir, what is that *degree*? How far *must* we go ? And where *may* we stop? You cannot mark the limit, and God does assign none. Yet if this had been the tenor of the

gospel covenant, he would have *marked that degree precisely*, because my life depended upon knowing it.

What saith your Bible? How readest thou? Does it allow you to be guilty of adultery, or murder, or blasphemy, or perjury, or theft, to a *certain degree?* Indeed it does not. Or may you indulge a *measure* of anger, or envy, or malice, or lying? Indeed you may not. My Testament says, Put away from you *all* bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, with all malice: Eph. iv. 31. And it commands you not only to abstain from all evil, but from all *appearance* of it: 1 Thes. v. 22.

Thus you can neither exclude *any kind* of duty, nor *any degree* of each kind. But the moment you seek to be justified in any measure by obedience, that moment you *fall from grace*, and *become a debtor to the whole law.*

God has proposed no more than two covenants. The first was *wholly* of works, which says, *do and live;* and gives the man a title unto life, who shall keep the law perfectly. The second covenant is *wholly* of grace, which says, *believe and be saved.* In this covenant, salvation is *fully purchased* by Jesus Christ, and *freely applied* to the sinner by his Spirit. Grace lays the foundation, and grace brings forth the top stone with shouting. Glory be to God for this grace.

Now the first covenant is allowed on all hands to be *too hard;* and the second is thought by most to be *too easy*, and would fall to pieces, unless shored up by sincere obedience. Accordingly, by the help of this rotten buttress, men have patched up a third covenant, consisting *partly* of works, and *partly* of grace. In which the sinner owns himself indebted something, he knows not what, to Jesus Christ; and takes the rest, be what it will, to himself. The captain and the soldier make a joint purse, and purchase a crown between them. The soldier wins

some gold to make the crown, and Jesus studs it round with diamonds. O rare soldier! He must not ascribe salvation unto God and the Lamb, as the saints do, (Rev. vii. 9, 10.) but to the *Lamb* and the *soldier*.

This mixed covenant is the darling of nature. It both cherisheth our vanity, and opens a door for licentiousness. The judaizing christians, mentioned in the Acts, were the first who began to adulterate the gospel, by blending the covenants, and seeking to be justified by faith and works conjointly. They did not consider the precepts of the gospel as a *rule* of life, but as a *bond* of the covenant. And they were led into this error partly by a *constitutional pride* which is common to all; and partly by a *national prejudice* which was peculiar to themselves. Moses had been their lawgiver, and works were the letter of his covenant. Of course they would be tenacious of a law of works, and as unwilling to give up their old lawgiver, as a husband is to part with the wife of his youth. Moses had reigned long over them, and they gloried in being his disciples; but Jesus now would be their king. And like a besieged people, who are driven to the last extremity, if they cannot keep the conqueror out, they will make the best terms they can, for themselves and their prince. If Moses must not reign alone, he shall be seated near the conqueror, and they will swear fealty to both.

Wherever these judaizing christians came, and found men disposed, as they are naturally, for the mixed covenant, they always preached circumcision to them, saying, Except ye be circumcised, ye cannot be saved: Acts xv. 1. And they preached right, if the gospel be a mixed covenant of faith and works. For in *such* a covenant, there is just the same reason for circumcision as for baptism. If you desire benefit from the covenant of grace, you must be baptized; and if you seek advantage from the covenant of works, you must be circumcised.

A rite of initiation is appointed unto both the covenants; and yon cannot enter into both without partaking of the double rite.

Are you free of the mercers' company, and desirous to be incorporated among the saddlers'? You must undergo a second initiation. The former rites have made you a free mercer, but cannot make you a free saddler. So, if you join mount *Sinai* to mount *Sion*, and would partake of *benefit* from *both* the covenants, you must undergo a *double* initiation, because the rites are different. *Baptism* will no more admit you into Moses's temple, than *circumcision* can receive you into the church of Christ.

Allowing, therefore, that the gospel covenant is a mixed one, of *works* and *grace*, the judaizing christians did not preach amiss, when they said, Except ye be circumcised ye cannot be saved. You expect, say they, a share of your salvation from the covenant of works; but no *profit* can you have from that covenant till you have fairly entered it by *circumcision*.

And does it not seem equitable, in this mixed covenant, that the *Sabbath* should be equally divided between the Jewish service and the gospel worship? You are half a Jew in heart, Sir, though not in profession; and have abundantly more cause to *sacrifice* a bullock to Jehovah, than the wise man of Athens had to kill a cock for Esculapius, and thus at his death infatuate the doctrine of his life.

However, Sir, at all events you must be circumcised, if your mixed covenant be a true one. And you have only this alternative, either to reject the covenant, or to admit of circumcision. And since you seem unwilling to give up your works, I must send a Jewish rabbi, or some Hebrew professor, to your house, with a pruning knife.

No, Doctor, hold there; more words than one to this bargain. You may talk as you please, but I will not be circumcised: no, verily, not I. What

a fine figure I should make at church! How my neighbours all would stare and point at me! And how the Vicar too would jeer! I desire to hear no more of circumcision; and the thought of your pruning knife so bewilders me, that I have dropped all the ends of your discourse about sincere obedience. Could you pick the threads up again, and wrap them in a little compass?

I will try to oblige you, Sir. And first, sincere obedience is no where mentioned in the gospel as a *condition* of salvation. But if it were a condition, sure it would have been expressly mentioned, because of its high importance. Yet the Bible is not only silent in this matter, but asserts the contrary. St. Paul declares roundly, We are saved by grace through faith: not of works, lest any man should boast: Eph. ii. 8, 9. The reason added, Lest any man should boast, plainly shuts out all *works* of sincere obedience as a condition. For though these works are often small enough, yet if the condition is fulfilled by them, such is human vanity, they would afford a ground for boasting. Therefore, to dig the whole cankered root of merit up, and give all the glory of salvation unto God and the Lamb, the Apostle says absolutely, It is of grace, not of works. Works have no share in the covenant of grace as a *condition* of life; they are only the *fruit* of salvation freely bestowed, and the genuine evidence of a true faith, which works by love.

Again, if because obedience is inculcated in the covenant of grace, it is thought to be required as a condition of salvation; and though not mentioned expressly, is certainly intended. Then I ask, what is the condition? It is highly needful for me to know it, and to know it perfectly, because my life depends upon it. I suppose sincere obedience must mean something *short* of perfect. Pray, Sir, how much short? Half an inch, or half a mile? Where must I draw my line, and fix my staff? The Bible has not told me, and you cannot tell me,

nor all the scribes in Christendom. So I am brought to a fine pass! Here my life depends on a condition, which must be performed, and I know nothing of it, nor can know, and yet am ruined if I take a step too short. Oh, Sir, if sincere obedience had been a condition of salvation, God would certainly have shown me how much short it comes of perfect; and have marked out the line exactly whither I must go, and where I must stop.

Further, you describe sincere obedience by doing what you can; and thus explain one loose expression by another full as loose. I call the expression *loose*, not merely for its loose meaning, but for its loose tendency. And here we may behold the subtilty of Satan, who blinds our eyes with such expressions as bear a *decent* countenance, and seem to have a meaning, yet leave us wholly in the dark, or leave us at full liberty to put any soft construction on them. Yet if men were honest, they might see, that doing what they *can*, means nothing more in plain English, than doing what they *will;* and if they are tried by the rule of doing what they can, they must be all condemned, because they daily do such things as they need not and ought not, and leave undone other things which they might do and ought to do.

Here it may be noted, that what is called by plain men sincere obedience, is entitled by the scribes a remedial law, or the law of love. They are all cankered branches from the same cankered stock; and their number is convenient. A troop looks well. They serve as pretty loop holes to play at hiding-and-seek in. No wonder that the foot is often shifted, when the ground is miry. Men will make a hundred kind of laws, but God has only two, the law of works, and the law of faith: Rom. iii. 27. And what has been urged against sincere obedience, equally effects a remedial law, the law of love, and all their Jewish kindred. They must stand or fall together.

Lastly, sincere obedience, as a condition, can only terminate in perfect obedience. No middle point can be assigned, where you may stop. No *kind* of duty can be excluded, nor *any degree* of each kind. Thus you are unavoidably thrust upon a perfect law of works, and become a debtor to do the whole law. And if you dare not rest on a perfect obedience, unceasingly performed from the first day to the last, there is no other resting for you, but on Jesus Christ *alone*. He must be your all; and he will be your all, or nothing.

Thus I have gathered up my ends, respecting this matter; and I trust you see at length, that sincere obedience is nothing but a jack-o'lantern, dancing here and there, and every where: no man could ever catch him, but thousands have been lost by following him. A cripple might as well rest upon his shadow for support, as your heart depend upon the phantom of sincere obedience.

Your mixed covenant is a mere bubble, blown up by the breath of pride. It has neither got a foot in heaven, nor a foot on earth, but is pendulous in the air, and rests upon a castle floating in the clouds, which threatens downfall and ruin every moment. Woe be to the man that is seated on it! Yet this castle, though the fabric of a vision, is the glory of a modern christian; and, being built upon the clouds, has been reckoned safe from gun-shot; but I trust the cloud is burst, and the phantom disappears.

Indeed, Doctor, I begin to perceive my old sweetheart, *sincere obedience*, is a very sorry hussy. Yet her face is so plausible, and her speech so winning, none would suspect her for a jilt. She must be packed off; but what shall I do when she is turned out of doors? You have jostled me out of my easy chair, and now I have not got a stool to sit upon. My own obedience will afford no sort of title under heaven; where then must I find a title? Beside I do not understand your doctrine, though I must

give up my own. Sometimes you preach up Moses stoutly, and then suddenly Jesus Christ is all in all. One while you talk notably of being born again, and then presently you seem to speak as if my own obedience was only fit to destroy me. Pray explain yourself, and do not leave me in the dark. You have blown my candle out, and, in civility, should lend your lantern.

Nay, Sir, candle-light will not serve you here: sun-light is wanted; rays from the sun of righteousness, or you will continue dark, notwithstanding all that I can say. May this light be granted!

The law is preached for two reasons: as a schoolmaster to bring men unto Christ, that they may be justified by faith: Gal. iii. 24, and secondly, as a rule of life to walk with Christ, but as no condition of salvation.

Jesus Christ has no business with a Pharisee, who can plead his own righteousness; he came to seek and save them that are lost: Luke xix. 10. And the moral law must be preached in its utmost rigour, to awaken every sort of sinners, and convince them of their *lost* estate. When the law is set home by the Holy Spirit, it becomes a schoolmaster, sharp indeed, and scourges sinners unto Christ. The fox is then unkennelled, and driven from his old haunt, sincere obedience, the common refuge and convenient screen for drunkards, fornicators, liars, thieves, and simpering deists, who are all at their wit's end presently, when they find their thatched hovel in a blaze.*

No sooner is the rigour of the law perceived by the understanding, and felt in the conscience, but it forces every one to say, as St. Paul did, When the commandment came, came home to my heart, I died, all hope of life through my own obedience

---

*The judicious reader will perceive that I have not wrote against sincere obedience, as it is the genuine fruit and a necessary evidence of faith, bnt ouly decry it as a *condition* of salvation.

perished: Rom. vii. 9. And they can take up Paul's lamentation, a mighty strange one to a modern Christian who has got no feeling: O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Rom. vii. 24.

Now they know by good experience, that death is the wages of sin; and feel themselves in a state of condemnation. This makes them dread sin, and free to part with it; because it has lost its painted cheek, and shows its haggard countenance. The prayers of the church become very suitable and welcome. The frequent supplication of Lord, have mercy on us, is neither loathsome nor tiresome. The much repeated cry for mercy on us miserable sinners, is not thought a cry too much. And those strong communion words, The remembrance of our sins is grievous, and the burden of them is intolerable, are not muttered by a hollow lip, but uttered with a feeling heart.

A sinner thus convinced of sin, struggles hard to help himself. He watches, strives, and prays, and fain would keep the whole law. But as he strives, the law opens to his view, and shows its spiritual nature, and its marvellous extent, reaching to every action, word, and thought, and calling for obedience every moment. And now he feels his nature's sad depravity. His heart is earthly and unclean, and therefore has a fixed dislike to spiritual duties. It may be *forced* on them, but cannot *relish* them, or keep a full attention to them. He could sit four hours in an idle play-house; and though crowded up exceedingly, could keep a fixed attention all the time, and be sorry when the farce was over. But his heart goes to prayer, like an idle boy to school, sauntering every step, and would play truant if he dare.

After many fruitless struggles to keep the law, he finds himself without strength. Fain he would delight in God, and in his spiritual service, but he cannot. His nature will not kindly move towards

God, and when thrust upon the task, groweth quarrelsome or sleepy, and is quickly jaded down. Hence he finds an utter need of the Spirit's aid, to create his heart anew, and breathe some *spiritual life*, to enable him for *spiritual service*.

The *curse* of the law has now made known his *guilt*; the *spirituality* of the law has shewn his *depraved nature*: and his vain attempts to keep the law, have disclosed his utter feebleness. Thus the law has prepared him for Christ. His heart is humbled and broken down with an awful sense of his guiltiness, and filthiness, and feebleness; he is possessed of the first beatitude, poverty of spirit: Matt. v. 3. but does not yet know it is the leading step unto the kingdom of heaven.

The first beatitude conducts him to the second, Blessed are the mourners. He mourns because he is poor in spirit, sensible of his spirit's poverty; stripped of all his fancied worth, and fancied ability to help himself; weary of sin, and of his evil heart; heavy laden with a guilty burden; and seeking rest, but finding none.

Pray, Doctor, who is this sorry fellow, this weary wretch, that comes to Jesus Christ with such a loaded pack upon his back? Some highwayman no doubt, or some house-breaker; perhaps a murderer; at least a person excommunicated, who has been very naughty, and would not wear a white sheet.

Indeed, Sir, this sorry fellow is the Doctor himself, and every one who comes aright to Jesus Christ. Did you never read the invitation which he makes to sinners? Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: Matt. xi. 28. You are a sinner, Sir; and all men are sinners, and condemned by the law; but all men do not feel their condemnation, and therefore are not heavy laden with a guilty burden, nor labouring after rest. Yet such are invited; and only such are accepted, What right have you to

come to Jesus Christ, unless you come in his appointed way?

If your wealthy neighbour should invite his poor parish widows to dine on Sundays at his house, this invitation would give you no right to dine, nor yet the Vicar: you are not *poor widows*. And supposing you should borrow female clothing, put on a gown and petticoat, and call yourself a poor widow, this female dress would not procure a right to dine, but might expose you to a cudgel. Yet this is now become the genteel way of coming unto Jesus. Men borrow at a church the garb and language of a Christian, and say most sad things of themselves, while they are upon their knees, as if they were *poor sinners* truly, and yet would execrate a preacher who should say the same things in a pulpit which they uttered in a pew.

You have heard, no doubt, of beggars who tie a leg up when they go a begging, and then make hideous lamentation of their lameness. Why, this is just your case, Sir. When you go to church a-praying, which is begging, you tie your righteous heart up, and then make woeful outcry for mercy on us miserable sinners. Oh, Sir, these tricks may pass awhile unnoticed, but Jesus Christ will apprehend such cheats at last, and give them their desert.

Would you know where God will cast a gracious eye? He tells you, To this man will I look, saith the Lord, even to him that is poor and contrite: Isa. lxvi. 2, poor in spirit, and bruised with a sense of his sinfulness.

And would you hear whom Jesus calls? His own lips inform you, I am not come to call the righteous; no; why should he? If he did, they would not come in his way, for they have found a better. But I am come, he saith, to call sinners; sinners sensible of sin, and bruised with it; and to call them daily to repentance; not to patter over good confessions with a frozen lip, but to breathe

them with a mourning heart: Luke v. 32. St. Luke introduces the call with these words: The whole need no physician, but the sick. And pray, Sir, who are the *whole?* Have any kept the *whole* law without offending in a single point? Not a man. Then all are condemned by the law, and have passed under its curse. Yet many think themselves *whole*, or *nearly* whole, and therefore see no *need*, or *little* need of Christ's atonement. Alas, for such! When the stone they have rejected falls upon them, it will grind them into powder. But the *sick* need a physician; they feel that woeful sickness, the plague of the heart, (1 Kings. viii. 38,) and loathe themselves in dust and ashes.

But we must take a little further notice of our young pilgrim, before we drop him altogether. He was left disconsolate with raw back and weeping eyes, just flogged out of Moses's school, and seeking balm to heal his wounds, but finding none. At length the invitation of Jesus reaches his ears, Come unto me, thou heavy laden soul, and I will give thee rest. He hears and wonders; listens and is pleased. A gleam of joy steals into his heart; a joy he never felt before, springing from a cheering hope and dawning prospect of deliverance. This kindles high esteem and kind affection for the Saviour, who appears all lovely in his sight, and often draws a heavenly tear from his eyes. The name of Jesus groweth musical, his love adorable, and his salvation above all things desirable.

The weeping sinner enters now upon a new world, and joins himself with the praying citizens of Zion. Jesus is welcomed as his King and Saviour, and receives hosannahs from him. He begins to understand what grace means, even mercy, rich mercy, freely shown to a lost and ruined sinner. No sermon suits him now, but what directs his heart to Jesus, and sets the Saviour forth as Prophet, Priest, and King, to save his people. A full and free salvation captivates his heart; it is just the

thing he wants, and therefore highly welcome. And whilst the tidings of this royal grace are sounding in his ears, he seems to give them credit; but when the book is laid aside, or sermon over, fresh doubts arise which must perplex him. His understanding is enlightened, but his heart retains a *legal bias*, and a secret harping after merit still. Sometimes he fears the gospel-tidings are so good, they are not true; or if they may be true, they are too good for him. He likes and wants the promised grace, but staggers at the promise. A sense of guilt and his uncleanness so dismay him, that he dares not bring a filthy naked soul to Jesus, to be washed and clothed by him.

Sincere obedience often peeps again, and bids the pilgrim wash himself first, and Jesus Christ shall *rinse* him afterwards; bids him plant a fig-leaf here and there, and make a patched frock of duty; and if it prove too scanty, Jesus Christ shall eke it out with his fine linen. This expedient pleases for a season, and to work he goes, hoping to make himself so fair and tight, that Jesus Christ shall fall in love with him, and give him *rare commendation*, instead of *free pardon*. But though he wash himself in snow water, and make his hands exceeding clean, he is plunged in the ditch again, and his own clothes abhor him: Job ix. 30, 31. Thus he grows bewildered, and has lost the sight of grace, until he hears it preached afresh; and then he drops the snow water, and hastens to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness: Zech. xiii. 1. He stands upon the brink, but cannot enter, and longeth for a washing, but must wait the moving of the water. He views the fountain, and sees it *fair* and *open;* he views the promise, and sees it *full* and *clear:* he that believeth shall be saved: which makes him cry, "Oh! that I could believe the promise; Jesus then would save me; but my heart staggers, and when my foot seems fixed upon the rock, a sudden gust of doubts blows me into the mire again.

Now he knows the meaning of St. Paul's words, Believe in Christ Jesus, and thou shalt be saved: Acts xvi. 31, and he clearly understands that his want of pardon, peace, and holiness, is owing to his want of faith. If he could believe, Jesus Christ would fulfil his promise; it would be done according to his faith: Matt. ix. 28, 29.—xv. 28. Luke vii. 50.—xviii. 42. Jesus Christ would save him from the *guilt* and *power* of sin.

This makes him feel his want of faith, and want of power to give it. He had been nursed in a christian land, and thought a mere assent to scripture was sufficient ground to make him a believer; and he marvelled that some preachers made a mighty stir about this easy matter. But he finds this human faith will neither purify his heart, nor wash his conscience: it will not save from sin. And he feels that prayer is nothing, and procureth nothing, without divine faith. He sees a reason why the chosen twelve should say, Lord, increae our faith, because it is the gift of God. Could they give themselves one grain, they might add another, yea, a dozen grains, or twenty; and had no need to ask for that which they could give themselves. Besides, these men, who ask for faith, were not heathen men, but christian men, true followers of Christ; and none but such can pray for faith, with a hearty feeling of their want of it.

Doctor, you talk mightily of unbelievers; pray, where may they grow? In Lapland, among the witches; or in Greenland, among the whale-fishers? Sure the people of England are stanch believers, and very good Christians. A modern set, I own, is started up among us, who think it courage to defy their Maker, and act as freely as if they could control him; and if they *think as freely* as they act, may well be called *free-thinkers.* Such people cannot value Jesus Christ, because he brings hell-tidings to their ears. Who can love a messenger of ill news? Mahomet would prove a sweeter prophet

for this light-heeled gentry ; and would gain much credit, could he gain the pulpit ; for he allows men concubines enough. However, these are but a few rotten pears among the heap ; the rest are sound ; and I can vouch for my own parish, they are all believers. Indeed, Doctor, it would do you good to see how smirkingly they go to church in summer ; and how tidily they look at church, with their better coats and gowns on.

Oh, Sir, the lifeless manner in which people pray, or hear the word of God at church, sheweth plainly that they have no property in the blessings of the gospel. Glorious things are spoken in the scripture, but they make a mighty small impression on a christian congregation. The heavenly tidings fall into their heavy ears, like money dropped into a dead man's hand. No comfort is received from the money or the tidings, because they both are dead, and have no interest in them.

If you, Sir, was an heir to a fine estate, your bosom would be often warmed with the joyful prospect ; but your father's servant could not feel your joy. His bosom would not glow, when the fields are viewed, or when the rents are paid. And wherefore ? Because he is not the heir.

A Bible is the precions store-house and the magna charta of a christian. There he reads of his heavenly Father's love, and of his dying Saviour's legacies ;—there he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape too of Canaan. And when he climbs on Pisgah's top, and views the promised land, his heart begins to burn, delighted with the blessed prospect, and amazed at the rich and free salvation. But a mere professor, though a decent one, looks on the Bible as a dull book ; and peruseth it with such indifference, as you would read the title-deeds belonging to another man's estate.

I am amazed to hear you vouch for your parish, as a whole flock of believers. Such a thing was

never known before, and would make an eighth wonder of the world. Why, Sir, are there none among you, that are slaves to divers lusts and pleasures? None that live in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another? Have you no drunkards nor whoremongers, no sabbath-breakers nor common swearers, no extortioners nor covetous, no liars, no thieves, no lazy hands that will not work, and no light minds that cannot pray? If you think such church-goers are believers, I may fairly rank Satan at their head; because he stands possessed of their faith, and is the noble captain of this troop. A troop which often maketh up three quarters of a parish.

Jesus says, He that believeth, shall be saved. Saved from what? Why, from the *guilt* and *power* of sin. Such is Christ's salvation here on earth. But this black troop is visibly and wilfully under the power of sin; and therefore cannot have that faith which saves from sin.

Thus at one reckoning, the greater part of your sheep prove goats or wolves; but a remnant is behind of *decent* people, the modern soft phrase for a Christian. Let these decent people take a decent trial; it will not hurt them, if they are good men and true.

St. Paul says, Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith: 2 Cor. xiii. 5. He takes it not for granted that christian professors must be true believers, but commands them all to prove their own selves: and drops a question, as a touchstone, to prove themselves by. A strange question it must seem to such as have not true faith, yet is a most important question, and the only one that distinguisheth true faith from counterfeit. The Apostle does not ask the Corinthians whether they are sober, honest, charitable, church-going people, the present pigmy standard for a christian soldier: but he asks a very searching question, even this: Know ye not that Jesus Christ is in you? and

declares, if they knew it not, they must be *reprobates*, disapproved of God as hypocrites, notwithstanding all their decent carriage.

The meaning of St. Paul's question is plainly this, Know ye not that the spirit of Christ is in you? For where Christ's Spirit is, there is he. The same kind of question is asked in the first Epistle, Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? 1 Cor. iii. 16.

Verily right, Doctor, here we are agreed. All christians, to be sure, must have the Spirit of Christ; and though we feel it not, but are utter strangers to its influence, we must be supposed to have it: because we are born in a christian land, wear a christian name, breathe a wholesome christian air, have a pew in some christian church, keep a merry christmas every year, and bury upon christian ground. Here is proof enough, Doctor.

Yes, Sir, proof enough that you live in a christian land, but no proof that you are christian people. To suppose you have the Spirit's presence, and yet remain an utter stranger to its influence, is the topmast tower of enthusiasm, the soaring pinnacle on which its floating weathercock is fixed. So this blessed guest comes to lurk in your bosom, like a spy in a camp; or like a thief in a cellar; and stealeth in, and stealeth out, without notice; mighty fine! But you are not such a wild enthusiast in common life, as to suppose there is money in your pocket, when you feel none; or bank notes in your drawer, when you find none. If you never feel any symptoms of patience, you cannot well suppose yourself possessed of any; and why should you dream of the Spirit's presence, when you never find any tokens of it?

The Spirit's influence must be felt, or it cannot profit; and the very offices of the Holy Spirit do suppose and warrant such a *feeling*. Let me mention some of them, which are these: to quicken: (John vi. 63. 2 Cor. iii. 6.) to strengthen mightily:

(Eph. iii. 16.) to witness our adoption: (Rom. viii. 15, 16.) and to bring heavenly joy: (Acts ix. 31. 1 Thess. i. 6. Rom. xiv. 17.) Now, Sir, what avails that *quickening* which I cannot see? It leaves me just as heartless to spiritual duty as it found me. And what advantage does that *mighty strengthening* bring, which is not perceived by me? It yields no further power to subdue my lusts than I had before. And of what service is that *witness* in the court of conscience, who speaks in such a low or mumbling tone, that none can hear or understand him? I am just as well without his evidence as with it. And lastly, of what use or value is that *heavenly joy*, which I can have no taste of? All this is just the picture of Isaiah's hungry man, who dreamt he was eating, but awoke and was empty: Isa. xxix. 8.

But, Sir, St. Paul did not ask this idle question: Do you *suppose* the Spirit of Christ is in you? All the church at Corinth, and all the churchmen in Great Britain, might have answered quickly, "Yes, Mr. Paul, we do suppose it." But he asks a weighty question, Do ye *know* it! Have you real experience, or heart-felt knowledge, that the Spirit of Christ is in you? Are you acquainted with his operation? Do you *know* it?

St. Paul may ask this question safely, because his name is canonized, and his bones are mouldered into dust; but if a living preacher ask the same question, the world cry out enthusiasm. And yet St. Paul makes this very *knowledge* the evidence of true faith; and accounteth other faith, which produceth not this knowledge, to be counterfeit; and the men themselves to be reprobates.

Jesus saith to his disciples, Ye know the Spirit, for he dwelleth with you: John xiv. 17. His words carry this plain meaning, that where the Spirit dwells, he makes his presence *known* by his operations on the heart.

St. John tells the whole christian church, Hereby we know that Christ dwelleth in us, by his

Spirit which he hath given us: 1 John. iii. 24,—iv. 13. We *know* the Spirit of Christ dwelleth in us, and thereby are assured of our union with Christ. And, like as Paul had done before, he proposeth this knowledge as a touchstone to try your profession: *hereby* we know that Christ dwelleth in us.

Indeed, Doctor, I am a stranger to the Holy Spirit's influence, yet do not seem disposed to question my profession. Still I think my faith is sound like any roach; and am sure there is no better in the parish. The vicar never questioned it; and why should you? It is not mighty civil. Besides, I am free of my beer, and have the good luck to be loved by every one; scarce a dog will bark at me. "As honest as the old grazier," is a common saying, and this alone is proof enough, that I must be a christian.

Indeed, Sir, this alone is proof enough against your christianity. While you are of the world, the world will love you; but when you cease to be of the world, and are chosen out of the world, the world will hate you: John xv. 19. It hated Jesus Christ, and will hate every true disciple.

Paul affirms peremptorily, Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution: 2 Tim. iii. 12. Live *where* you will, in a christian or a heathen land; live *when* you will, in the present or a distant age, Paul affirms universally of real christians, Yea, they *all* shall suffer persecution. If you lead what the world calls a godly life, you will have the world's commendation. You may be sober, and honest, and friendly; you may pray and give alms; and fast too, if you please; and, while these things are doing by your own strength, and made a ground of acceptance with God, you are waxing godly *in yourself*, or from yourself, made godly by the world's spirit, and the world will applaud you. But if once you grow godly in *Christ Jesus;* renouncing all your wisdom, strength, and righteousness, and come to Jesus as a lost sinner,

seeking all supplies from him, resting all your hope upon him, making him your all in every thing, and counting all things dross in comparison of him, then the world will hate you, and lift a heel against you. A godly life in *Christ Jesus*, thwarteth human pride, and staineth all its glory, which will not be suffered very patiently.

Men are apt to bless themselves in the world's esteem, and look upon it as a kindly token that the Lord accepts them. To rectify the judgment and sweep away deceitful hopes, arising from the world's good name, Christ has dropt a curse upon it, saying, Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you: Luke vi. 26. This is one of the Lord's *Shibboleths*, (Judges xii. 6,) which he useth to alarm a decent professor, the world's favourite. It is a frightful ugly bridge upon the King's highway. An Israelite goes over safely, but no Edomite can pass it. Esau, the elder brother, will not travel here, but trudgeth down to a ferry, built by Mr. *Fairspeech*, to make a smoother passage over the river.

So much for the world's esteem; happy is the man who has lost it wholly and honestly. But your faith, Sir, must be canvassed a little more. You are a grazier, it seems; and when you buy a bullock at a fair, you do not take the salesman's word, but feel the beast yourself, and examine all its points minutely. Now, Sir, do the same by your faith; take it not on trust as recommended by your neighbour, but examine it, and handle all its points by the word of God. Faith is an active and a fruitful thing; and its fruit is pleasant both to God and man. And the man who does possess it, is a noble man indeed, an heir of God through Christ. But it behoves us to be wary, for counterfeit faith, like counterfeit gold, is very current.

Paul says, Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ: Rom. v. 1. (EIRENEN ECHOMEN) we have peace, or

possess it; for what we have we must possess. Now this peace is given to assure the conscience, that God is at peace with us, that he is reconciled, and has forgiven all our trespasses. And whoever feels this peace, must be assured of the pardon of his sins; it is the witness of his pardon.

This blessed peace does not grow in nature's garden, nor can be digged out of mines of human merit. It was lost in Paradise, and is *only* found at Calvary. It is called the peace of God, because it is of God's bestowing, and bestowed through Jesus Christ *alone*.

Where this peace is bestowed, it is found to be as Paul describes it, a peace passing all understanding: Phil. iv. 7. A peace, so exquisitely rich, that none can understand what it is, until he feels it; and when he feels it, never can express it. Men may mistake this peace before they taste it, as ten thousands do; and take up with a *human calm*, instead of it; but he who feels it, never can mistake it, for nothing else is like it; it passeth all understanding.

The Holy Spirit seals this peace upon the conscience, and thereby proclaims the pardon of sin, and sheds abroad the love of God into the heart, (Rom. v. 1—5.) and beareth witness to our adoption: Rom. viii. 15. 16.

This sealing of the Holy Spirit is given as an earnest of our future inheritance: Eph. i. 13, 14. It is a heavenly pledge dropped into the bosom to assure us of our interest in Christ. Thus conscience is delivered from the fear of wrath, and fear of death, which bringeth bondage, (Heb. ii. 15.); the heart rejoices now in God, as a reconciled God; calls him Father by the Spirit of adoption, (Gal. iv. 5, 6.); delighteth in his blessed service, and feels the meaning of St. Peter's words, Believing in Christ Jesus, ye rejoice with joy *unspeakable*, and full of *glory*: 1 Peter i. 8.

These are weighty words; directed unto all be-

lieving churches, and experienced by them; but never were, and never will be felt by a mere human faith, springing from the human intellect. The faith producing heavenly peace, and the peace produced, are both the gift of God.

By the help of his divine faith, the happy christian now repeats his church hymns with truth and pleasure. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath *rejoiced* in God my Saviour." Or with old Simeon, "Let thy servant depart in peace, O Lord, for mine eyes have *seen* thy salvation."

Now, Sir, hear what your own peace is. You feel no distress of mind, but are mighty easy; and your calm, which is a *dead calm*, ariseth from your character, though a sinful character at best. Your peace brings no heavenly joy, and so comes not from heaven; neither does it flow *entirely* through the golden conduit of the Saviour's merit, but drippeth from a rotten wooden pipe off your own duties. You are, it seems, a cheerful harmless creature, like a robin-red-breast, who is much respected every where: and you frequent the church, as many a pious mouse will, yet does not like her quarters; prayer-books are dry champing; a pantry suits her better. And you see many who are worse than yourself abundantly, which makes you hope your state is good; and while outward things go smooth, your calm continues. But when calamities come on, and thicken as they come, your peace is gone; it cannot stand a tempest. And when your soul is hovering on a sick bed for its flight, it will either feel a *dead security* or take a *frightful leap* into another world. Unless you are supported by divine faith, you cannot sing the christian's dying song, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

We now proceed to another point of faith, and a choice one too, very savoury and nourishing to a true believer; St. Peter tells us, that faith purifies the heart (Acts xv. 9.); and St. John affirms,

This is the victory whereby we overcome the world, even our faith (1 John v. 4.); and he tells us what he means by the world, even the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life: 1 John ii. 16.

Come, Sir, bring your face to the gospel-glass; and handle this point well, like an old grazier. Does your faith overcome the *lust of the flesh;* making you victorious over your palate, and over outward pollution, and inward uncleanness?

Does your faith overcome the *lust of the eye*, and keep your heart from grasping after more wealth, more preferment, or more honours; having food and raiment have you learned therewith to be content? 1 Tim. vi. 8.

Does your faith overcome the *pride of life*, and prevent your being charmed with a lofty house, rich furniture, genteel equipage, and splendid raiment? Does it make you sick of earthly vanities, and draw your heart to things above?

Speak, Sir, and speak honestly. If you are a slave to these matters, and a quiet slave, you may keep your faith: Satan will not steal it from you. His own sooty cap is full as good as your rusty bonnet. The devils do believe, and tremble, but are devils still.

One point more, Sir, and we have done. Faith is not only intended to *pacify* the conscience, and *purify* the heart, but also to *rescue* the mind from earthly troubles. Our passage through life is attended with storms: we sail upon a boisterous sea, where many tempests are felt; and many are feared, which look black and bode mischief, but pass over. Now faith is designed for an anchor, to keep the mind steady, and give it rest; even as Isaiah saith, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee: Isa. xxvi. 3.

Precious promises, suited to our wants, are scattered throngh the Bible; and divine faith will feed

upon the promises, looking unto Jesus to fulfil them; but human faith can reap no profit from them. Let me suppose you in distressful circumstances, and while musing on them with an anxious heart, you cast a look upon a distant Bible. The book is fetched and opened, and this passage meets your eye: Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me: Psalm l. 15. Here you view a gracious promise, made by a faithful God, and made without limitation or condition, directed unto every one that reads or hears it, applicable to every time of trouble, and requiring only prayer of faith for deliverance. Yet, Sir, it is possible, this blessed promise might not even draw a prayer from you; perhaps it gains a little musing, and the book is closed. Or if it should extort a feeble cry, the prayer does not ease your heart, nor fetch deliverance, for want of faith.

You know the word of Jesus, All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive: Matt. xxi. 22. But for want of faith, your reasoning heart will ask, "From whence can this deliverance come?" What is that to you, Sir? God keeps the means of deliverance out of sight, on purpose to exercise our faith; but promises to make a way for our escape, though we can see none: 1 Cor. x. 13.

Or perhaps you may surmise, "This promise was not made for me: I am not worthy of it." Sir, God's promise is not made to compliment your worthiness, but to manifest the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. Did you mind how the promise runs? It is not said, Glorify me *first*, and afterward I will deliver thee; which would be making man's worthiness a foundation for God's blessings. But he says, I will deliver thee, and then thou shalt glorify me.

Faith considers all the promises as freely made to supply our wants, and rests upon the Lord's faithfulness to fulfil them: and when a promise is fulfilled, adores the mercy, and glorifies the Lord

for it. In this way, and this only, he gets some hearty rent of praise. Such free deliverance wins the heart, and binds it to the Lord, and makes obedience cheerful.

I know a man who spends his income yearly, because he has no family; as little as he can upon himself, and the rest upon his neighbours. He keeps no purse against a rainy day, and wants none; Jesus Christ is his banker, and a very able one. Sometimes by sickness or unforeseen expences, he gets behind hand, and greatly so. At such times, he does not run about among his earthly friends to seek relief, but falleth on his knees, and calls upon his banker, saying, "Lord, I am in want, and thou must help me. Here I bring thy gracious promise; look upon it, Jesus. It says, Call upon me in the time of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Lord, I call, and thou dost hear; I believe, and thou art faithful: be it now unto me, according to thy word." Such prayers, he said, never failed to bring supplies; some from those who cared for him; and some from such as did avoid his company. For Jesus Christ has every heart and purse in his own hand; and often makes a raven feed his prophets, or makes the earth to help the woman, to show his finger clearly in such deliverance.

Scripture promises are real bank-notes of heaven, and the riches of believers, who do not live on stock in hand, but traffic with this paper currency. Where divine faith is found, it takes the notes to Christ's bank, and receives the cash. But human faith cannot traffic with this paper; it reads the notes and owns them good, but dares not take them to the skies for payment. No faith can act on God, but that which comes from God.

Prayer of faith, exercised with perseverance, surely brings deliverance: if not immediately, yet at a proper season; and till deliverance comes, the mind is stayed on God, and kept in perfect peace.

Faith picks the thorns out of the flesh, and takes the rankling pain away, before the wound is healed.

Truly, Doctor, now you make me thoughtful. I begin to see my *rusty bonnet*, and confess it would fit a fiend's head as well as mine. My faith will not produce the fruit you have mentioned. It brings no peace passing all understanding ; affords no real victory over the world ; and yields no sweet relief in time of trouble. It picks no thorns out of my flesh : it must be counterfeit. My support in trouble arises from my purse, or from my friends, and not from faith. Yet I cannot comprehend how a mere reliance on God's promise can charm away our grief, and set the heart at rest before deliverance comes. This seems a charm indeed !

So it is, Sir, and a most delightful charm ; yet not fanciful, but real, having good foundation in our nature. Where divine faith is given, it will act on God, as human faith will act on man, and produce the same effects. A case will make my meaning plain.

I suppose you, as before, fallen into great distress, and a lawyer's letter is received bringing doleful tidings, that your person will be seized, unless your debts are paid within a month. While the letter is perusing, an old acquaintance calls upon you, sees a gloom upon your face, and asks the cause of it. You put the letter in his hand ; he reads, and drops a friendly tear. After some little pause, he says, " Old friend, I have not cash at present by me, but engage to pay your debts before the month is out." Now, Sir, if you thought this person was not *able* to discharge your debt, or not to be *relied* on, his promise would bring no relief, because it gains no credit. You have no faith in him. But if you knew the man was able and trustable, his promise would relieve you instantly. A firm reliance on his word would take away your burden, and set your mind at ease, before the debt was paid.

Well, Sir, if a firm reliance on the word of man has this sweet influence on the heart, a firm reliance on the word of God will have the same. Why should it not? God's word deserveth as much credit surely as the word of man. He is able to perform, and as faithful to fulfil his promise, as your neighbour. No one ever trusted in him and was confounded. And where the mind is stayed on God, it will be kept in perfect peace, before deliverance comes. Such may say, with David, God is our refuge, therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea: Psalm xlvi. 1, 2. Or with Habakkuk, Though the fig-tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vine; though the olive too should fail, and the fields yield no meat; though the flock be cut off from the fold, and no herd be found in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The prop of God's faithful word cannot break; and a human heart resting firmly on it, never can sink. And men might learn to feel their unbelief, for want of this support in trouble. The prop stands ready on the king's high-road, to support all weary passengers; but they have not faith to lean upon it, else they would find rest.

In speculation it seems as easy to trust a faithful God, as trust an upright man: but in practice it is found otherwise. When trials come, men cannot trust a faithful God without divine assistance; so trust him, as to cast their burden on him, and obtain his perfect peace. Here the charm of faith ceaseth, because there is no faith to charm.

If in time of trouble some prospect of deliverance is afforded by a human arm, men often put a cheat upon themselves, and talk of trusting God, while they are only leaning on a human shoulder. Remove this earthly prop, and take away all human prospect of relief, and the man cries out, "What must I do? I am undone!" He cannot rest upon God's *naked* word, nor seat his heart upon the solid

chair of promise, without some human stool beside.

Faith is just the same thing now it was in Abraham's day, who, against hope, believed in hope: Rom. iv. 18. He had no human prospect of an heir, and yet expected one, relying wholly on God's *naked* promise. And a naked promise is the *whole* support of divine faith now. Jesus Christ will admit no partner for our faith. He is worthy of full credit, and expects it; and we must either look to him *alone*, or look to be confounded. He will be all or nothing.

Nay, Doctor, now you press too hard upon Jesus Christ. He is a very good Saviour to be sure; but we must not put upon him neither. What! lay all the burden of salvation on him? This does not seem reasonable, nor is using him handsomely. So he must do all the work, and I must stand by, as a lazy thief, to see it done. No, no, Doctor, I shall not make a packhorse of my Saviour; but would use him with good manners; and whilst I look for great things from him, will try to do a something for myself.

Sir, the best manners you can show towards superiors, is to do as you are bid; and not gainsay their orders by a wilful pertness, or an ill-timed modesty. You honour Jesus by employing him as a *whole* Saviour; and you rob him of his glory, and excite his indignation, when you steal a portion of his royal sceptre, or his priestly censer, or his prophet's staff from him. He is appointed for a Saviour, not a scanty, but a full one; and he never does his work by halves. The work creates no hurry, and is found no burden. He speaks, or wills, and it is done. Do not therefore compliment him with your idle manners, but obey his orders, which are these: Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and none else, or nothing less, and therefore able to save: Isa. xlv. 22. Jesus does not beg of you to look a little to

yourself, and the rest to him; but commands you to look singly unto him, for heavenly wisdom to direct you, for heavenly peace to bless you, and for heavenly grace to sanctify you. And he has left a faithful word for your encouragement, that whosoever believeth (or trusteth) in him, shall be saved; saved from spiritual darkness, and from the guilt and power of sin.

You talk of looking to yourself, which bespeaks some confidence in yourself; but Jesus has pronounced a curse on every *human* confidence. Hear his awful declaration, Thus saith the Lord, Cursed is man who trusteth in man; (in any thing human in himself, or in another;) he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh. But take the blessing too, and may it reach your heart: Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is; he shall be like a tree planted by the waters, which spreadeth out its roots by the river, and does not regard when drought cometh; but its leaf is green, and it never ceaseth yielding fruit: Jer. xvii. 5.

If your eye is *single*, directed wholly unto Christ, you will be full of light and peace; but if your eye is *double*, peeping upon Jesus, and squinting towards man, you will be full of darkness, and be at length confounded.

The life of faith is called *the fight of faith;* and truly called so. For where divine faith is given, it is seldom exercised without a conflict in the heart, which loves an earthly refuge, and dreads a *naked* promise; dearly loves a human prop, and always seeks some wooden buttress to support God's iron pillar.

On this account men dare not singly trust in Christ's atonement for their peace, but clap their feeble shoulder to his cross to strengthen it; nor dare they rest on Jesus' *grace* to make them holy, but call up human arms to slay gigantic lusts within; nor can they trust in Jesus' *guidance* to make

them wise unto salvation, but call the wisdom of the world in, an utter night-piece, to chase away the world's darkness.

Many yet are so obliging, as to let the Saviour have a share in the work of man's salvation; but Jesus does not thank them for this condescension. He rejects that faith which does not centre in him *only*, and rest the heart *entirely* on him. He wants no partner, and will admit of none; nor were he worthy of the name of Saviour, if salvation was not *wholly* from him.

Hear what he says of himself: I have trodden the winepress *alone:* I looked, and there was *none* to help; therefore mine *own* arm brought salvation: Isa. lxiii. 3. 5.

Hear what a prophet says of him: Behold! the Lord God will come with a strong hand, and his arm shall rule; he shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm; and he shall carry them in his bosom: Isa. xl. 10, 11. Where you may observe all partners are excluded from this work. The Lord Jesus, who is called the Lord God, shall act the part of a Shepherd, and lay down his life for the sheep: and by treading the winepress *alone*, shall make the atonement *himself:* then he will gather the flock, and feed the flock, and carry the flock home *himself*. Jesus Christ does not help you to help yourself; but he does the whole work himself; his *own* arm shall rule.

Indeed, where men are quickened by the Holy Spirit, and well convinced of their sinfulness and helplessness, they are now enabled to use the means of grace properly, and must use them diligently, but the *whole work* still is in the Saviour's hand. He must guide the understanding by his Spirit into all saving truth; he must bring his blood-bought peace to the conscience; he must tame the tempers, sanctify the affections, and make us cheerfully disposed for all good works. Our business is to watch and pray; and it is the Saviour's

office to work in us to will and do. What will and power he gives, we may exercise; and nothing more; he only can increase it, who first gave it.

Paul says, It has pleased the Father, that in Christ Jesus (in his human nature, as a temple) all fulness should dwell: Col. i. 19. All fulness of wisdom to direct us, of power to protect us, of grace to pardon and sanctify us. And this all fulness is treasured up in Christ the head, to be communicated to the members of his body. Whatever wisdom, strength, peace, or righteousness, are not received from this storehouse by faith, are spurious, a mere tinsel ware, which may glitter much, but has no value.

Paul says further, Christ is all and in all: Col. iii. 11. He is possessed of an *all fulness*, that he might be, not *something* only in our wisdom, strength, peace, and righteousness, but *all* in every thing, and *all* in every person; *all* in the Greek as well as the Barbarian; *all* in the scholar, as well as in the rustic.

And St. John says, We beheld Christ's glory, full of grace and truth; and out of his fulness have we all received, even grace for grace: John i. 14—16. Where the Apostle shows, that a believer's business is to receive supplies of grace out of Christ's fulness.

Doctor, I cannot comprehend that Jesus Christ must be all in *wisdom* to a scholar, as well as to a countryman. If human learning will not help to make us wise unto salvation, of what use is it, and wherefore do we value it? My landlord is reckoned a monstrous scholar! He has been at Cambridge, and travelled abroad, and talks French at a wonderful rate. He is always at his books; and makes eclipses when he pleaseth. We hear he put in four into Dyer's almanack the last year. One day he took me into his study, and showed me all his learning. Bless me! what a sight! more books by half upon his shelves, than I have bullocks in my

pastures! And they seem well handled; for I did not spy a mouldy book in his study, except an old Bible, which lay drooping in a corner. I suppose it was his grandfather's. Now, Doctor, does it not seem likely that my landlord must get more christian knowledge from his vast gilded heap of books, than I can get from a plain single Bible?

Human science, Sir, keeps men out of mischief, trains them up for civil occupations, and oft produces notable discoveries, which are useful to the world; but never can lead the heart to Jesus Christ, nor breed a single grain of faith in him. They who know most of human science, and have waded deepest in it, know the most of its vanity, and find it vexation of spirit.

The heavenly oracles declare the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God: 1 Cor. iii. 19, and tells us, not many wise are called to possess the gospel kingdom: 1 Cor. ii. 26. And surely God would never brand the wisdom of the world as folly, if it had the least tendency to make men wise unto salvation.

It will, I think, be found a certain truth, that when human science is cultivated eagerly in a christian country, the study of the Bible grows neglected; and that immorality and infidelity spread their branches equally with human science; and that a learned nation, when arrived to its highest pitch of human science, is just become ripe for slavery, and doomed to perpetual bondage; witness Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

Bible-knowledge, fetched in by prayer, and watered well with meditation, makes the mind humble and serious: but human science lifts men up, makes them vain in their imagination, darkens the foolish heart still more, and thereby drives them farther off from God. The present age is no bad comment on the following scripture: The world by wisdom knew not God: 1 Cor. i. 21.

Solomon gave his heart to seek wisdom, and

knew more of the secrets of nature than any man; yet he found no real profit from this study, but calls it *vanity*, and a sore travail which the sons of men are exercised with: Eccles. i. 13, 14. This is left on holy record, to direct us what to think of human science: and they who laugh at the direction, may chance to weep at last, as Grotius did, and repeat his dying lamentation.

Pray, Doctor, what was it?

Why, Sir, as he lay lamenting on his death-bed, calling himself the poor Publican, mentioned in the Parable, and wishing he might change conditions with John Urick, a poor, but devout man, some that were present spake to Grotius of his great industry and learned performances, and spake of them with admiration; to which he replied, with a sigh, Heu! vitam perdidi operose nihil agendo: Alas! I have squandered my life away laboriously in doing nothing.

The learned Seldon also, his antagonist, was very much of his mind, when he came to die.

Sir, if you would learn wisdom in the school of Christ, Paul affirms, You must become a fool in order to be wise: 1 Cor. iii. 18. A crabbed lesson truly to be learned by a scholar! and a mighty *strange* expression, yet exceeding proper for a Scribe, to wake him from his fond delirium, and fetch him to his senses; he needs such amazing language, to make him pause, and gaze about for a meaning. It is a block thrown in his way, to stop his vain pursuit; or brush his shins, if he advanceth. It tells a scholar, he must go empty unto Jesus, and see himself a fool in heavenly science; as much in daily want of a teacher here, as an idiot is of some director in his worldly matters.

The master of the school speaks the same kind of language to his scholars, Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven: Matt. xviii. 3. The Saviour's *little child*, and the Apostle's *fool*, instructs us how to seek

heavenly wisdom ; not by drawing it from human brains, or heathen folios, but by meekly going unto Jesus, as a *little child* to be taught ; or as a *fool* to be made wise.

What then, you ask, must we cast away the languages, and throw aside the Bible? By no means. Read the word of God with care, and in its native language, if you can ; but read it too with prayer ; and not with prayer only, but with heart-dependence upon Jesus, while you read. Put your eyes into the Saviour's head, while you look upon his book ; and when his head directs your eyes, you will have light enough.

Scribes in every age have been much akin to the Jewish scribes, cavillers at Jesus, and rejecters of his doctrine. They are too wise to be taught, and too lofty to sit down at the feet of Jesus. God will teach the meek his ways : Psalm xxv. 9. And the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err : Isa. xxxv. 8. But the Lord turneth wise men backward, and maketh there knowledge foolish : Isa. xliv. 25. Yea, taketh the wise in their own craftiness : 1 Cor. iii. 19.

Sir, this subject has been often on my thoughts, and much might be said upon it ; but this little shall suffice, which perhaps may set all Ephesus in an uproar about their goddess ; and make them cry out vehemently, as before, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*

Indeed, Doctor, I am willing to become a convert here ; for the grazier is no scholar, yet endued with common sense. And if scholarship is needful for a christian, it seemeth *hard* that the poor, who are much the largest part, should be barred from it unavoidably. And it seemeth also *strange*, that the poor should be found and declared the chief subjects of the gospel-kingdom. But, Doctor, if Jesus Christ has all the stores I need, and is in heaven, how must I get at him ? Astronomers, they say, by a wooden pipe, will spring up to the skies

in a twink ; and tell as many pretty stories of the stars, as if they had them in their pocket. I am a gross unwieldy man you see, and being born without wings, dare not venture on a flight towards the skies ; can you help me to a ladder which may conduct me thither ?

Yes, Sir, you may meet with such a one in Gen. xxviii. 12. whose foot was resting on the earth, while its top was in the skies ; Jacob saw the ladder in a dream, but Jesus gave the vision to represent himself. The ladder-foot, resting on the earth, bespeaks his human nature ; as the ladder-top, fairly fixed in the skies, denotes his divine nature ; and he stood upon the ladder to point out the emblem. At the incarnation of Jesus this ladder was truly set up ; and much intercourse was then carried on between the family above and the family below ; therefore angels are described as descending and ascending on the ladder. And Sir, if Jesus Christ may represent himself by a *door*, why not also by a *ladder ?*

Jesus explains the riddle, when he tells Nicodemus, No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man, who is in heaven—is now in heaven by his divine nature, while his human nature, like the ladder's foot, rests on earth : John iii. 13. Again, he tells his disciples, Where I am, there shall ye be also : John xii. 26. He does not say, where I *shall* be, there shall ye be also ; but where I now *am*, even in heaven by my divine nature, there also shall my servant be.—See also John vii. 34.—xvii. 24.

Doctor, this vision of Jacob may be a very suitable emblem ; but I fear it will not help me to the skies. A visionary ladder may serve a light heeled angel, but will not suit my heavy corpse. I shall certainly miss the rounds, or they will break and let me drop ; and a fall, only from the moon, would make lamentable work with my carcase. Therefore unless you can provide me with another ladder, I

must e'en grovel still on earth. But does it not seem strange that angels should wait on men? I do not wait upon my servant Tom, though he is my fellow creature. Indeed, this service of the angels oft amazeth me.

Sir, God's two families of angels and men, seem by the covenant of grace to be brought into one; and to bear a joint relation to a common head, Christ Jesus. Man, one branch, was cast out of order by the fall of Adam; and angels, the other branch, were in danger of falling, by the ruin of their fellows. Both the families are now brought under one head, and the two branches grafted into a common stock, Christ Jesus. Henceforth they receive all supplies *immediately* from this new head. In him they all unite; on him they all depend for peace and safety. By him angels are preserved from committing sin, and men redeemed from sin committed; through him angels receive a confirmation in glory, and men obtain admission into glory.

This seems to be St. Paul's meaning, when he says, That in the dispensation (of grace manifested) at the full (or proper) time, God (ANAKEPHALAIOSASTHAI) hath gathered up again, into one head, even Christ, all things which are in heaven, and which are on earth: Eph. i. 10. Hence, the whole family in heaven and earth (being thus united in Christ) are named from him: Eph. iii. 15. And as angels are the *chief* or higher branch of the family, they become waiting servants on the lower branch, according to Christ's command, Whoever will be chief among you, let him become your servant: Matt. xx. 27.

It is not wonderful that angels wait on men, when the Lord of angels came from heaven to wait himself upon them, and to die for them. And this should teach superiors to pay the utmost condescension and the kindest offices to all beneath them. Angels perform this waiting service with cheerfulness, because there is no pride in heaven:

that foul weed only groweth upon rotten dung-hills.

But, Sir, if Jacob's ladder does not suit your purpose, another may be had. My master was a carpenter; he built the skies, and coming down to earth, he took a trade adapted to his work above. He can provide you with another ladder, decked with golden rounds of faith, by which you may ascend up to his seat, and fetch down needful stores.

This is good news, Doctor; for I am growing weary of my own ladder. It has been fifty years in my possession, and never raised my heart a single step above the earth. I am just as anxious now about the world, as I was; and find no more desire to pray than I used to do; and as for peace passing all understanding, I know no more how it tastes, than of old hock or French Burgundy. Pray inform me of what materials your ladder is composed, and how it differs from the common human one, which every country carpenter can make.

True christian faith, Sir, is of divine original. It does not grow upon the fallows of nature, nor in the garden of science: neither spruceness of wit, nor solidity of judgment can produce it. An astronomic eye, though vaulting to the stars, cannot reach it; and a metaphysic head, though wrapped deep in clouds, cannot ken it. It is no endowment, or acquirement of nature, but the gift of God: Eph. ii. 8., and wrought by the operation of his Spirit: Col. ii. 12.

Human faith is only human assent to the word of God, which may be quickly given; so the shield is forged at a single welding, and believers sprout up hastily, like mushrooms. Thus a proselyte who takes a new creed becomes a convert instantly; he needs but turn about just as the wind of fancy blows, and this is called conversion. But he may turn a protestant, a churchman, a methodist, a

baptist, a deist, and be zealous too at every turn, while the wind blows, yet never turn to God.

This human faith, sprouting from a helpless mind, can produce no heavenly fruit; but leaves a man just as it found him. Hence it is vilified, as well it may; and none but madmen dream of being saved by this human faith. It takes a quiet lodging in the understanding, and sleepeth there; and being *only* lodged there, a devil may and does possess it.

Doctor, you deal mainly with the devil; but I cannot blame you. Pulpit-lips, like pulpit-cushions, are chiefly lined with velvet. Amazing reverence is shown to Satan in a pulpit; it seems the privy closet of his highness. We never hear his name or habitation mentioned in a modern sermon; which makes some people fancy, that the devil sure is dead, and that hell-fire is quite burnt out. Nay, I am told, that Jesus Christ did put the devil's name into his short prayer, and called him the *evil-one*, but some roguish body wiped his name out from our English translation. However, let that matter pass, and tell me something more about believing. If faith is not a mere human assent to the word of God, what is it, Doctor?

Divine faith, Sir, takes in this assent to the word of God, but takes in more abundantly. It is described in scripture, by coming to Jesus for help, looking to him for relief, flying to him for refuge, resting on him for support, and feeding on him, as our heavenly bread. Which expressions not only suppose a credit given to his word by the understanding, but a full reliance of the heart upon him to fulfil his word. The exercise of faith lieth chiefly in the heart, as St. Paul testifies: With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness: Rom. x. 10. Thus faith is not a mere *credit* given to the word of Jesus, but a *heart-trust* reposed in him; and therefore called believing on him.

The miracles recorded in the gospel, show the nature and the use of faith; they tell a sinner what

his business is with the Saviour, and how he must go to him.

Some came to Jesus for the pardon of sin, and *received* a pardon; others brought diseases and were healed. Each bodily complaint brought to Christ, was an emblem of some spiritual disease in our nature, which needs a healing, and can be healed only by the spiritual physician.

The manner also of applying for a cure, is not recorded as a matter of mere history, but an example for imitation. Every one, who went and got a cure, calls on you, Sir, to go and do likewise. This matter is important; all are much concerned in it, and a few remarks upon it may be needful.

When the patients went to Christ, they plead no *worthiness* to recommend them. They do not come to *buy* but *beg* a cure. They carry no money in their caps, and bring no merit in their mouths, to purchase blessings; but come as *miserable* creatures, and in a *worshipping* posture, to obtain an act of mercy.

So must you go unto Jesus, if you hope to speed: feeling yourself a *miserable* sinner, *worshipping* the Saviour, and seeking mercy to relieve your misery. Though in heaven, Jesus Christ is near you, round about you, always within call; and when your wants are felt, you may go and be healed. Real beggars are relieved now, as aforetime; for Jesus is the same, yesterday, to day, and for ever; but he turns sham beggars from his door with indignation, just as we do;—beggars who can make a brawling of their misery, and feel none.

Again the patients come to Jesus, not as miserable creatures only, but as *helpless* ones; quite unable to relieve themselves. Some had tried human means; and some had wasted all their substance on those means; but finding no relief, they come at last to Jesus, and seek a cure from his hand *alone*. Blind Bartimeus does not dream of putting one eye in, while Jesus puts the other;

nor does the leper hope to help the Lord to scour away his leprosy. The patients, who applied to Jesus, expected *all* their help from him.

So must you apply, if you expect relief; not vainly dreaming of a power to help yourself, and idly complimenting Jesus with a prayer for help; not hoping you may couch one eye by human wisdom, while Jesus tries to couch the other: not boasting you can heal some leprous spots yourself, while Jesus scours away the rest. Such haughty beggars meet with no relief from Christ; he will be *all* or *nothing*.

Again the patients came to Jesus, not only as miserable creatures and helpless, but as *believers*, who thought him able to help, and *expected* help from his mercy. This matter of believing was of the utmost consequence; and therefore Jesus usually asks a patient before a cure, Believest thou that I am able to do this? or tells him after a cure, Thy faith hath saved thee. And this was said to inform the attending crowd, that faith procured the blessing. For though a patient's misery and helplessness brought him unto Christ, it was faith alone that obtained the blessing. The patient got what he wanted by a firm reliance on the power and mercy of this divine physician; thy faith hath saved thee.

Even so it is now, Sir; if you desire help from Jesus, you must not seek to him with a vain opinion of your own worth to recommend yourself, nor of your own power to help yourself; but must place your *whole* dependence on his mercy and his power to save you. Your *whole* expectation of pardon must be from his *blood;* and your whole expectation of holiness from his *Spirit*. He *alone* must wash you; and he *alone* must work in you to will and do. And if your eye is single, singly fixed upon Jesus, he will show himself a Saviour, and fill you notably with heavenly light and peace.

When you pray to Jesus Christ to save you from the guilt and power of sin, remember, Sir, he asks

you by his word, the same question now, which he asked aforetime, Believest thou that I am able to do this? Not you and I together; no: but believest thou that I, I without you, I *alone* am able to do this? And till you can answer this question truly, and say, "Lord, I do believe it," your petition will draw down no blessing.

Many prayers are made, and meet with no success. The petitioners continue slaves to evil tempers and affections, because their petitions are not offered up in faith. Such heathen prayers never reach the skies, but are dropped in a church on Sunday, besomed out on Monday by the sexton, and applied with other rubbish to refresh some bald grave.

Lastly, when the patients came to Jesus, miserable, helpless, and believing, they never would, and never did depart without a cure. Sometimes they were neglected at the first application; and sometimes much discouraged by a seemingly rough answer; but at length their request was granted. And when any met with much discouragement before they gained a blessing, they were dismissed, not with huge encomiums on their honesty, sobriety, and charity, (very needful things in their proper place, and might belong to the patients,) but they were sent away with rare commendations of their faith: O woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee even as thou wilt: Matt. xv. 28.

And so it is now, Sir. All that seek to Jesus Christ, with a due sense of their misery and helplessness, and with a single trust on his power and mercy, will obtain what they seek. They may wait a while at mercy's gate, and meet with some discouragement; but at length it will be opened. The mourners will be comforted with pardons, and weary sinners will find rest unto their souls. Thus the promises which are only gazed on by others as a fine picture, prove a heavenly feast to them. By faith they are possessed and enjoyed, as they

were intended; which brings abundant praise to God.

Once, Sir, I went to Jesus like a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs; fancying if he was something, so was I; if he had merit, so had I. And, Sir, I used him as a healthy man will use a walking staff, lean an ounce upon it, or vapour with it in the air. But now he is my whole crutch; no foot can stir a step without him. He is my all, as he ought to be, if he will become my Saviour; and bids me cast (not *some* but) all my care upon him: 1 Peter. v. 7.

My heart can have no rest, unless it leans upon him *wholly*, and then it feels his peace. But I am apt to leave my resting-place, and when I ramble from it, my heart will quickly brew up mischief. Some evil temper now begins to boil, or some care would fain perplex me, or some idol wants to please me, or some deadness or some lightness creeps upon my spirit, and communion with my Saviour is withdrawn. When these thorns stick in my flesh, I do not try, as heretofore, to pick them out with my own needle; but carry all complaints to Jesus, casting every care upon him. His office is to save, and mine to look for help.

If evil tempers arise, I go to him, as some demoniac; if deadness creeps upon me, I go a paralytic; if dissipation comes, I go a lunatic; if darkness clouds my peace, I go a Bartimeus; and when I pray, I always go a leper, crying as Isaiah did, *Unclean! Unclean!*

If but a little faith is mixed with my prayer, which is too often the case, I get but little help; and find the Lord's word true: According to your faith it shall be done unto you. And St. James rebukes me sternly: Ask in faith, nothing wavering, else you shall receive nothing from the Lord: James i. 6, 7.

Thus the miracles instruct me how to go to Jesus; and every miracle explains the meaning of that

general invitation which Jesus gives to sinners: Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. And, Sir, unless you come in this appointed way, you will find no more relief from the King of Israel, than from the king of Poland.

Indeed, Doctor, we have nothing to trouble us in our parish, besides family cares and bodily infirmities. The Vicar's chief complaint is about his large family and scanty income; and the old clerk's weekly moan is about his rusty voice, which cannot rear a psalm without a woeful outcry. On Sundays we march to church in our best clothes, and are decently seated in pews, which are swept every Christmas. Aged people look grave enough, but the young ones stare about them, and are peeping at every one who steps into the church; for we keep dropping in all prayer-time. And during the sermon, which is soon dispatched, some listen, others giggle; and when the weather waxes warm, a few are half awake, and the rest are fast asleep; which proves they have no burden. This is our parish way of going unto Jesus; and as for yours, Doctor, it seems more suitable for thieves and harlots, than for honest folks.

Sir, if it suits a thief and harlot, it will suit you all exactly. You are robbing God of his service daily, which is the worst of robbery, and yet but little heeded. You defraud your Maker and your hourly benefactor of his worship and obedience, and cannot feel your infamous ingratitude. If a villian takes away your property or good name, you raise an outcry presently; but though you daily rob God of his service and his honour, you can wipe your mouth and think no harm is done. Your heart too is full of uncleanness; no harlot's heart need be more unclean; and your eye is full as wanton as your heart. Oh, Sir, you feel no pain from sin, because your eye is not couched to see your malady, nor your conscience yet alive to feel your danger

In a christian land men become christians by profession. And while the life is decent, and the church attended, all things pass off mighty well. But it happens, these genteel professors are the very troops of Ezekiel's army, before it was quickened; covered well with plump flesh and fair skin, yet no breath was in them; ranged well in rank and file, bone comes to his bone; and at a distance seem a famous army, but on a near approach are all dead men. No life is found among them, because the Holy Spirit had not breathed upon them: Ezek. xxxvii. 7, 8.

So it fared in the prophet's day; and so it fareth now. A christian army still appears, with many decent soldiers, of kindly flesh and skin; and when exercised at church, are ranked well in order; bone comes to his bone, and a *noise* of prayer is heard, but no breath of life is found, no presence of the Lord bestowed, no quickening aids imparted, no cheering consolations granted, It proves a dead scene of worship, conducted like an undertaker's funeral, with cloudy face, and yawning entertainment.

It is not strange that men reject the gospel, when they find no heavenly comfort from it, and are told they must expect none here. Who will labour in a service where he meets with constant drudgery, and no refreshment? Who can bear to be much in prayer, unless he finds divine communion in it, which is divine refreshment? And who will daily read the word of God, unless he finds it daily food? Take the food away, the Spirit's application, and we soon grow weary of the Bible, and the spider weaves his web upon it. Nor is this the worst of all; for some, who live upon the altar, now begin, like Eli's sons, to kick at the sacrifice; and, in a mighty rage of zeal for the Father, would strip his dear Son of divinity, and trample on his blood. When this becomes general, we may expect that Jesus Christ will sweep the church-lands, as he

swept the abbey-lands, out of his vineyard; and make our Sion, once a praise in the earth, to become a hissing and an execration.

Well but, Doctor, I am not yet satisfied, that Jesus Christ must work all our works in us (Isa. xxvi. 12.), and be both author and finisher of salvation. What, cannot I help to make myself a christian? Is the government so *wholly* laid upon his shoulders, that he must do all? You know the old proverb, and proverbs are next to gospel: 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom.' I would not undervalue Jesus Christ, nor yet disparage myself. At a dead lift I would ask his help; but his arm and my shoulder should act together, and thus raise the sack upon my back.

Sir, your whole help is laid on him, who is mighty to save, and saves to the uttermost. He says, Your strength is to sit still: Isa. xxx. 7. and instructs you, by the similitude of a vine and its branches, that all the spiritual life and fruit of a believer is derived from him. Jesus Christ is both the root and stem of this vine: the visible stem may denote his human nature; and the invisible root, producing that stem, his divine nature; and believers are branches of this vine. Now, Sir, as all the branches of a vine receive their birth, growth, and nourishment, their wood, leaf, and fruit altogether from the vine, so all believers receive their birth, growth, and nourishment, their life, faith, and fruit from Jesus altogether. And, Sir, if this similitude be good for any thing, it proves your will and power are good for nothing; good for nothing but to make a christian monkey, who will ape a true believer by his chattering; but his tail and tricks, lewd or pert, betray the monkey still: John xv. 1, &c.

A branch is nothing, and can do nothing, without the vine; if separated from the vine, it dies immediately: believers too are nothing, and can do nothing, without Christ; he is their all in every thing; and if they could be separated from

him, they would die a spiritual death directly.

Formerly, when I had asked help in prayer, instead of looking for that help and relying on it, I strove to help myself, and stripped to fight my adversary. Many of these battles I have fought, but never gained any credit by them. My foe would drop his head sometimes by a blow I gave him, and seemed to be expiring, but revived presently, and grew as pert as ever. I found he valued not an arm of flesh, but made a very scornful puff at human will and might. Often when a fire broke out in my bosom, the water I threw on to quench it, only proved oil, and made it burn the faster. The flame of anger would continue on my breast, till its materials were consumed, or till another fire broke out. One wave of trouble passed off, because another rolled on, and took its place. One evil often drove another out, as lions drive out wolves: but in their turns, my bosom was a prey to every wild beast in the forest. Or if a quiet hour passed, it proved but a dead calm; my heart had no delight in God, a stranger yet to heavenly peace and joy.

At length, after years of fruitless struggling, I was shown the gospel method of obtaining rest, not by *working*, but *believing*. A strange and foolish way it seems to nature, and so it seemed to me; but is a most effectual way, because it is the Lord's appointed way.

Jesus says, He that believeth shall be saved. Paul declares, We, who have believed, do enter into rest: Heb. iv. 3. John affirms, This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith: 1 John. v. 4. And Isaiah bore his testimony long before, that God would keep the man in perfect peace, whose mind was stayed on him: Isa. xxvi. 3.

I find my bosom is a troubled sea, and none can give it rest, but that God-man, who said to winds and waves, Be still, and they obeyed his voice. And when I stand before him, as his patients did of old, imploring and expecting help, his help

is freely given. None ever trusted in him, and was confounded.

Fain we would grow notable by *doing;* it suits our legal spirit; but we can only grow valiant and successful by *believing*. When salvation-work is taken on ourselves, it rests on an arm of flesh, and a withered arm, which must fail; but when we wrestle by believing, the arm of Jesus is engaged to fight the battle; and he will and must bring victory, else his word and faithfulness would fail.

Means of grace are put into my hand, but the *work* is the Lord's. Watching, praying, and believing do belong to me, and these I must be taught of God, or I shall never do them right; but all deliverance comes from Jesus Christ. And because he does the work, fights the battle, and brings victory, he is rightly called the Saviour. I must watch against the inroads of an enemy; and when he comes in sight, must wrestle well with prayer, and fight the fight of faith; but if I thrust my arm into the battle, Jesus will withdraw his own: he will be all or nothing. And if I lay my hand upon the ark, to help to hold it up, as Uzza did, I shall be slain as Uzza was: 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.

The crime of Uzza is but little understood; some think it was a slight one, and the punishment severe. But the same sin destroyed Uzza which destroyeth every sinner, even unbelief. What slew his body, slayeth all the souls that perish. He could not trust the Lord *wholly* with his ark, but must have a meddling finger, called in the Bible margin, his rashness. Rash worm indeed, to help a God to do his work! and thousands every where are guilty of this *rashness*, and perish by this *Uzza-izing*. Jesus Christ is jealous of his glory, as Saviour; he will not share with another: and whoso takes it from him, shall take it at his peril.

The Saviour's word to an Israelite is, Fear not, stand still, and see the salvation of God: Exod. xiv. 13. In quietness and confidence shall be your

strength: Isa. xxx. 15. Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall support thee: Psalm lv. 22. Look to me for salvation, all the ends of the earth: Isa. xlv. 22. Call on me in time of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me: Psalm l. 15.

A stranger to the life of faith, makes a snuffle at believing, and thinks no work so easy, or so trifling. He wonders why such *gentle* business should be called the *fight* of faith; aud why the chosen twelve should pray for faith, when every human brain might quickly furnish out a handsome dose.

For my own part, since first my unbelief was felt, I have been praying fifteen years for faith, and praying with some earnestness, and am not yet possessed of more than *half* a grain. You smile, Sir, I perceive, at the smallness of the quantity; but you would not, if you knew its efficacy. Jesus, who knew it well, assures you that a single grain, and a grain as small as mustard-seed, would remove a mountain; remove a mountain-load of guilt from the conscience, a mountain-lust from the heart, and any mountain-load of trouble from the mind.

The gospel-law is called the law of faith: Rom. iii. 27. And Jesus sendeth help according to our faith, and is obliged to send it; not through any merit which is found in faith, but by virtue of his promise: According to your faith, be it unto you.

This law of faith, or a *whole* reliance upon Christ for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, is become an exploded doctrine; and human arms are called in to help the Saviour in his work. Salvation is no longer, as St. Paul declares, by grace through faith, Eph. ii. 8., but but by grace and nature *jointly*. And see, Sir, what has followed. Morality has lost its right foundation, and is sinking daily, because it resteth on a human shoulder, which cannot bear the weight.

The gospel too is become not only much neglected, but rejected and despised also; a certain

consequence of the present modish doctrine. A mixed covenant of human might and heavenly help, will rest at last on human shoulders altogether.

For, observe, preachers say, we must ourselves do *something* in salvation-work, but cannot say how *much*. They do not mark the boundary of grace and nature, because they cannot tell what human wit and human might may do; of course every man must make the boundary himself.

One thinks he can do *much;* another can do *more;* and a deist will do *all*. Why should he not? You have put him in the path, and set his feet a-going; and you must not be offended, if he takes a step beyond you. Perhaps yourself can do with only Christ's shoe latchet, and he will cast the latchet too away. If your path be right, he may enlarge his step just as he pleaseth; for you cannot mark the ground where he ought to stop.

Thus when the doctrines of *human merit*, or of *human might*, are preached, they must naturally, and will judicially end in deism, or a total rejection of the grace of Christ; because no limit can be fixed where that human merit, or this human might shall end. If Jesus Christ is not *all* in every thing, he will become a cypher.

Paul says, Salvation is of *faith*, that it might be by grace: Rom. iv. 16. that is, we must be saved by faith *alone* in Christ, by a *whole* dependence upon him for every thing, otherwise salvation cannot be by grace, cannot be a mere matter of grace. If men retain some native will and power to save themselves, and exercise it properly, so far they are saved, not by dependence upon Jesus, but by a proper exercise of their own abilities. Adam was endowed with native will and power to save himself, and had he persevered in a right use of those powers, he would not have been saved by grace at all, but by works altogether. And if fallen man has yet some power to save himself, and makes a proper use thereof, so far he is saved by his own works;

but then, says Paul, pray what becomes of grace? If you are truly saved by grace, it must be through faith alone. Your whole dependence must be fixed on Jesus, and your obligations rise entirely from him, else you are not saved by grace. What you can do for yourself, you need not be obliged to another for: no grace is wanted here.

And as salvation, in a covenant of grace, must be through faith alone; so that covenant supposes that we want such grace, for God will offer nothing needless, not even grace.

A fallen man has no more power than a fallen angel to sanctify his nature, or to make atonement for sin. Man fell through pride, as angels did; and to humble man in his recovery, he must go clean out of himself for salvation. His whole dependence must be on the Saviour's blood for pardon, and on the Saviour's grace for holiness. Therefore Jesus saith, Look to me, and be saved: Isa. xlv. 22.

But, Sir, a little recollection, how it fares with yourself and neighbours, would save a deal of talking on this matter. You are an aged man, and seem an honest man, and must have tried what human strength can do. Are your tongue and temper better bridled than they were some forty years ago? Can you love and feed an enemy much better? Can you deal your bread more freely to the hungry; and more cheerfully submit to sickness, pain, and worldly disappointments? Are you growing more humble, and more vile in your own eyes? Can you pray more frequently and fervently; and walk with God more closely, and find the comfort of his presence? Is the word of God more read, and read with sweeter savour? Can you keep a stricter watch upon your bosom, and find more power over bosom sins? Is your *cage* more cleanly, and your *den* well scoured? Survey yourself all over; then call upon your neighbours, and ask them all the same questions, and see what answers they will make. I believe you will find no great

amendment, and no room to vaunt of human strength, but abundant room for self-condemnation.

As for the tub you mentioned, it has lost its bottom, Sir, above 5000 years; and it would be strange indeed, if it stood upon a bottom, when it had none. Adam has unhooped all our vessels, and left us no foundation to rest upon but Jesus Christ. Adam fell, and ruined all his race.

Indeed, Doctor, I have the vanity to think myself as good a man as Adam was before he fell. Why should his fall put my nose out of joint? Could he not stumble without throwing me down? Perhaps he did receive a bruise, and his ankle might be sprained; but I do not read that he broke his neck, or broke a leg by the fall. Does the scripture intimate that his whole nature was impaired; and that he fell from his *first estate* altogether?

So I think, Sir: but hear and judge. The Lord tells Adam, In the day he eateth he shall surely die: Gen. ii. 17. Adam did eat of the tree, and of course he *died* on the day he eat, if the word of God is true and faithful. But what death did Adam die, on the day he eat? Not a natural but a spiritual death. All spiritual life ceased on the day he sinned, and his soul was dead to God. His animal life became a sickly and a mortal one; and the spiritual life expired in him, as in the sinning angels.

To fancy that mere mortality was only meant by the threatening, is a strange perversion of this awful sentence, which does not say, Thou shalt be liable to death, but thou shalt *surely* die.

Adam lived 900 years after his transgression, and might have lived nine millions, consistently enough with mere mortality, but not with the threatening. And if one expositor may add the word *liable* to the threatening, in order to shove it from the spirit, why may not another add the little word *not*, to shove it from the body too? So the threatening runs thus:

In the day thou eatest, thou shalt *not* be liable to death ; and all is safe and well. The threatening proveth only papal thunder.

But why must all the threatening light upon the body, and the curse be spent upon it altogether? The whole nature sinned, and the whole should suffer. The body lost its healthy state, and the spirit sure should lose its healthy state too. Nay, the spirit was the *chief* in transgression, and should bear the *chief* share of punishment. If the body grew *sickly* through sin, the soul should be *sick* to death. When a gang of thieves is taken, the captain of the gang is sure to suffer whatever happens to the rest. But here the captain in rebellion is reprieved, and the underling is hanged ; the spirit strangely escapes without a hurt, and the curse falls wholly on the poor corpse.

The change of Adam's *state* is pointed out by the following circumstances. After the fall, he desired no fellowship with God, but dreaded it. When the Lord calls, he flies, and would avoid all converse with him. The language of his heart was this : Depart from me, I desire no knowledge of thee, or communion with thee.

Secondly, His *understanding* now was clouded, and a spiritual darkness crept upon it. He has lost the right knowledge of God, and thinks his Maker sees with human eyes, or useth spectacles. For he is no sooner called, but he slips behind a tree, as a mouse will slip behind a tile to hide himself.

Thirdly, His *breast* was now become the seat of evil tempers, such as devils feel ; and felt as Adam did, through disobedience. Their bosoms, once like his, were a blessed seat of heavenly peace, and love, and joy ; but when sin entered, they became a woeful seat of war, where wrath and envy, pride and stubbornness, and every evil temper reigns. Adam shows this devilish bosom, when examined ; for though examined with much tenderness, he makes no meek confession, nor deigns to urge a sin-

gle prayer for mercy. He acts a stubborn part, flies in the face of God, and lays the blame at his Maker's door, as if the woman had been made on purpose to seduce him: The woman, whom *thou* gavest me, she gave me of the tree: Gen. iii. 12.

Fourthly, Adam's *heart*, through sin, became a cage of uncleanness. Before his fall, he felt no shame, though naked; but when he fell, such filthy lusts sprung up, as brought him shame enough, and made him seek a covering for his *waist*.

Lastly, Adam's first-born child proves a murderer. A hopeful heir, truly! Where the fruit shows the stock, and declares them both possessed of *his* nature, who is called a murderer from the beginning: 1 John. viii. 44. And if St. John is credited, that whoso hates his brother, is a murderer: 1 John. iii. 15. then every child of Adam in his turn has been a murderer too.

Now, Sir, we may debate the point a little. If angels lost their first estate by sin: Jude. 6. it is not wonderful that man should lose it. If Adam had not lost it, would the Lord act consistently in his moral government? God must hate sin in Adam, as well as in an angel; because it is evermore that abominable thing which he loatheth, that accursed thing which his soul hateth. And his declarations concerning sin are these, which are very awful, and must be universal: The wages of sin is death: Rom. vi. 23. and the soul that sinneth, it shall die: Ezek. iv. 20. The angels sinned, and being spirits, had no earthly case, like ours, to become mortal; but they underwent a spiritual death, and became dead to God. All communion with God ceased: the heavenly image was withdrawn, and the devilish nature introduced.

Sin is just the same deadly bane to the spirit, that poison is to the body; a single dose does the business. Angels lost their first estate by this poison of sin; and if disobedience required a change of state in angels, it must require the same in man.

For Gods acts uniformly in his moral government: he is Jehovah, and changeth not: Mal. iii. 6.

Reasons may be found, why God provides a remedy for fallen men, and not for fallen angels; but no good reason can be given, why man should *keep* his first estate after sin committed. Man had a share of the devil's disobedience, and must have a share of the devil's nature. And enough of this horrid nature is apparent in ourselves and others to confirm the argument.

Some fancy that mortality makes the change of Adam's state; but this is not the whole nor the chief change; it does not bring the devil's nature, and make us like him. Sickness, pain and death, are only parts of the curse, which respect the body; the spirit also sinned, and the spirit is afflicted with the devil's nature. Hence Satan is styled the the prince of this world, John xiv. 30., because he reigneth in the hearts of men. A devilish prince suits a devilish subject; like loves its like. And the whole world are said to lie in the wicked one, (EN TO PONERO,) 1 John v. 19.

It is not strange that some deny the fall. This is part of that spiritual blindness which has crept upon the understanding; and is just what happens to delirious people in a fever, who fancy they are well, and mock at physic and physician. I make no doubt but the devils, through that pride which accompanieth sin, think as highly of themselves as of the angels. And since they never can repent, they will rather charge their misery to the undeserved wrath of God, than to their own iniquity.

Every wicked temper that is found in a fiend, I can find in myself, and discern in others. And I could as soon suppose, that God created fiends, as believe that he created man in his present state. Before the fall, man was pronounced good, *very good;* but after the fall he became bad indeed, bad enough to be called of God, *devil's child*, and the *devil's subject*. Sure, Beelzebub must grin to hear

his vanquished subjects preach of the dignity of human nature; and if such dignity is found in the subject, how much more in the prince? He may well be honoured, like the Turk, his cousin, with the title of *sublime highness.*

Every dog that barks at me, and every horse that lifts his heel against me, proves I am a *fallen* creature. The brute creation durst not show an enmity before the fall, nor had they any; but testified a willing homage, unto Adam, by coming for a name: Gen. ii. 19. Eve no more dreads the serpent, than we dread a fly. But when man shook off allegiance from his God, the beasts by divine permission shook off allegiance too from man.

Where sin enters, pride will enter too, and supply the place of real honour; and as iniquity aboundeth, pride aboundeth also. Else, how could *sinners* boast of *dignity,* and take up mighty state, on account of verbal titles, or of transient manors, when they themselves must presently be eaten up with worms.

Thus, Sir, by disobedience, Adam became both a *condemned* sinner, and an *unclean* creature. He was *dead in law* by his trespass, and *dead to God* by his sinful nature; dead both in trespasses and sins. The fountain being thus polluted, all its streams were filthy. For who can bring a *clean* thing out of that which is *unclean*? Not one: Job xiv. 4. Hence all are called children of wrath by nature: Eph. ii. 3. and declared to be dead in sins: Eph. ii. 1, 5.

Some traces of the moral law remain, producing what we call the moral sense, or conscience; and the lamp of reason burns, though with a dimmer light, yet sufficient to direct our worldly matters; but the spiritual life is quenched. We are born of the flesh: John iii. 6. born with a carnal mind, which is at enmity with God: Rom. viii. 7. and nothing suits us well, but what is pleasing to the flesh. Spiritual service is a shackle put upon the mind; and when the heart is collared with devotion,

it drudges through it very heavily, and is mighty forward in it; stops short, starts back, flies out right and left, looks a hundred ways at once, and keeps lowing for the world all the time; just like the two Philistine cows, which drew the Lord's ark to Bethshemesh; they were yoked fast together, and drew forwards, but kept lowing for their calves all the while; and though engaged in *religious draught* both of them fell a sacrifice at Bethshemesh, were slaughtered, quartered, and consumed by fire. An awful type of the end of those who find God's worship, not a pleasant service, but religious draught: 1 Sam. vi. 10, &c.

Now, Sir, all mankind abide in this state of death. Heathens, Jews, and Christians, till they are born of God's spirit: John iii. 3—6. and have his holy Spirit dwelling in them: Rom. viii. 9. And during their continuance in this state, they neither are nor can be sensible of it, because it is a state of death, which seals up all *perception*. A dead soul knows no more of its dead condition, than a dead body does. Men will mistake a *decent* worship, and a *decent* conduct for the spiritual life; and will suppose that gluttons, drunkards, whoremongers, &c., are the only people in a state of *flesh*. Whereas St. Jude calls every man a *sensual* man, who has not the Spirit: Jude. 19.

An experimental knowledge of the Holy Spirit's influence was the christian's touch-stone in St. Paul's day; but modern gospellers have learned a pleasant trick, to have the Holy Spirit, yet know nothing of it; and they ask a true believer scornfully, as once a taunting prophet asked Micaiah, Which way went the spirit of God from me, to speak to thee? 1 Kings xxii. 24. Did he pop upon you through the key-hole, or through a chink in the wall? Which way, Micaiah, was it? and then smote him on the cheek. See here the character of a false prophet, delineated by the Spirit of truth. He has not the Spirit of God, yet he pretends unto

it by saying, Which way went the Spirit *from me?* and he ridicules the Spirit's sensible operation, by asking scornfully, *Which way* went the Spirit unto thee? Did you *see* him come, or *feel* him come into you, any way? Pray what way was it? let us hear, Micaiah; and take this smite upon the cheek for your trouble. Such was the language of false prophets in old time; and where Satan rules, these taunting prophets never die. But, Sir, if you have never felt the spiritual death I am speaking of, you are yet a dead soul; and will remain so, till Jesus Christ has quickened you.

For, as men cannot be sensible of this death, while they abide in it; so neither can they help themselves out of it. Death strips away all *power*, as well as all *perception*. A dead body may as well restore itself to life, as a dead soul. A fallen angel may as soon rekindle spiritual life, and regain his first estate, as a fallen man. Nothing can produce the spiritual life, and a spiritual mind resulting from it, but the Spirit of God. His breath alone brings this life, which Jesus intimates, when he *breatheth* upon his disciples, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: John xx. 22.

Yet, while men are without this life, and walk the rounds of moral decency, they bravely talk of will and power to make themselves the sons of God; and think St. John a mere driveling, for affirming they are born, not of the *will* of man, but of God: John i. 13.

A real christian, in St. Paul's account, is a new creation (KAINE KTISIS): 2 Cor. v. 17. He is God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus: Eph. ii. 10. And Jesus tells you how dead souls are quickened: mark his words; they come with double seal, to show their weight and certainty. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is *coming*, and *now is*, when the dead shall hear the *voice* of the Son of God, and they that hear shall *live:* John v. 25. Jesus is not speaking of the body's resurrection, at

the judgment-day, but of a resurrection which *now is*, and is *coming* every day; a resurrection of dead souls to life, not a merely moral, but a spiritual life; and a resurrection caused not by us, but by himself, even by his *voice*. He has many voices to call dead sinners by, the voice of his word, of his servants, and his providences; but all these avail nothing, without the voice of his *Spirit*. His word is but a dead letter, without the quickening Spirit; his servants are but barking dogs, who growl, yet cannot bite, unless he set them on; and his providences are but claps of thunder, alarming for a time, yet quickly over, except he rides himself upon the storm. When he takes the work into his own hand, and the voice of his Spirit accompanies the voice of his word, or his servants, or his providences, then a sinner hears, and starts from his grave, like Lazarus, and lives. And having thus received life, he feels his condemnation and his ruined nature, and crieth after Jesus.

When the world was brought into this ruined state by sin, man could do nothing more to help himself, than the fallen angel could; and must perish everlastingly, unless the Lord prevent it. He does, and provides another covenant; the stores of which are not laid up in Adam, as before, nor in his ruined children: God does not choose to trust a bankrupt. If man could not stand upright, when set upon his legs, how shall he stand, when he has none? Therefore help is now laid upon one, who is mighty and able to save to the uttermost. And the Saviour thus bespeaks the ruined sinner: Thou hast *destroyed* thyself, but *in me* is thy help: Hosea xiii. 9.

However, though man fell, God was not disappointed by his fall; it was foreseen; for, known to God are all his works from the beginning: Acts xv. 18. and being foreseen, it was provided against in such a manner, as might exalt the riches of his grace in man's recovery. The first covenant was

made with Adam, a mere man, who was the surety of it; but the surety failed, and ruined all. The second covenant was not made with the ruined sinner, a broken merchant; but with Jesus Christ, the Lord from heaven. Jehovah says, I give *thee* for a covenant: Isa. xlii. 6.—xlix. 8. and of course, Jesus is the surety of this better covenant: Heb. vii. 22

Now the business of a surety, is to pay the *legal debts* of another. Our legal debts are, first, *perfect obedience*, which alone can bring a *title* unto heaven; secondly, the *curse of death*, for not performing that obedience.

Jesus Christ first pays the debt of perfect obedience; and thereby, as surety, redeems the heavenly title; then he takes the law-curse on himself, to free believers from it. And both these blessings are *imputed*, or charged to the account of every true believer. By the death of his surety, he is freed from condemnation; and by his alone obedience he is made righteous: Rom. v. 19. justified in the eye of the law, and obtains a *legal title* unto heaven.

And, Sir, there is nothing monstrous in this matter, however some may please to startle at it. Human laws, every where, as well as the divine, allow of suretiship; which proves it is an equitable thing. If farmer Thomas does some common work for farmer James, the law *imputes* the work done by Thomas unto James. When a Curate preaches for a weary Rector, the law *imputes* the Curate's mouth to the silent Rector. If you were overwhelmed with debts, and a friendly surety did discharge them all, the law would *impute* this payment unto you, and acquit you of debt as effectually as if the money had been taken from your own purse, and paid with your own hand.

Indeed, though suretiship is common among men in debts of *money*, it is not practical in debts of *life*. For who will die for another? A rogue will

not thrust his neck into the halter for a rogue; and an honest man will not choose it, nor might the state consent unto it; for honest men are scarce. But the law itself has no abhorrence of such suretiship, and would gain abundant reverence by it.

When a villain dies by the hand of justice, we attend more to the *guilt* of the sufferer, and to our own *security* by his death, than to the *honour* which the law receives by his execution. But if an upright man, and well esteemed, should freely suffer for a villain, this striking spectacle would bring much reverence to the law, and give it great solemnity.

Zaleucus, a prince of the Locrians, made a law, that every one convicted of adultery, should lose both his eyes; and it happened that his own son was convicted of the crime. The prince was not willing that the law should lose its honour, nor could the father bear to see his son quite blind. He therefore orders one of his own eyes to be bored out, and one of his son's. Thus two eyes were given to the law, which brought it more solemnity than if the son had lost both his own. In such a case, as he passed along, many only might have cried, "There goes the blind youth, who could not let his neighbour's wife alone." But when the aged father stirs abroad, and is seen with an eye dug out, this sight of suffering innocence strikes beholders' hearts with awe, and makes them reverence the law, and dread adultery.

Pray, hold your hand a little, Doctor; every honest man will strive to pay his debts; and if he cannot pay the whole, will make a composition, and pay what he can. Such a composition I would make for my sinful debts, and should hope to pay ten shillings in the pound, or a better penny. I am not so vain, as to reject a surety altogether, relying wholly on my own ability for payment; nor can I think myself quite insolvent. I would therefore have the old grazier and Jesus Christ jointly bound in the same book. This would look creditable;

and I could condescend to let the Saviour sign his name first, though I paid full fifteen shillings in the pound. What think you of this, Doctor?

Sir, I think such a bond would dishonour Christ, and ruin you effectually. If you fancy God's authority is a trifling business, and does not need a surety to make *whole* satisfaction for sin, you would do well to consider what has happened to the fallen angels, for want of such a surety. They sinned; and the trespass, which brought on their punishment, was a single one, no doubt, like Adam's. For in God's government, the wages of every sin is death. Yet their single trespass has cast them out of heaven, cursed them with a devilish nature, and doomed them to everlasting misery.

You may thrust your name into the covenant, if you please, as a joint bondsman; but it will be at your utter peril; for the Father and the Son will both object you with abhorrence. The Father has provided a surety for this better covenant, a sufficient surety, and named him *singly*, and thereby has excluded every other. And if you foist your own name into the covenant, as a joint bondsman, to discharge your debts; what is this, but reflecting on the wisdom of the Father, as if he knew not how to provide a surety; and on the power of the Son, as if he was not able to execute his office? Sir, this is horrible presumption, and will be reckoned with at a proper time. God will avenge himself of such proud adversaries.

Adam, though a mere man, was qualified, as a surety, to *pay obedience* for all in his loins; yet none but a God-man is qualified to *make atonement* for disobedience. No created being can make satisfaction unto God for sin: the utmost he can do, is to pay his hourly debts; and if the debts are hourly paid, he is still *unprofitable*, has no merit, nor deserveth even thanks; he has only done his duty.

You have read what Jesus says; and what he says is true of every creature, angel or man: When

ye have done all things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants, we have only done our duty. And does the Lord thank that servant, who has done the things that were commanded? I suppose not: Luke xvii. 9, 10. You do not thank your own servant for doing what he is commanded, and yet are more obliged to him, a million times, than your Maker is to you. Now, Sir, if after having done all our duty, we are yet unprofitable, and unworthy of the smallest thanks, pray what room is left for merit, to make atonement?

This saucy idol cannot show its face in heaven; no angel dares to think of merit. With two wings he flies, to show his swift obedience; with two his feet are covered, to hide obedience from his eyes; and with two his face is veiled, in token of unworthiness. Angels do not *vaunt*, as sinful mortals do, of their obedience and holiness; but with adoring wonder cry, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts! Isa. vi. 2, 3. And pay eternal adoration to this holy *Three*, the *Holy* Father, *Holy* Son, and *Holy* Ghost.

Merit is the fuz-ball which sprouteth from a dunghill, with a powdered cap; and only garnishes the crest of sinners, who are daily doing what they ought not, or leaving undone what they ought to do. And if the real wages due to sin is death, then a sinner's merit and a sinner's dignity, are just of as much value, and just as great a contradiction, as a traitor's loyalty, or a whore's chastity.

If Jesus Christ is a mere creature, though the head of all creation, and had paid most rigorous and sinful obedience, he could only say at last, I have done my duty, and deserve no thanks; I am yet unprofitable, and can plead no merit for myself, much less for others.

But if Jesus Christ is God, he is no more bound to keep the creature's law, than an earthly master is to do his servant's work. And if he pleased to take man's nature, to become man's surety; though

the human nature being but a creature, and acting as servant, could merit nothing ; the divine nature, joined to it by a personal union, can merit and make noble satisfaction.

The law had claims of obedience upon the human nature of Christ, because it is a creature ; but had none upon the divine ; it is the Law-giver, whose word created all things, and whose will gives law to all. Here merit will arise, by doing that service which it was not bound to do.

If your servant does his daily work faithfully, no daily thanks are given nor expected ; he only does his duty. But if a neighbour lends a helping hand freely, he merits thanks, because the service was not due from him, but freely offered by him. We may merit from each other, but can merit nothing from the Lord, because our utmost service is ever due to him.

Thus by obedience and death of this God-man surety, the law was magnified and honoured : Isa. xlii. 21. more honoured, than if all the sinful race of men had fallen under his eternal curse for disobedience.

If man had paid a perfect unsinning obedience, it would have been his *title* to heaven ; a title founded, not on human merit, but on the Lord's *free promise :* This do, and thou shalt live. Without such a promise, God might have dropped his creature man into nothing, after a thousand years of complete obedience. Yes, if no promise hindered, God might drop a perfect angel into nothing ; and perhaps with more justice than we may kill a happy fly, because of his whizzing. Such an angel lives on courtesy, and has no reason to complain if it is withdrawn. While he pays obedience his life abounds with comforts : all things suited to his state are given ; but he may drop into nothing, as he was before, if the Lord pleaseth. God was under no obligation to give him life ; and without a promise, he is under none to prolong his life ;

and least of all to advance a human creature to a better life.

The popish conclave has acted craftily, and more consistently than protestant divines, by inventing works of *supererogation*. For though these works are false, absurd, and blasphemous, yet being once allowed, they lay a right foundation for human merit. If man can do more than he is in duty bound to do, he may merit by such doing. And nothing now is wanting for the Pope, but a Cyclop's eye of infallibility, which any Vulcan readily will make, to determine what these works of supererogation are, and the church's coffers are loaded presently with treasure. Simeon Stylites, by perching on a pillar for a month, shall purchase pardons for a thousand adulterers and sodomites.

But, Sir, we will take leave of the Pope's eye, and proceed. Every man has sinned, and lost his heavenly *title*. A *single* trespass forfeits it in man or angel, and forfeits it for ever. Jesus Christ steps in, as the human surety, and pays the legal debt of *perfect obedience*, and thus *redeems* the sinner's title. Hence he is called the Lord *our* righteousness: Jer. xxiii. 6. Jesus says himself, Their righteousness is of *me:* Isa. liv. 17. and the church replies, In the Lord, have I righteousness: Isa. xlv. 24. Paul says, Christ is made *to* (or rather for) us righteousness: 1 Cor. i. 30. and declares, We are made righteousness in him: 2 Cor. v. 21. which he calls the righteousness of God, because it was wrought out by the God-man surety.

When John refused baptism unto Jesus, he received this answer: Suffer it to be so now, for thus it *becomes* us to fulfil *all* righteousness: Matt. iii. 15. Jesus, as the holy one of Israel, needed not the laver of baptism; but, as Israel's surety, he did need it. It became him, as *surety*, to fulfil *all* righteousness, moral and ritual, respecting Jews and Christians. On this account, he was both circumcised and baptized, partook of the Jewish passover,

and the Christian eucharist, and went to the yearly feast at Jerusalem, as the law required. If a single rite had been neglected, he would not fulfil *all* righteousness, nor could have been a legal surety. A trip in one point would have spoiled all.

But, Sir, man has not only forfeited his heavenly title by sin; he has incurred a law-curse too, the curse of eternal death. Sin has both barred heaven's gate against him, and opened hell's gate for him. Now, Jesus Christ, as man's surety, paid this legal debt too: He was made a curse for us, and *redeemed* us from the curse: Gal. iii. 13.

Paul is in rapture about this love of Christ; and so is every one who feels the blessings purchased by it. Yet how little is this love regarded by modern gospellers! Who bears a dying Saviour on his heart, and thinks or talks about him? A melancholy proof of man's fallen nature; of his deep ingratitude and folly! Sure, we must outmatch a devil here! His heart would leap for joy, to hear the tidings of a surety; yet men will pass the surety by, some with no regard, and some with much contempt.

Thus Jesus sets the fallen sinner on his legs again, pays the law-debt of complete obedience, to redeem our title; then takes the law-curse on himself, to free us from it.

Why, Doctor, this is charming news indeed; but if this be all that is needful for salvation, I do not see how any can miscarry. Satan may as well bar up his gates; he will not catch a single straggler. My neighbour Fillpot, who comes reeling home at night from the Chequer, stands as good a chance as the grazier who goes soberly to bed. How is this, Doctor? Methinks I do not like it, that Ned Fillpot should stagger after me to heaven, and get perhaps as good a crown as myself. This will never do. Something sure must be wrought in us, as well as something done for us.

True, Sir, much must be wrought in us, not

indeed to purchase salvation, which is already purchased by the surely; but to dispose and enable us to receive salvation *freely*, and behave *suitably* for it. Jesus Christ has not only redeemed us from the curse, and bought our title, but has also purchased grace to sanctify our nature, and thereby give us meetness for glory. This grace is always given to the heirs of glory, to prepare them for it; and the benefits of Christ's obedience in life and death are made over to them, and sealed on the conscience by the Holy Spirit. Thus they have an inward witness of deliverance from the curse, with a legal title unto heaven, and a gospel-meetness for it. This meetness springs from regeneration, or a spiritual life begun and carried on in the soul, as a preparation for the spiritual worship of heaven. And the spiritual life differs from the merely moral one, as animal motion differs from a mechanic motion, or as a man's walking differs from a clock's going. The clock may go *well*, but has not animal life; and a man may walk *well*, yet have no spiritual life.

Now, Sir, observe the case of mere professors. They talk of honesty and decency, and feed upon their withered moral skeleton; but know not how to eat the flesh and drink the blood of Christ. An application of the gospel blessings to their heart, is neither sought nor wanted. They hear that Jesus Christ has died, and are satisfied with this report; but his blood, the virtue of it must be sprinkled on the conscience, or it avails them nothing, will neither bring them gospel-peace, nor gospel-holiness. Paul and Peter speak of the sprinkling of this blood: 1 Peter. i. 2. Heb. xii. 24. and through this sprinkling, the atonement is received by a sinner, and his heart is sweetly drawn to love and follow Jesus. Nothing but partaking of Christ's blessings, will effectually engage the heart to Christ; then he draws us with the cords of a man, and the love of Christ constrains us.

All the blessings of salvation have been purchased by Jesus, and are at his disposal. He gives them when, and where, and how he pleaseth. And do not you expect, Sir, to dispose of freely, what you have bought fairly? Jesus saith, I *give* eternal life unto them: John x. 28. and what is freer than a *gift?* and lest you should think him an usurper, he declares, and pray observe his declaration, All things are delivered unto me by my Father: Matt. xi. 27. John iii. 35. All persons, and all blessings, temporal and spiritual, are at *my disposal*, surrendered into my hands by the Father, on account of my undertaking the work of Mediator.

So Jesus reigneth, in his human nature, king supreme, disposing of all persons, and all blessings as he pleaseth; and must reign till all his foes are made his footstool: then the kingdom will be administered as before, not by the hand of this God-man Mediator; but God, the three-one God, will be all in all. In the mean time Jesus calls and quickens whom he will: John v. 21. gives repentance and faith, bestows pardon and justification, affords grace to sanctified believers, and perseverance to bring them safe to glory. Thus the faithful say with David, Salvation is of the Lord; and sing hosannas, not to their own wisdom, strength, or merit, but to God and the Lamb for ever.

Indeed, Doctor, I must cudgel you; I can hold no longer. My patience is worn down to the stump, and the stump is going. What a cypher you make of the poor grazier; and what a hobby-horse of human nature! According to your account she has no more eyes, ears, or hands, to help herself, than an oyster. Why, your picture of nature is so horrid black, it would even fright a chimney-sweeper! What! have I no power in myself to begin the christian life; and when begun, no strength to carry it on? Am I in debt to Jesus Christ for every thing?

Please to drop your cudgel, Sir, and I will give an answer. A vapouring staff does not suit my fancy. You are indebted unto Christ for every good you do possess, and to yourself for all the evil you do commit. Jesus Christ is the author and finisher of every good thing in the spiritual, rational, and animal life; he is Alpha and Omega in them all.

No animal has life till he gives it; and no animal has power, when in life, to prolong its life a moment. It may eat and drink; yet food and liquor are not life, but means of life. We live not by bread alone, but by the word of God. That word, which bringeth food, must give it blessing, and then it nourisheth.

When Christ creates an idiot, all the schools in the world cannot give him reason, because he is born without it.

And where a rational nature is given, and means used for its cultivation, still they are but means, which profit some, and help not others, though alike diligent. Every opening of the understanding, every improvement in science, and every invention in handicrafts, with all skill in working, comes wholly from Jesus, who is called the light of men: John i. 4. and calls himself the light of the world: John viii. 12. He opens a budding understanding, as he opens a budding rose.

Whatever light men have, it proceeds from Christ *alone*. And he can give this light gradually; or give it all at once, as he did to Adam, and as he did to Bezaleel and Aholiab, two brick-makers, who were furnished immediately with *wisdom* of heart, and *skill* of hand, for engraving, carving, embroidery, and all kinds of work: Exod. xxxv. 30.

He can make men forget their native language, and speak divers others, in a moment, as he did at Babel; or he can make men retain their native language, and speak divers others in a moment, as he did at Pentecost.

Courage too proceeds from Jesus. When he

would exalt a nation, five of them shall chase a hundred; and when he would depress a nation, they shall fly when none pursueth: Levit. xxvi. 8—17.

Neither has a rational nature any power to preserve itself. A philosopher, engaged in study, and surrounded with literature, may turn an idiot, or fall distracted, in a moment; and he would do so, if not supported secretly by Jesus; his visitation preserveth our spirit, Job x. 12.

Where the animal and rational nature are given, a man is yet void of life spiritual, till Jesus Christ bestows it; as void of life spiritual, as an idiot is of life rational. And as none but Jesus could give an idiot rational life, so none but he can give a rational man spiritual life.

This life was lost at the fall, and never is recovered till Jesus quickens it. And till this life is recovered, men are only christian ghosts, having semblance without substance, resting on a *broken* bed of duties, and will find as much relief from it, as a hungry stomach from a painted feast.

Paul, I suppose, alludes to the spiritual life, when writing to a christian church, styled elsewhere spiritual men; he prays that spirit, soul and body, may be preserved blameless: 1 Thes. v. 23. which *three* portions make up (what he calls the OLOKLEROY of a christian man, or) the *whole lot* of nature assigned him by the Lord.

When spiritual life is given, a man is born of the Spirit: John iii. 6. and finds divine communion through the Spirit; but has no power in himself to preserve the life which is begun; no more power to continue or enlarge his spiritual life, than his rational or animal life. Means of grace must be used, but these are nothing more than means still. The support, increase, and continuance of the spiritual life, are *wholly* from Jesus, in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Why, Doctor, you talk most amazingly of Jesus

Christ; I never heard the like before. Some people only vamp him up as a prophet; and trample on his blood; and some who like to live as they list, show a Jewish heart, and call him an impostor; but you make him God Almighty, our Creator, and Preserver, and Redeemer. Truly I would give him all his due, but must have his honours fetched from the Bible, and not from human brains. My besom sweeps away all cobwebs, whether spun by a spider, or the Doctor. Give me some fair and plain account of Jesus Christ from the scripture: I love the Bible, and can credit what it says.

Now you talk like a man, Sir; when you lifted up your staff before, I began to think of packing up my awls. A cudgel is too hard an argument for me. But since you ask for the Bible, I am well content to stay, and tell you what it says of Jesus Christ. Before he had a human nature, he created all things by his divine power; all matter, and all animals, and all spirits human or angelic. St. John says, All things were made by him: John i. 3. and Paul enlarges on St. John's words, saying, All things were created by him, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible; *all things* were created *by* him, and *for* him; that is, by his *power*, and for his *glory:* Col. i. 16. Where his Godhead is equally proclaimed, by his *creating* power, and by creating all things for his *glory*. Now, Sir, if Jesus Christ created all things, he cannot be a creature; otherwise he must create himself, and so have had existence before he had a being.

Paul goes on and says, Jesus Christ is before all things: Col. i. 17. Grammar rules required him to say, Jesus *was* before all things; but he breaks his well-known grammar rules, and says, He *is* before all things; to show his eternal unchangeable existence; and Jesus did the same, when he said, Before Abraham was, *I am*.

Paul adds further, By him *all things* do consist: Col. i. 17. *all things*, material, human, or angelic

(SYNESEKE) are held together, stand fast, and sustained by him. And again, Jesus upholdeth all things by the word of his power: Heb. i. 3.

Paul sufficiently declares the divinity of Christ, by calling him the *express* image of his Father's person: Heb. i. 3. As the impression of a seal on wax exactly answers to the seal itself, line for line, and is the express image of the seal; even so is the Son the express image of the Father. Whatever line of divinity is drawn on the Father, the same is impressed on the Son. Whatever wisdom, power, justice, truth, patience, kindness, mercy, &c., are found in the Father, the same must be found equally in the Son, else he is not the express image of the Father's person. If any attribute is in the Father, which is not in the Son; or is possessed more perfectly by the Father than by the Son, then the Son is not the *express* image of the Father.

Paul asserts, that all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt in Christ bodily: Col. ii. 9. that is, the divine nature of Jesus, containing all the fulness of the Godhead, dwelt in his body, and inhabited it as a temple; just as the schechina, or glorious presence of God, inhabited the holy of holies in the first Jerusalem temple; which temple was a type of the body of Christ.

Jesus saith, All things whatsoever the Father hath (ECHEI, possesseth) are mine, do belong to me also: John xvi. 15.

Again he saith, I and the Father are one, (EN ESMEN) not one *person* but one *thing*, one nature, one substance, one essence: John x. 30.

He further affirms, No one knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any one the Father but the Son: Matt. xi. 27. The divine understanding of the Son and the Father are equal and reciprocal, alike infinite in both. Our translation is often faulty in rendering EDEIS no *man*, and TIS any *man*, instead of no *one* and any *one*.

On these accounts, Jesus declares, Whoso hath

seen me hath seen the Father : John xiv. 9. My divine nature expressly bears the *essential* image of the Father ; and as God-man, I am his manifestative image, a visible representative of Jehovah, displaying his divine perfections in such a manner by my words and works, that whoso seeth me hath in effect seen the Father. Nothing more is found in him than in myself; whatsoever he possesseth, I possess.

The Father himself speaking to the Son, saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever : Heb. i. 8. And could the Son speak to the Father in more lofty language ?

John calls him absolutely, God, who made the worlds : John i. 2, 3. the true God : 1 John v. 20. and extols his love to mankind by saying, Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us : 1 John iii. 16.

Paul says, He was God manifest in the flesh : 1 Tim. iii. 16. and affirms that according to the flesh, or his human nature, he sprung from the fathers of the Jewish nation ; but in his other nature, was God over all, blessed for ever ; and ratifies the assertion by a solemn Amen : Rom. ix. 5.

Thomas calls him my Lord, and my God ; and is commended for his faith ; but others are commended more, who should thus believe on him, though they have not seen him : John xx. 28.

Isaiah calls him the mighty God : Isa. ix. 6. a just God, and a Saviour, who says, Look unto me, and be saved : Isa. xlv. 22, 23. Phil. ii. 10.

Jude calls him the only wise God, our Saviour : Jude. 25. And he is called the only wise God, not to exclude the Father and the Spirit from an equal share of divinity, but to exclude every one who is not by nature God : Gal. iv. 8. So when Jesus saith, No one knoweth the Father but the Son, he does not mean to exclude the Holy Ghost, who is by nature God ; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God : 1 Cor. ii. 10.

And in this sense we say to Christ in our communion service, "Thou *only* art holy," not intending to exclude the Father and the Spirit from this holiness, but every one who is not by nature God.

Jehovah is the incommunicable name of the true God, denoting his everlasting permanent existence; and God declareth this by calling himself I AM, which expresseth the meaning of Jehovah: Exod. iii. 14. Now the Psalmist affirms that the name *Jehovah* belongs to none but the true God, saying, Thou whose name alone is Jehovah, art the most high over all the earth: Psalm lxxxiii. 18. yet this name is given unto Christ in the Old Testament; I mention only one place out of many: This is his name whereby he shall be called, the Lord (in the Hebrew Jehovah) our righteousness: Jer. xxiii. 6.

Jesus takes to himself the incommunicable name, saying, Before Abraham was, I am; and thereby intimates to the Jews, that he was the very I AM, who spake to Moses at the bush; the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; who brought the Israelites out of Egypt, gave them his law at Sinai, and led them by his cloud, and fed them with his manna in the wilderness.

Paul tells you, that the God, the I AM, who was tempted by the Israelites in the wilderness, was Christ: Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed by serpents: 1 Cor. x. 9.

John ascribes *eternal existence* unto Christ, saying, The life was manifested, and we have seen it, and shown unto you *that* eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us: 1 John i. 2. Well, Sir, are you growing weary of this scripture evidence?

No, no, Doctor, you have me fast by the ears; I love scripture much, but hate your logic: for I have suffered by it. Last Shrovetide I was riding to a market, and overtook a very spruce fellow, who quickly let me know he was a philosopher.

I can, he said, dispute upon a broom-stick for half a day together ; I can take any side of any question, and prove it first very right, and then mighty wrong ; I can fix an ass so equally between two hay-bottles, that though he is hungry, and placed within due reach of both, he shall taste of neither. I offered to lay him half-a-crown, that the ass would fairly eat up both the bottles, if convenient time was granted. No, he replied, the ass will not; and I shall prove that he cannot. Nay, then said I, it is no common ass if he will not eat good hay ; it must be some human ass, like yourself, Sir ; and so I jogged on, and left him. Indeed these broom-stick disputers had almost choused me out of Christ's divinity. Go on, Doctor, I am not weary, but am all attention.

Sir, I obey your orders cheerfully ; it is a favourite subject, and concerns me much. If Jesus Christ is not truly God, he cannot save me : no atonement can be made by his death. Neither need he come from heaven, merely as a prophet, to instruct me. He might have taught me just the same things by the mouth of Paul or Peter, as by his own mouth ; and they might have confirmed the truth by their death, as well as himself. But they could make no atonement on a cross for sin ; none but a real God-man can do this. And now, Sir, I proceed.

God claims divine worship, as due only to himself: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve : Matt. iv. 10. And Paul makes idolatry to consist in paying service or worship to them that are not gods by nature : Gal. iv. 8. If therefore Jesus Christ is not God by nature, he ought not to be worshipped. Yet when the Father brought his Son into the world, he said, Let all the angels of God *worship him ;* Heb. i. 6. And that multitude of heavenly host, which brought the shepherds tidings of a Saviour, no doubt did worship him accordingly.

Many patients that came to Jesus for a cure, did

worship him, and without a reprimand for so doing.

All his disciples worshipped him very solemnly at his ascension: Luke xxiv. 52.

All angels and glorified saints pay him worship in heaven, saying, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing! Rev. v. 11, 12. What a number of words are heaped together, in order to express the highest worship and the deepest adoration! Yet lofty men cannot submit to worship Jesus, though the angels do it joyfully.

Again, Every creature in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, say, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever: Rev. v. 13. Every creature is here represented as paying, and every creature will at length be forced to pay this homage and worship equally to the Father and the Lamb; which yet never would be paid, unless Christ was truly God. For thus the Lord declares, I am Jehovah, that is my name; and my glory will I not give to another; that is, to any other who is not Jehovah: Isa. xliii. 8. But Jesus Christ's name is Jehovah too, and therefore he shares equal glory with the Father.

Jesus, as Jehovah, is the object of prayer. The Apostles say, Lord, increase our faith: Luke xvii. 5.

All petitioners who applied to Christ for help, presented their prayer to him, and expected help wholly from him; excepting Martha, who is gently reproved for not doing so. Martha says, I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, he will give it thee: John xi. 22. Jesus tells her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: verse 25. You talk of God's giving me whatsoever I ask; but know assuredly, that I have life in myself, and raise a soul or body unto life when I please.

Stephen says, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge: and commends his departing soul, as true believers do, into the hands of Jesus: Acts vii. 59, 60. And who, but Jehovah, is worthy of, and sufficient for such a trust?

Paul, in a prayer, put the Son's name before the Father's: May our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work: 2 Thes. ii. 16, 17.

In the New Testament, christians are thus described: They *call upon* the name of Jesus Christ: 1 Cor. 1, 2. Acts ix. 14, 21. This was an outward distinguishing *mark* of christians in the Apostle's day, but some lewd professors in our day esteem it the brand of idolators.

It is the Father's will, that all should honour the Son, *even as* they honour the Father; should pay the same adoration and worship to the Son, in his human nature, as they pay it to the Father. The human nature, taken by the Son, veiled his divinity; and might seem a bar against divine worship. Therefore a command is given, first, that all the *angels* should worship him at his incarnation; and then, that all men should honour the Son, *even as* they honour the Father. The union of the two natures shall be no bar against divine worship. And every one who withholdeth this honour from the Son, does withhold it from the Father, and dishonour him. For he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father, who hath sent him: John v. 23.

When you direct a prayer unto Jesus, you need no one to introduce you, but may go *directly* to him now, as they did aforetime, when he was on earth. As man, he receives the addresses of men; and as God, he is worthy of them, and abundantly able to supply all wants. But when you pray to the Father or the Holy Spirit, that is, to the Godhead absolutely, then you must go through the Mediator, as the only ground of your acceptance.

We are baptized *equally* into the name of the Father and the Son ; and thereby make *equal* profession of faith, worship, and obedience to them both. But if Jesus Christ is not Jehovah, raise him up as high as the shoulders of an Arian can lift him, he is still much more beneath the Father, than a worm is beneath himself. For there can be no proportion between finite and infinite. Therefore if Jesus Christ is not Jehovah, to couple him with the Father in the same baptismal dedication, is a thousand times more unseemly than to harness a snail and an elephant together. And what is said of the Son in this article, equally respects the Holy Ghost.

Jesus Christ is appointed the Judge of quick and dead ; but how can he execute the office, unless he is Jehovah ? His eye must survey every moment all the actions, words and thoughts, that are passing every where throughout the earth ; and his memory must retain distinctly all the amazing number of actions, words and thoughts, that will have passed from the world's creation to its dissolution. If but a single wickedness, committed in a sinner's bosom, escapes him, or but a single cup of cold water, given unto any in the name of a disciple, is forgotten, he cannot judge right judgment. Now, if you think a creature's comprehension can survey and retain all these things, (and modern faith, though straining at a bible-gnat, will swallow down a hundred camels,) still I ask, how can Jesus know the hearts of men, unless he is Jehovah ? This prerogative belongs to God *alone*.

Solomon prays in this manner, Jehovah, God of Israel, thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men : 1 Kings viii. 23, 39. And Jehovah says of himself, I search the heart, and try the reins : Jer. xvii. 10.

Now Jesus does the same ; therefore he is Jehovah, and qualified to be a judge. He showed, while on earth, that he knew what was in man : John ii.

24, 25. he knew their thoughts: Matt. xii. 25. disclosed the inward reasonings of their hearts: Mark ii. 8. and declares concerning himself, that all the churches shall know, that I am he, who search the reins and hearts: and being able to do this, he is qualified for judge, and therefore adds, I will give to every one of you according to your works: Rev. ii. 23.

The divinity of Christ proved a sad bone of contention among the Jews, who judged of him from his mean appearance, and not from his godlike works and words. At one time he tells them, I and my Father are one: John x. 30. The Jews understood his meaning well, and cried out, We stone thee for blasphemy, because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God: John x. 33.

At another time he says, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work: John v. 17. I work with uncontrolled power, as my Father works; and all things obey me and my Father equally; and hereupon the Jews sought to kill him, because he had said, that God was his Father, (IDION PATERA, his own proper, or *peculiar* Father,) making himself thereby equal with God: ver. 18. The Jews knew, though some among ourselves do not, what Jesus meant by calling God his own proper Father. They perceived by this expression, that he made himself to partake of his Father's *divine* nature, as an earthly son partakes of his father's *human* nature, which is the same in both; and that Jesus hereby would distinguish himself both from angels, who are *created* sons of God, and from believers, who are *adopted* sons; and for this expression which seemed presumptuous and blasphemous, they sought to kill him.

On another occasion Jesus took the incommunicable name to himself, saying, Before Abraham was, I am; and this so enraged the Jews, that they took up stones to cast at him: John viii. 58, 59.

Now stoning was the legal punishment for blasphemy: Lev. xxiv. 16.

When Jesus is accused of blasphemy, for making himself God, he never does refuse the charge; but either vindicates his high claim in a *covert* way, (which was needful then, that his death might not be hastened,) or he passeth over the charge in silence. And is silence in such a weighty matter consistent with the character of Jesus? If he had not been Jehovah, surely it behoved him, when called a blasphemer, to tell them plainly, You mistake my words; I am not God, nor meant to call myself so.

This charge of blasphemy pursued Jesus through his ministry, and at length nailed him to the cross. At his trial, he is first brought before the Jewish council, where some frivolous things are urged, but nothing proved. Then Caiphas stands up, and says, Art thou the Son of the blessed? Christ's appointed hour was now come, and his answer is no longer covert; Jesus saith, I am. The high priest knowing well the meaning of his words, rends his clothes, and says, What need have we of further witness? Ye have heard his blasphemy; what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death: Mark xiv. 61, &c.

Next he is hurried before the bar of Pilate, to have their sentence confirmed. Here again some idle matters are first urged, but not regarded by the governor. Jesus is accused of aspiring to be a king, but satisfies Pilate by declaring his kingdom is not of this world. At length the capital charge of blasphemy is brought, which finishes the trial. We have a law, say the Jews, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the *Son of God*. Pilate hearing this, was much afraid; and going to the judgment-hall again, says to Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate saith, Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and

power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivereth me unto thee, hath the greater sin. This answer somewhat checked Pilate, but an outcry from the Jews quickens him, and he passeth sentence: John xix. 7, &c.

Thus both at the bar of Caiaphas and Pilate, the capital charge brought against Jesus was blasphemy, or the calling himself in a peculiar sense the Son of God, and thereby making himself *equal* with God. For this he was condemned to die; and he suffered death, as a blasphemer, for laying claim to divinity. And were he now in Britain, a multitude of those who are fed at his altar, would lift a heel against him, and hale him to a gibbet, and cry out as before, If thou be the *Son* of God, come down from thy gallows, and we will believe that thou art the proper Son of God, neither an *adopted* Son, nor a *created* Son, but the only begotten Son of the Father: John i. 18.

Perhaps they might go further, so great is their zeal, and having crucified the Saviour on a false charge of blasphemy, might crucify his followers on a base pretence of idolatry. A minute philosopher has dared to publish muttering words about it; one who likes to live upon the alms arising from the Lord's service; and can say genteelly, Hail, Master; and betray the Master's honour, as a friend of old did.

When Jesus says, The Father is greater than he; and that the Son is ignorant of the day of judgment; these things must be ascribed to his human nature.

As touching his Godhead, he is equal to the Father, being declared to be *one* with the Father, one in nature, and bearing his *express image;* but as touching his manhood, is inferior to the Father, and his human nature, we are told, grew in wisdom and stature, which supposeth a finite boundary. And though at last the kingdom of Christ will be deli-

vered up to the Father, this must be understood of his mediatorial kingdom. All things are administered at present by the hand of Jesus, as God-man Mediator; but when this dispensation ends, the kingdom will return to its original order; and when thus returned, it is not said, the *Father* will be all in all, but *God*, (the triune God,) will be all in all.

That the Son will not lose his *essential* kingdom, as God, when his *mediatorial* kingdom, as God-man, ceaseth, seems plain from these words of the Father to the Son, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; which words ascribe an *everlasting* dominion to the Son, when his mediatorial kingdom is no more.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a summary proof of Christ's divinity from the Bible; and can you suppose that the scriptures would tell you plainly again and again, that Jesus Christ is Jehovah; is God; the true God; the mighty God; the just God; and God over all, blessed for ever more; if he was not truly God? All these lofty expressions are applied to Jesus Christ; and they would naturally mislead plain men, yea, and would confound all plain language, if he is not truly God. A man must have the old serpent's subtlety, and chop and mince his logic mighty fine, who can banish Christ's divinity out of these expressions. But what then must become of the poor, who are the chief subjects of the gospel-kingdom? They cannot buy the span of subtle brains; nor, if purchased, could digest it. They have nothing but the Bible; and if Jesus is not truly God, the Bible would mislead them; and so for want of a scribe's cap, and dictionary, they must all miscarry truly.

You have heard before, that the wise are taken in their own craftiness; and now, Sir, hear how the Lord *takes* them. Gins and snares are scattered in his word to catch a subtle scribe; just as traps are laid by us to catch a fox or a foul-mark. Every fundamental doctrine meets with something, which

seems directly to oppose it; and these *seeming* contradictions are the traps which are laid. A lofty scribe, who depends upon his own subtlety, and cannot pray sincerely for direction, is sure to be taken in these snares; but a humble praying soul escapes them: or if his foot be caught, the snare is broken and his soul delivered.

Some things spoken of the *human nature* of Christ, and of his *mediatorial* character and office, are the traps laid about his divinity, to catch a modern scribe: as the meanness of Christ's appearance in Judea, was a trap to catch an ancient rabbi.

Isaiah has an awful word about these traps which are laid around the Saviour's person: He (Jesus) shall be for a sanctuary, (unto some,) but for a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel; for a gin and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem: Isa. viii. 14. And they were taken in the *snare*, for they crucified the *Lord of Glory*, as a vile blasphemer.

No one has cause to complain of these traps, because the Holy Spirit's guidance is promised to all them that seek it earnestly; and if men are too lazy or too lofty to seek this assistance, they are justly suffered to stumble, and fall, and be broken, and be *snared*, and be taken: Isa. viii. 15.

But, Sir, if you would take a modern rabbi for your tutor, and seat yourself beneath his feet, and catch the droppings of his mouth, whither, whither must you fly for shelter? Alas! the modern scribes are just in such a hobble now about Jesus, as the Jewish scribes were. Some said then, He is John the baptist; others said, No, he is Elias; and others contradicted both, and called him Jeremias, or one of the prophets. So it was then, and so it is now. Some say he is a *mere man*, as the Turks say; and such professors only need a pair of whiskers, to pass for musselmen. Others say he has an *angel's nature*, but his head and shoulders taller than the highest angel. Others contradict them both, and

say he is *a* God; but having lost a small article in St. John's Greek gospel, he is not *the* God. Others laugh at this, and say he is no God at all, but hoisted into Godship by his office; and must be worshipped in a lower strain, as wily courtiers worship princes; as starving levities worship patrons; as antiquarians worship rust; or as christian men will worship mammon.

Again, while some affirm he is not truly God, others have affirmed he was not truly man, or had no real human nature; and so amongst them all, they have stripped him worse than the Roman soldiers did, who took his clothes, yet left his carcase; but these rogues have run away with every thing. According to their various fancies, he is neither God, nor angel, nor man; and what else they can make him, I see not, unless it be a *devil*, as the Jewish scribes made him: John viii. 52.

Thus Jesus proves a sad *stone of stumbling* to the lofty scribes, who flounder round about him, and bedaub him grievously, but cannot get up to him; and as every scribe grows sharper than his brother, some new nature is invented for the Saviour. And, Sir, if you renounce the plain account of the Bible, you will find as many caps for Christ's head, as there are maggots in a scribe's brain.

If Jesus Christ is not truly God, all his Apostles, excepting Judas, were idolaters; for they worshipped him with great solemnity at his ascension: Luke xxiv. 52. Also all the christians of the first and purest age were idolaters; for we learn from undoubted heathen records, that they prayed and sang praises to *one Jesus*, according to the character given them by Paul: They call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord in every place: 1 Cor. i. 2. Yea, and all the angels too, except the devils, are highly guilty of idolatry; for they sing delightful praises unto God and the Lamb: Rev. v. 11, 12. which adoration puts the devils, who are utter haters of idolatry, in a cruel rage at the book of Revela-

tions where this worship is recorded; and makes them raise up human tools to vilify the book, and try to banish it from the sacred canon.

Enough, enough, Doctor; put no more sheaves upon the cart, lest you break it down. An overstocked market oversets it commonly; and a drove of lean proofs coming after the other, may prove like Pharaoh's second drove of lean oxen, which devoured all the fat ones. I would have no more than just enough of the best fed goose: cramming only breeds a surfeit. And I have heard enough to satisfy me that Jesus is my Maker and Preserver, the God in whom I live and move, and have my being, who deserves my highest worship and my best obedience. And it seems agreeable to common sense, that none can *redeem* a world but the *Maker* of it. Yet I am still in the dark about your new covenant. How does it differ from the old; and how must I get a slice of the new? Nature, you say, cannot carve for herself: who then must do this office for her, and put the meat upon her trencher?

An answer to both your questions will occasion some little repetition, Sir, yet not a needless one, since it respects the way to life, which is too commonly mistaken.

In a covenant of works, a man must work for life by his *own will* and *power*, or by the natural abilities he is endowed with. He stands upon his own legs, and had need look well to them: for the tenor of this covenant is, Do and live: transgress and die. A single trip ruins all, as in angels, so in Adam; but if the whole is kept without a flaw, a right to life is purchased by virtue of the covenant promise.

In the covenant of grace all things are *purchased* for us; and *bestowed* upon us, *graciously* or freely.

These two covenants are called the old and new: no more are noticed in scripture; and a suitable *law*, respecting both, is mentioned: The law of works, and the law of faith: Rom. iii. 27. All

other laws are cobwebs of an human brain, such as the law of *sincere obedience*, the law of *love*, &c. For love and obedience are the *fruits* of faith, and not the *law* of the new covenant.

And now, Sir, God himself shall tell you by the mouth of Jeremiah, what the new covenant is. Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new *covenant* with the house of Israel, *not like* that I made at Sinai; but this shall be the covenant, *I will* put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; *I will* be their God, and they shall be my people: *I will* forgive their iniquities, and remember their sins no more: Jer. xxxi. 31, &c. And to this St. Paul alludes: Heb. viii. 8, &c.—x. 16, 17.

Ezekiel describes this covenant more minutely: I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; I will cleanse you from all your filthiness, and all your idols; I will give you a new heart, and I will put a new spirit in you; I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh; I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes: Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

The *new* covenant is here shown to consist of a rich and gracious bundle of free promises, in which *I will* and *I will* runs through the whole. God does not say, Make yourselves obedient, and then I will sprinkle clean water upon you, to wash away guilt; but he says, I will do both; I will pardon you, and make you obedient also; yea, I will do every thing, and do it by my Spirit. Not your own might, but *my Spirit* shall sanctify your heart, and engage your feet to walk in my statutes.

This covenant is too glorious for nature to behold; she shrinks from the dazzling sight; fears woeful consequences from it; and, trembling for morality, beseeches the Vicar to marry Moses unto Jesus, and couple the two covenants. From this adulterous alliance springs the spurious covenant of faith

and works, with a spruce new set of duties, half a yard long, called legally evangelical, or evangelically legal; unknown to Christ, and his Apostles, but discovered lately by some ingenious gentlemen.

However, Jesus does not thank old nature for her fears. He has promised in his covenant, to provide a new heart, and good feet, as well as justification and pardon; and what he promiseth he will perform. Jesus does not want the staff of Moses; nor will the master of the house suffer an alliance with his servant.

And so much, Sir, for the nature of the new covenant: your next question was, How do we become partakers of it? Now the blessings of this covenant were all purchased by Jesus, and are lodged in his hand to dispose of; free pardons to bless a guilty sinner; free grace to sanctify his nature; with full power to lead him safe to Canaan. Jesus therefore says, Look to me, and be saved; Come to me, and I will give you rest. But the bare command and invitation of his word, will not bring us to him.

Nature lost her legs in Paradise, and has not found them since; nor has she any *will* to come to Jesus. The way is steep and narrow, full of self-denials, crowded up with stumbling-blocks: she cannot like it: and when she does come, it is with huge complaining. Moses is obliged to flog her tightly, and make her heart ache, before she casts a weeping look on Jesus. Once she doated on this Jewish lawgiver, was fairly wedded to him, and sought to please him by her *works*, and he seemed a kindly husband; but now he grows so fierce a tyrant, there is no bearing of him. When she takes a wry step, his mouth is always full of cursing; and his resentments so implacable, no weeping will appease him, nor promise of amendment.

Why, Doctor, you are got into your altitudes; I do not understand you. Figures are above

my match ; I never could get through arithmetic. Pray, let us have plain English.

So you shall, Sir. Man is born under the law of works, and of course is wedded to that law : it is the law of his nature. Traces of the moral law are still upon his heart : the fall has blotted the two tables, but not defaced them wholly. Where revelation is bestowed, the tables are renewed, as at Sinai ; but wrote as yet in stone, not on the heart ; recorded in the sacred volume, but not engraven on the inward parts. By means of this outward revelation, and the moral sense, men acquire some notion of a covenant of works. This covenant suits their nature, and is understood in a measure ; though neither in its full extent, nor in its awful penalties. Jesus begins his lectures with the *law of works*, somewhat known to the scholar, and urges that law on his conscience with vigour, to drive him to the *law of faith*. The young Israelite is called to Mount Sinai, where Jesus trains his people now, as he did aforetime. And till the heart has had a thorough schooling here, has heard and felt the thunders of the law, it will be hard and stony. It may be pitiful to others, but want compassion for itself ; may weep at a neighbour's ruin, but cannot truly feel for its own. The bosom is bound about with wrappers of obedience, that when the curses of the law are heard, they only tingle in the ear, and graze upon the breast, but do not pierce the conscience. The man knoweth not his real danger ; the law of works refreshes him ; and while he sippeth comfort from his faint obedience, Jesus Christ is only used as a make-weight ; like the small dust thrown in a scale to turn the balance.

Now the legal heart is crushed at Sinai ; there Jesus by his Spirit, sets the law home upon the sinner's conscience ; then he *feels* that the curses in the law are his proper portion ; not because he is the chief of sinners, but because he is a sinner. Thus his bosom is unswaddled, the heart begins to bleed,

the mouth is stopped quite, all legal worthiness is gone, he stands condemned by the law, and *all* his hope is fixed on Jesus. While the law was only written upon paper, he found no galling condemnation. His heart, like the stony tables, received the letter, and felt no impression ; but when the commandment reached his inmost soul, then he died. This makes a *free* salvation highly needful, a *whole* Saviour truly precious, and a *pure* covenant of grace delightful. And now the scholar comes to Jesus Christ, with cap in hand, and bending knee, and bleeding heart, and with St. Peter's gospel-prayer, Lord, save, or I perish.

Being thus convinced of sin, his heart can have no rest till he *receives* a pardon, and finds that peace of God which passeth understanding. He feels a real condemnation ; and must have absolution, not from man, but God. Once he prayed for pardon, and rose up from his knees contentedly without it. His heart was whole, he did not want a pardon ; nay, it seemed a presumption to expect it. Yet sure what we may *ask* without presumption, we may *expect* without presumption. But now the scholar sees his legal title unto heaven is lost, and finds a legal condemnation in his breast beside, which makes him hasten to the surety, and call upon him, as the Lamb of God who takes away our sins, and, as the Lord our righteousness. He views the surety, as his law-fulfiller ; both as his legal title, and his legal sacrifice ; and he wants an application of these blessings to his heart ; an application by the Holy Spirit, to witness they are placed to his account.

He sees a need, that both the legal title and the legal sacrifice should be imputed, to answer all the law's demands. And he marvels much, that any, who allow the imputation of Christ's *death*, should yet object to the imputation of his *life*. Since if the obedience of Christ's death may be imputed, or placed to our account, for pardon, why may not the

obedience of his life be imputed also for justification, or a title unto glory? One is full as easy to conceive of as the other; both are purchased by the surety; both are wanted to discharge our legal debts, and both will be embraced and sought with eagerness, when our debts and wants are truly known. But here the matter sticks; men do not feel their wants, and so reject *imputed* righteousness. The heart must be broken down, and humbled well, before it can submit to this righteousness: Rom. x. 3. Till we see ourselves utter bankrupts, we shall go about to establish our own righteousness, and cannot rest upon the surety's obedience, the God-man's righteousness, as our legal title unto glory.

But, Sir, this is not all. Every one who is born of God, is made to hunger for implanted holiness, as well as thirst for imputed righteousness. They want a *meetness* for glory, as well as *title* to it; and know they could not bear to live with God, unless renewed in his image. Heaven would not suit them without holiness, nor could they see the face of God without it. And having felt the guilt of sin, and the plague of their sinful nature, by conviction from the Holy Spirit: John xvi. 8. this has taught them both to dread sin, and loathe it; to loathe it for its vile uncleanness; and dread it for the curse it brings. They consider sin as bringing both the devil's nature, and the devil's hell. They view it, and detest it as the poison of the moral world; the filthiness of a spirit; the loathing of a holy God; and such a cursed abomination, as nothing but the blood of Christ could purge away.

And, Sir, where *imputed righteousness* is not only *credited* as a gospel doctrine, but *received* by the Holy Spirit's application, it produces love to Jesus, tender love with gratitude. And this divine love, not only makes us willing to obey him, but makes us like him; for God is love.

Christian holiness springing from the application of imputed righteousness, is a glorious work indeed;

far exceeding moral decency, its thin shadow and its dusky image. It is a true devotedness of heart to God; a seeking of his glory; walking in his fear and love; rejoicing in him as a reconciled Father; and delighted with his service as the only freedom.

Full provision is made for this holiness in the new covenant; and Jesus the noble King of Israel, bestows it upon his subjects. Let me repeat his words: I will give a new heart, and put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes. Believers look to him with prayer and faith; by looking are transformed into his image: 2 Cor. iii. 18. and taste the blessed fruits of Canaan, before they pass the banks of Jordan.

But, Sir, the holiest christian can put *no trust* in his holiness. His daily seeking to grow in grace, proves his holiness defective. Tekel is wrote on every duty: Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting: Dan. v. 27. And he knows the meaning of those weighty words, applicable to both soul and body: Verily, every man at his *best estate* is altogether vanity: Psalm xxxix. 5. His utmost holiness, and his freest services, do not answer the demand of God's law; and if depended on for justification in *any* measure, would bring him under the law's penalty, and condemn him. He is there forced to fly out of himself entirely, and seek a refuge only in Christ. This he does by divine faith, which all possessors esteem highly, and call it, as St. Peter does, precious faith: 2 Peter. i. 1. It brings a precious view of Christ, and draweth precious blessings from him. It is a grace which quarrels much with human pride, and makes it only boast of Jesus; and is not meant to be our justifying righteousness, else it might learn to boast too. Faith says, In the Lord have I righteousness: Isa. xlv. 24. and tells a sinner, I cannot save thee; Thou art saved by grace through faith: Eph. ii. 8. The grace of Jesus brings salvation; and, through faith, as an instrument put in the sinner's hand, he

is enabled to reach the grace; just as a beggar, by his empty cap stretched forth, receives an alms.

A pole, held to a drowning man, and by which he is driven to land, saveth him, just as faith saves a sinner. In a lax way of speaking we are said to be saved by faith; and so the drowning man might say he was saved by the pole, though in truth he was rescued by the mercy of a neighbour, who thrust a pole towards him, and thereby drew him safe on shore.

Faith could have no room in a covenant of grace, if it had any justifying righteousness of its own. For desert on man's part is not consistent with such a covenant; else grace is no longer grace: Rom. ix. 6.

If any personal or relative duty, such as temperance or charity, had been made the instrument of obtaining gospel-blessings, we might fancy some peculiar worth was in that duty to procure the blessings. But when faith, which is only lifting up an empty hand or a longing eye to Jesus, is made the instrument of salvation, it is clearly shown, that the covenant is of grace wholly, both in its contrivance and conveyance. It is therefore of faith, that it might be by grace: Rom. iv. 16.

God has chosen this foolish *instrument*, as the means of receiving salvation, that no flesh might glory in his presence. Yet foolish as the instrument may seem, it is of curious heavenly workmanship. No man, with all his *wit*, can make it; though many act the ape, and mimic it. This foolishness of God is wiser than men; *they* cannot comprehend it, but growl at God, as dogs howl at the moon.

The obedience of Christ, our surety, is the ground and *meritorious* cause of justification. Paul asserts, We are justified *freely* by grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Rom. iii. 24. He declares roundly, By the obedience of *one* (even *Christ)* shall many be made righteous: Rom. v. 19. and affirms that the righteousness of God, (the God-

man surety,) is unto all and upon all, that believe : Rom. iii. 22. is imputed *unto* all that believe, and put *upon* all, as their justification-robe. David will make mention of this righteousness, and of this only (to justify him,) Psalm lxxi. 16. Isaiah tells you what the church's faith was in his day, Surely in the Lord have I righteousness : Isa. xlv. 24. and Peter writes to them, who have obtained precious faith, (not *through*, but) *in* the righteousness of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ : 2 Peter. i. 1.

On the other hand, Paul says peremptorily, By the deeds of the law, *no flesh* living shall be justified in God's sight : Rom. iii. 20. Gal. iii. 11.—ii. 16. and intimates, that a justification by works would destroy the covenant of grace : To him that worketh, the reward is not reckoned of *grace*, but of *debt:* Rom. iv. 4. that is, if any could justify himself by works, his reward would be a legal debt, and not the gift of gospel grace. This text alone, if there was no other, would exclude all justification by works as inconsistent with a covenant of grace. For if we are justified *wholly* by works, the reward would be wholly of debt ; if justified in *part*, it would be partly of debt. But God has no debts to pay in the gospel ; it is the *grace* of God which brings salvation ; and no flesh shall glory in his presence.

Thus the Bible declares, that no man shall be justified *before* God by his works ; that men are justified by faith ; and that faith only justifies, by resting on the obedience of Christ, as the meritorious cause of justification.

But this matter may require some enlargement. The scripture comprehends all wicked men in the general name of unbelievers ; and Jesus says, He that believeth not is condemned *already :* John ii. 18. How is that ? Why, every man is a sinner ; and the law declares, the wages of sin is death. Of course, a sentence of death is passed on every sinner ; and if he dies in unbelief, he needs no second

condemnation, because he is condemned *already*. But the sentence of the law is a *silent* verdict, not heard and felt by unconvinced sinners, else they would fly to Jesus: neither does the law declare the various measures of that death, which are due to various sinners; it only says in general, Cursed are you, and ye shall die.

Hence we may learn what is the judge's office at the grand assize, not to pass a second condemnation on the wicked; but to make an open declaration of that secret verdict, which the law has passed; and then appoint the various measures of that death, which are due to sinners.

When a jury, in our courts of justice, find a culprit guilty, the judge passeth sentence. But is the judge's sentence a second condemnation? Not at all. The jury do condemn the culprit, and the judge *pronounceth* sentence according to the jury's verdict, and then declares the punishment to be inflicted on the convict.

A sinner, therefore, is not first condemned on earth for want of faith, and then condemned in the clouds a second time for want of righteousness. No: his state of misery is finally determined by unbelief: He that believeth not, shall be damned: Mark xvi. 16. but the *measure* of his misery depends upon the measure of his own iniquity. Unbelief *alone* condemns the sinner; and in consequence of that condemnation, he suffers punishment according to his crimes.

We may now consider, how it fareth with believers. Jesus saith, Whosoever believeth in the Son of man, shall not perish, but have eternal life: John iii. 14, 15. And it is further said, He that believeth in the Son, hath (or possesseth) *everlasting* life: John iii. 36. Here we read, that faith gives a *present* possession of everlasting life: it is begun in the soul on earth, and shall be perfected in heaven; and to strengthen the believer's hope, is added, he shall not perish. A full absolution from eternal

misery, and a full promise of eternal life, with a *present* possession of it, is granted to believers on the mere account of faith. And what security can they further want or have?

Again: It is said, All that believe are justified from all things, Acts xiii. 39. Now I ask, if believers are justified *already*, what further justification can they *need?* And if justified from *all things*, what further justification can they *have?* It is not possible to be more justified than from *all things*, and so far believers are justified in the present life.

The scripture speaketh of a *first* and *second* covenant, Heb. viii. 7. but no where speaketh of a *first* and *second* justification. Such a two-fold justification must suppose there are degrees in it; and that the latter increaseth the former, else it is needless: but this is quite repugnant to its nature. For justification is an individual whole, like an unit. Take any thing from an unit, or add any thing to it, and it ceaseth to be an unit. So the man, who is truly justified, is justified from *all things;* and such a one cannot possibly be *more* justified, nor can be *less* than justified.

Beloved John might have more of Christ's affection than Philip, and a brighter crown than Philip, but could not have more justification than Philip. Because, though there are degrees in the affection and rewards of Christ, there can be no degrees in his *justification.* A man must either have the whole or none at all; must either be justified from all things, or be condemned.

And now, Sir, the justification which has passed *secretly* in a believer's breast, known indeed to him and declared, but derided by the world; this will be *notified* publicly by the judge at last, and degrees of glory be assigned to each, according to their various fruitfulness.

Thus a believer's state of happiness is finally determined by his faith; He that believeth shall be saved: but the measure of his happiness in that

state, depends upon the fruits of faith. Faith alone saves a christian; but his crown is brighter according as his faith works more abundantly by love.

But another matter must be taken into this account, besides the declaration of the proper sentences, and assignment of the proper retributions. David says, The Lord will be justified when he speaketh (sentence;) and be cleared when he judgeth, Psalm li. 4. The world neither know nor regard the faith, which is of God's operation, Col. ii. 12. but are content with one of human manufacture: and finding no advantage from this faith, they consider all faith as a trifling or a despicable matter. It appeareth such an idle business, as can never justify; and it seemeth a reflection upon God, to assign that office to it: yea, and all that wear the gospel-cloke of faith full and deep, are thought enthusiasts or impostors; men who have lost their wits, or lost their honesty, and only fit for Bedlam or for Newgate.

Now when Jesus judgeth, he will clear this matter up, and vindicate the credit and appointment of faith. He will show what fruits have been produced by faith; and though they cannot justify the little flock before God, yet when openly proclaimed by the judge, they will justify him in the choice of the instrument, and will justify believers evermore from all aspersions cast upon them by the world, as if they were not zealous of good works, because they renounced all dependence on them.

Take notice, Sir, how the judge speaks to the sheep on his right hand. A choice fruit of faith, the sanctification of the heart, our *meetness* for glory, is not even mentioned by him, because the world could be no witness of it: he only noticeth their *works*, and only such of these as must be public and notorious. I was hungry, and ye fed me; naked, and ye clothed me; a stranger, and ye took me in; sick, or in prison, and ye visited me. And what say the sheep to this honourable mention? Do they

speak as if expecting to be justified by their works? No: just the contrary. All think themselves such unprofitable servants, that they will not own a good work has been done by them. Lord, say they, when did we so, or so, as thou hast spoken?

Jesus next applies himself to the goats on his left, and takes no notice of their unholy hearts; for being strangers to the nature of holiness, they would have cried out, Lord, we always had *good hearts;* much sounder than those rotten sheep upon your right, who were evermore complaining of their loathsome hearts. Jesus therefore directs his speech to their morality, and only maketh mention of good works, which they had some knowledge of, and expected to be justified by them. Here he shows they have been wanting, and confounds them in their own hope. Thus the judge clears himself, when he judgeth. The sheep were justified by faith; and that act is vindicated to the world, by the precious fruits of faith. The goats were condemned through unbelief, and are silenced by that unrighteousness which unbelief produced.

It is observable, that not a single sheep expects to be justified by works; yet the goats do expect it, every one. When Jesus tells them, I was hungry, and ye fed me *not;* naked, and ye clothed me *not;* sick, and ye visited me *not*, &c., they answer briskly, When saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? That is, when were we wanting in our service to *thee?* Thus they come with a full justification in their mouths, ready for the trial; yet are all confounded.

It is further observable, that Jesus does not charge the goats with never having done *any acts* of *charity.* No: some of them might have founded schools or colleges; and some have given largely to the Lock and Magdalen; or to assembly rooms and playhouses; and some might have undone themselves by largesses before or at elections. But when a

goat is bountiful, he seeks to please his own humour, or glorify his own name, or promote a distant interest: no true regard is had to Jesus, nor to his little flock: these are always overlooked. The doctrines of the sheep are loathsome, and their bleating trade of prayer is nauseous to a goat. He could wish the world well eased of them all. Therefore Jesus says, Whatever bounty ye have done, inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me; in neglecting and despising my own family, ye have neglected and despised me. Therefore, Depart, ye cursed.

Give me leave to twist another thread about a lash, you had before. If the glories of the next world are called rewards, they are affirmed to be rewards, not of *debt*, but of *grace;* not due for our works, but bestowed through the grace of Jesus. Eternal death, in all its various horrors, is the just deserved wages of sin: but eternal life, in all its various glories, is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Rom. vi. 23. And therefore though the little flock may be rewarded according to their works, they cannot be rewarded for the *merit* of them. A man of plain sense may see a difference here with his naked eye, which yet is often not discerned by a scribe with his microscope.

Take an illustration. A tender hearted gentleman employs two labourers out of charity, to weed a little spot of four square yards. Both are old and much decrepit, but one is stronger than the other. The stronger weeds three yards, and receives three crowns: the weaker weedeth one, and receives one crown. Now both the labourers are rewarded for their labour, and according to their labour, but not for the merit of their labour. You cannot say their work deserves their wages. And yet their work deserves their wages better, a hundred thousand fold, than our poor works can merit an eternal weight of glory.

Oh, Sir, God must abominate the pride, the inso-

lence of human pride, which can dream of merit: it is enough to make a devil blush. Yea, and some would purchase heavenly mansions with such scraps of alms, as would not buy an earthly hog-sty.

What comes from God is *gift*, and much he has to give; but nothing that he *sells* for work that we can do. He disdains such paltry commerce, and the saucy tribe of merit-mongers, who can fancy God will *sell* his heaven, and that their works may *purchase* it.

Sir, remember, traps are laid around every fundamental doctrine; and I perceive your lips are heaving an objection to the present doctrine. Poor John, disguised in the beard of Moses, and beloaded with the Sinai tables, is suborned to betray his master, and compelled thus to speak, Blessed are they, that do his commandments, that they may haveright to the tree of life, Rev. xxii. 14. But, Sir, if rewards are not of debt, as Paul affirms, they are not due for our works; and if not due, our works have no right to the rewards, no right to the tree of life; neither does St John assert it. A mask is put upon his face, to hide his look and meaning.

The word, (EXOSIA) which we translate a right, signifieth here, as frequently elsewhere, a gracious privilege. Thus in his gospel, John says, As many as received Christ, that is, believed on him, to them he gave (EXOSIAN) the privilege (as you read in the Bible margin) to become the sons of God: John i. 12. a privilege, not claimed as a right, through the merit of faith; but bestowed freely, as a gift. To them he gave the privilege to become the sons of God.

Jesus says, He that believeth, possesseth everlasting life. Then by believing, he must surely enter the city gates, and taste of the tree of life. For if a believer should miscary, the life he possesseth, proveth not an everlasting life, but temporary, and the word of Christ falls to the ground.

But a general answer may be given to all objec-

tions of this kind. St. John says, They that do his commandments have a privilege to the tree of life. If you ask what is meant by *doing* his commandments, I answer in one word, *believing*. Nay, Sir, do not start like a young colt; but hear and judge like a man. *Working* for life, is the law of Moses; *believing* for life, is the law of Jesus. And where divine faith is truly found, it will effectually justify, really sanctify, and surely glorify; will bring a sinner out of Egypt, through the wilderness, into Canaan, and fairly perch him on the tree of life.

Hear St. Paul's account of faith: a choice Apostle, but no great favourite of the scribes. Human telescopes do not *magnify* Paul; he is not within the compass of their glasses; no moon-light planet, but a star: and take the matter in his own words. Made wise to salvation by faith; become children of God by faith; justified by faith; receive forgiveness of sins by faith; sanctified by faith; receive the Spirit through faith; access to God by faith; Christ dwelling in the heart by faith; work righteousness through faith; obtain promises by faith; walk by faith; stand by faith; saved by grace through faith. And St. Peter adds, kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation: 2 Tim. iii. 15. Gal. iii. 26. Rom. iii. 28. Acts xxvi. 18.—xv. 9. Gal. iii. 14. Eph. iii. 12, 17. Heb. xi. 33. 2 Cor. v. 7. Rom. xi. 20. Eph. ii. 8. 1 Peter. i. 5.

Thus the christian life, is a life of faith in the Son of God: Gal. ii. 20. and the christian work is to fight this good fight. Believing is the christian's trade and maintenance; through Christ it obtaineth pardon and holiness, creates his present peace and future prospects, makes him steady and valiant in fight, and brings him triumphantly unto glory.

And now, Sir, when you hear the Philippian jailor asking Paul, What must he *do* to be saved; you need not think the answer was defective: *Believe* in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved: Acts xvi. 30, 31. This answer of Paul is transcribed

from his master's copy: Go ye into all nations, and preach the gospel to every creature. He, that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved: Mark xvi. 15, 16. But if Paul's answer was not defective, it is plain, that as *doing* was the sum of the law, so *believing* is the sum of the gospel. It is the *total life* of all duty, and the *total term* of all salvation; including and producing all obedience, yet crucifying all merit. Faith owes its birth and growth and blessings, all to Jesus; and it resteth wholly on him, renouncing self, and glorying in the Saviour, as the all in all.

However since professors frequently amuse themselves with fancies instead of faith, and think a mere assenting unto scripture doctrines is believing in Christ Jesus, something is often joined with faith, to prevent deception. Thus Paul declares, In Jesus Christ, nothing avails but faith, which worketh by love, Gal. v. 6. The words *worketh by love*, are added, as the genuine fruit and evidence of faith. If works of love are not produced, the faith is not of God; yet when produced, they do not justify.

Perhaps you might be pleased to know St John's thoughts, about keeping the commandments, because the text was quoted from him; and his mind is intimated in his first epistle.

Whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, 1 John iii. 22, 23. Does not the latter clause declare, that believing on Jesus is keeping the commandments? Love indeed is added here, as before, by Paul, yet only as an evidence of faith, and a guard against delusion.

Jesus Christ explained the moral law, for the *conviction* of sinners, and for a rule of life to believers; but when he declares the *terms* of salvation, nothing is mentioned but *faith*. It is never said, He, that believeth *and* obeyeth shall be saved: but,

absolutely. He, that believeth, shall be saved. Here obedience is designedly kept from our eyes, and withdrawn from faith to prevent our resting on obedience as a condition of salvation, or a ground of justification.

The Apostles also give many rules to *direct* the walk of faith; and often couple faith with love or obedience, and declare the faith which produceth not good works, is a dead faith, the cold product of a human brain, and cannot justify. If faith is *alone*, unattended with works, it is not the faith of God, and does not unite the soul to Christ, and cannot draw life from him.

But when the Apostles speak expressly of justification, you hear of nothing else but faith; then it is, justified by faith; saved by grace through faith; believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved. At such times, like their Master, they purposely drop obedience, to prevent a reliance on it for justification.

When Paul is largely handling the point of justification, he quotes a passage from the Psalms, and introduceth it with this preface, Even as David describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God *imputeth* righteousness, *without* works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered, blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin: Rom. iv. 6, 7, 8. Here Paul breaks off the quotation, and omits the latter clause of the verse, in whose spirit there is no guile: Psalm xxxii. 1, 2. And why does he omit the latter clause? Because it describes the renewed nature and the fruit of a justified person, which were not to be considered in the matter of justification, but wholly withdrawn from our eyes.

We are not justified before God, because our natures are renewed: but God justifies the ungodly through believing: Rom. iv. 3, 4, 5. A sinner can be saved no other way, because the wages of sin is death; yet it proves a most offensive way, through the pride of a sinner's heart.

Effectual and final justification by faith is the capital doctrine of the gospel, a most precious grace of the new covenant, and the everlasting glory of the Redeemer. A man may steal some gems from the crown of Jesus, and be only guilty of petit larceny; he may escape at last, like the cross-thief; escape through the fire, when his house is in a flame: but the man who would justify himself by his own works, steals the crown itself, puts it on his own head, and proclaims himself a king in Sion by his own conquests.

Since therefore faith is the *law* of the gospel, the *term* of salvation, the *instrument* of obtaining every blessing, and the *general commandment* including all the rest, it must utterly exclude all justification by works. And the man who seeks to be justified by his passport of obedience, will find no passage through the city-gates. He may talk of the tree of life, and soar up with his paper kite to the gates of Paradise, but will find no entrance. The gates belong to the Prince of life, who is the real tree of life; and only they shall enter, who own him for their leige-lord, and place their *whole* dependence on him, and seek a passage through his grace entirely. Such shall have a cheering taste of the tree below, and a joyous feast above.

But cheats will arise; and how must we deal with them, Doctor,

Deal with them, Sir? why, hang them when detected; as Jesus hanged Judas. He had one religious cheat among his twelve, who made a penny of his Master, but did not live to spend it. This Judas bids you guard against such cheats, but not be scandalized at the gospel, when they happen. You would not sure renounce honesty, because you have been cozened by a man, who made a false pretence to it: nor would I renounce my creed, because a sly professor proved a thief, and has been hanged.

But, Sir, you quite mistake the matter, in supposing that the gospel does not guard against licentiousness. A covenant of grace cannot allow of legal

conditions, which may procure a right to life, in whole or part; this would destroy the nature of the covenant. But it abounds with gospel-checks, which answer the same purpose; and where they do not prove sufficient, nothing else would.

Naked faith, or a whole and simple trust in Jesus, is the gospel-instrument, which brings salvation. But though faith *alone*, apart from its fruit, is the saving instrument, yet it cannot be alone, or without its fruit, where it is saving faith, as St. James declares. And the gospel, to prevent delusion, shows what is the fruit produced by faith. It bringeth heavenly peace, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world. Faith is genuine, where these fruits are found. The believer is a real branch of the true vine, and receives his fruit from it. The fruit *shows* the branch to be alive, but does not *make* it so: it beareth fruit, because it is alive.

Where these fruits are neither found, nor truly sought, faith is not of God's operation; it is a dead, and not a living faith. It may be clear in scripture doctrines, but has no real union with Christ, and of course no influence from him. It is not grafted in the vine, but tied to it with profession thread, and so is dead and withered. But, Sir, the fruit of faith does not justify a sinner; and this must be oft repeated, to check a legal heart, which is only moved by legal fears and hopes.

None feel the force of gospel motives, till they taste of gospel blessings. Hell and a gallows (proper checks in their place) keep some out of mischief, who find no comfort, nor expect any in God's service; and a fond hope of making purchases in heaven, puts some on almsgiving, fasting, and prayer. Such only make account of obedience, as of a thing whereby they must be saved; and being told, it cannot save them, because it is not perfect, they ask in much surprise, What then is it good for? Why, Sir, it is good to glorify God for the mercy of a rich and free salvation: a grateful homage paid to

a gracious God. And it is further good, to evidence the truth of faith to ourselves and others.

When joy and peace are found through believing, and the sweet atonement is sealed on the conscience, a christian crieth out, I am bought with a price, and must glorify God with my body and my spirit, which are God's: 1 Cor. v. 20. With Paul he can say, The love of God constrains me, and feel its sweet compulsion. Gratitude begins to act; and love sharpens gratitude; and sights of glory, fetched in by faith, quicken both.

The legal hope of being saved by our doings, is rooted deep in every human mind, and never can be rooted up, till grace has overcome it. It made a busy stir, when the gospel first appeared; and has raised ferments ever since. Very early some cried out, Except ye be circumcised, ye cannot be saved: Acts xv. 1. Had they suffered circumcision, as believing it a duty still required, and purposing by such obedience to glorify God; or had they used it, like Timothy, at Paul's instigation, for a more convenient spreading of the gospel, no harm at all has been done. But when they seek to be saved by this doing, Paul takes fire, throws his hat up, and begins to bellow, Behold! I Paul, say unto you, that if you be circumcised (with this view) Christ shall profit you *nothing*. For I testify again to every man that is (thus) circumsised, he is a debtor to do the *whole* law. Christ is become of *no effect* to you who are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace: Gal. v. 2, 3, 4.

The Galatians did not seek to be *wholly* justified by works; no, they blended the two covenants together, as modern christians do, and sought to be justified by both; partly from their own works, and partly from Christ. This appears from Paul's saying, Christ is of no effect to you who are justified by the law; Christ shall profit you nothing. Which implies, that the Galatians did expect *some effect* and *some profit* from Christ, as well as *some* from

their works. Again, when Paul says, Ye are debtors to do the whole law; this also shows, they did not count themselves *such* debtors, but only sought a *partial* justification, by *sincere* obedience to the law.

The Apostle's meaning in the fore-cited passage is plainly this: Whoever seeks to be justified in *any measure* by his works, such a one falls from grace, and becomes a debtor to do the *whole* law. Christ will justify you *wholly*, or *none* at all. Either take him as a *whole* Saviour, or he profits you *nothing*, is of *no effect* to you.

It matters not, whether the work be ritual or moral, that we seek to be *saved* by; whether it be parting with our cash in charity, or parting with our flesh in circumcision, which is the sorest work of the two; if we seek at all to be *saved* by any work of our own we fall from grace. Therefore when Paul had spoken first of circumcision in particular, he next affirms of the whole law in general, that whatsoever is justified by it, is fallen from grace.

Paul was eminent in ministerial labours and christian holiness; yet in the point of justification, he counted all things but loss, in comparison of Christ. His labours and his holiness, if rested on in any wise for justification, would have brought him loss instead of gain, and made Christ of no effect to him. He therefore desires to be found in Jesus, not having his own righteousness (to justify,) but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness of God by faith: Phil. 3. 7, 8, 9. In other words, he desires to be found at the bar of God, not in his own *personal* righteousness, but in the righteousness of his heavenly surety.

But you are waiting for more gospel checks, I perceive, to prevent the abuse of faith. What think you, Sir, of this: Faith working by love? It passed muster lately, yet wants to be reviewed; good troops are often exercised. It is a two-edged sword, which sliceth off the the wanton ears of an Antinomian, and the saucy hopes of a legalist. Faith is

here described as a *working* principle, a heavenly root producing heavenly fruit; and thus it slays Herodians and Sadducees. But though a working faith, it worketh not for hire like a labourer, but like a son for *love*. A child of God does not hope to purchase heaven by his works, but seeks with *loving* heart to glorify a heavenly Father for the mercy of adoption; and thus faith crucifies a Pharisee.

If you enquire of Habbakkuk and Paul, who are lodged in the same apartment, both the Old and New Testament saint will tell you, The just shall live by faith: Hab. ii. 4. Gal. iii. 11. Here they give you a believer's character, he is a *just* or righteous man; and yet declare he does not live by his righteousness, does not gain a title unto life by it, he lives by faith. His new nature makes him hungry for implanted righteousness, as a meetness for heaven; but his faith bids him seek an imputed righteousness, as his title to heaven. He follows after righteousness, as his proper business and delight; but sings at his work with Isaiah, In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and in the Lord shall glory: Isa. xlv. 24, 25.

Again, you read, Without holiness no man shall see the Lord: Heb. xii. 14. A legalist would see the Lord *by* his holiness, by the merit of it, but he cannot; and an Antinomian would see the Lord *without* holiness, but he must not. Thus a christian man can neither see the Lord *without* holiness, nor *by* it. Which, though a truth, may seem a mystery to many.

Lastly, The gospel declares roundly, that whosoever liveth in the works of the flesh, in adultery, fornication, uncleanness, wantonness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, heresy, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like, *shall not* inherit the kingdom of God: Gal. v. 19, 20, 21. For all who live and die in such works, plainly show themselves

destitute of that faith, which *purifies the heart and works by love.*

And now, Sir, I trust you will no more complain, that faith is destitute of proper guards: no earthly monarch need be better guarded.

What think you of election, Doctor? Our Vicar always shakes his head when he hears of it; and the schoolmaster makes a woful wry mouth at it: he will let his face down amazingly, when the word is only casually mentioned. Indeed my stomach rises sadly at the doctrine; it is a frightful notion, exceedingly discouraging, and seemeth not consistent with common equity.

Sir, I think the doctrine of election never can agree with human merit; one will be always barking at the other. Every man who seeks to justify himself by works, will loathe the doctrine heartily, and load it lustily with most reproachful names. Yet men reject the doctrine, not for want of scripture evidence, but for want of humbled hearts. We are not willing to be saved by *an election of grace*, till we know ourselves, and find our just desert.

A furnace is the proper school to learn this doctrine in, and there I learnt it. Nor men nor books could teach it me: for I would neither hear nor read about it. A long and rancorous war I waged with it; and when my sword was broken, and both my arms were maimed, I yet maintained a sturdy fight, and was determined I would never yield; but a furnace quelled me. Large afflictions, largely wanted, gave me such experience of my evil heart, that I could peep upon *electing grace* without abhorrence: and as I learnt to *loathe* myself, I learnt to *prize* this grace. It seemeth clear, that if God had mercy for me, it only could be for this gracious reason, because He would have mercy, Rom. ix. 18, for every day and every hour my desert was death.

Sir, the colour rises in your face; and I shall take a hasty leave, unless your staff is laid upon

the floor. I know the rancour of the human heart against this doctrine, for I have sorely felt it; and *charitably* thought that all its teachers were the devil's chaplains—Sir, I go directly, unless your staff is dropped.

Here take it, Doctor, in your own hand; and then you may be easy; but pray be very brief upon this matter, lest my choler should arise. I cannot stand a long fire upon election ground; and if your words are very rough, you may bring on a furious handy-cuff. For your own shoulders' sake, do not lay on me too thick and hard.

Plain speech, Sir, is the best: such I give, and give without bitterness. If gall should mingle with my words, it will not drop from my lips, but trickle from your heart.

I ask then, are you not a sinner? and is not death the wage of sin? And a very *just* wage, because appointed by a *just* God? as a sinner then, you deserve death; and every man that sins, deserves it also. And sinners, at the judgment-day will be condemned, not because they were decreed to be damned; but because they did revolt from God, and broke his righteous laws, and sought no hearty refuge in Christ Jesus. The Son of man will gather out of his kingdom all them, who *do iniquity*, and will cast them into a furnace of fire. Matt. xiii. 41, 42.

No sinner then can urge a claim on God; for every one has forfeited his life. God, if he pleased, might reserve them all for destruction, as he did the fallen angels; or he may reserve some for punishment, by leaving them to follow their own wickedness; and be gracious unto others, by granting them repentance, faith and holiness. And in showing mercy unto these, he does no injury to others.

If you think that God may not withhold his mercy from some, while he showeth it to others; or that he is *obliged* to show it unto any, or to all, then he

has no grace to give, but is a debtor unto man ; and the covenant of grace is an empty name.

When traitors are condemned to die, it often happens that the king will spare some one at least, and hang the rest. And this act of *grace* may be shown to one or more, without a charge of *injustice* to them that are hanged. One has cause to bless his prince, while the others have no reason to complain.

And shall not the sovereign Lord of all be allowed to act in the same manner towards his *rebellious* subjects? Must his hands be tied up, that he cannot do what an earthly prince may justly do, show mercy to some offenders without injuring the rest? This is hard indeed! But God will not be fettered by the cobweb cords, which human pride has weaved for him. He will have grace to give, and justice to inflict ; and will be glorified in both.

The provision of a Saviour makes a way for God to exercise his mercy, in consistency with justice ; but he may exercise it when and where he pleaseth.

The grace of God is called *free;* because it is free for God to *give* to whom he pleaseth. His grace is free, just as my alms are free; and grace is heavenly alms. Now my alms are free, because they are bestowed freely, where I like. If any could demand them justly, they would cease to be an alms, an act of grace, and prove a debt.

If men had due conceptions of the majesty and holiness of God; and of the traitorous nature, deep malignity, and heinous guilt of sin, their mouths would soon be stopped. But men forget their *real state* of condemnation, and dreaming of a claim on God, through the fancied merit of obedience grievously worm-eaten, they quarrel with the doctrine of election. And, indeed, the doctrine cannot harmonize with any human claim, arising from a pure covenant of works, or from the mongrel covenant of faith and works, transported from Galatia into Britain, and carried by her convicts to

the colonies. No; the doctrine of election is altogether built upon a *pure* covenant of grace, and shakes a friendly hand with this. Here God may grant, or may withhold his mercy, as he pleaseth: since all are in a state of condemnation, and none can justly say unto him, What dost thou? This, Sir, may suffice to vindicate God's *justice* in electing grace; and his justice is well grounded upon equity; he needs no court of chancery.

Neither has this doctrine any *real* tendency to discourage sinners, when they truly seek salvation through Jesus Christ. It is not expected that any one should know himself a *chosen vessel*, before he seeks salvation; this must be known by seeking. He cannot peep into the rolls of heaven, to see if his own name be written there, nor needeth such a peep. His business lieth with the *written* word on earth, which tallies with the rolls in heaven. Secret things belong to God; but what is revealed belongs to us, and to our children for ever: Deut. xxix. 29.

Now in the written word, a *decree* of God is found, which shews who are the chosen and the saved people; He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved. The chosen people therefore are a race of true believers, convinced by God's Spirit of their ruined state; endowed with divine faith, by which they seek to Christ for help; and seeking to obtain pardon, peace and holiness. And an experience of these blessings brings assurance of election. Thus the *written* word unfolds the secret rolls of heaven. By grace a sinner is enabled to believe; and through believing finds salvation, witnessed to his heart by the Holy Spirit.

Jesus Christ, the *bread of life*, is freely offered in the gospel to every hungry famished soul. Such are prepared for the bread, and the bread prepared for such. And these should never pore upon the doctrine of election, but muse upon the gospel promises, and call on Jesus confidently to fulfil

them. He turns no real beggar from his gate, though full of sores and vermin. His heart is lined with sweet compassion, and his hands are stored with gifts. He has supplies for all wants; legs for a lame beggar, eyes for a blind one, cordials for a faint one, garments for a naked one, a fountain for a filthy one, and a rope for a sham beggar, who asks for mercy, and yet talks of merit.

Every one, who feels the plague of his heart, may come to Jesus. He gives them all a gracious invitation, and will afford a hearty welcome. Hear his words, Him, that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out: John vi. 37. *in no wise!* though vile as Manasseh, filthy as Magdalen, guilty as the cross-thief, or ten times more so, Jesus will *in no wise* cast him out. Strange tidings to a Pharisee!

But a weary soul, who is *sick and poor, and blind and miserable, and naked,* should come just as he is, just as the patients in Judea did, and not stay to fit himself for a cure. This is a sorry trick of the legal heart, which wants to *purchase* favour, and take the work out of the Saviour's hands. The feeling of our sickness makes us *fit* for the physician; and when we seek to him, every fancied recommendation of our own must be cast aside, like the robe of Bartimeus, else it twines about the feet, throws a sinner down, and prevents his walk to Jesus.

It is the Saviour's office, as it is his honour, and his heart's delight, to save a sinner freely: to call, and wash, and heal, and clothe, and feed a prodigal at his own expence. He asks no recommendation, but our misery and helplessness; and does relieve his patients now, as he relieved them in Judea, out of mere compassion. All that seek in his appointed way, will be saved graciously, and love the Saviour heartily. He makes them happy, wise and holy, and they give him all the praise. He puts the

crown at last upon their head, and they return it to his feet, as a due acknowledgement, that the crown was purchased by his merit, and bestowed through his mercy. Thus Jesus will be ever glorious, ever lovely, in a ransomed sinner's eyes; and eternity will seem too short to utter half his praise.

Now, Sir, what discouragement can you find in this doctrine to make it frightful? The gospel bids us give all diligence to make our calling and election sure: 2 Peter i. 10. Such as feel their ruined state, are graciously invited to partake of mercy; and all, who seek with diligence, are assured they shall find; and when they find the peace and love of God shed in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, an inward evidence of their election is obtained, and by a growth in grace it is confirmed.

Thus an awakened sinner, who feels his misery, has no cause to be alarmed at the doctrine; and a sinner fast asleep, will commonly despise it. He wants no drawings of God's Spirit; he is *wise* enough to draw himself: nor needs a shepherd's care to fetch him to the fold; he is *strong* enough to fetch himself: nor can bear the Lord should say, I have chosen you; he is *old* enough to choose for himself. He can climb into the fold by his own nimble legs, and keep himself there by his ready wit: no thanks to the Shepherd. And he looks and talks so bravely, one is almost grieved to hear the Shepherd say, A climber is a thief: John x. 1. and by that word condemn him to the gallows.

Sinners perish through security; and this doctrine of election brings a little friendly thunder to arouse them. They think salvation is the work of man; and presume they may repent and turn to God just when they please, to-morrow or the next day, as well as in the present day, and so are unconcerned about it. But here they find an awful truth: It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy:

Rom. ix. 16. It is therefore time to look about them, to ask, and seek, and knock, lest the door should be shut.

But what avails our seeking, you reply, unless we are elected? Sir, I say again, your business does not lie with the *secret rolls* of heaven, but with the *written word* on earth; and the written word declares, Ye shall seek and find me, when ye search for me with all your heart: Jer. xxix. 13. Whoever thinks himself an elected person, and does not seek, as God requires, with all his heart, will find himself most dreadfully confounded. And such as seek with all their heart, yet doubt of their election, will find at length that God is their covenant-God in Christ. And when by seeking, they have found him so, they will some time be made to see that grace alone, electing grace, did give them both the will to seek, and the power to find.

None can come to Jesus, except the Father draws them. Yet sinners do not perish, because they cannot come, but because they *will not* come. Jesus says, Ye *will not* come to me, that ye may have life: John v. 40. Man's ruin lieth wholly in his own perverse will. He cannot come, because he will not; help enough is provided, were he willing; but he will not heartily accept of Jesus, as his only Prophet, Priest, and King; his heart will not submit to be *wholly* saved by grace through faith.

When the will is well subdued, and grace alone subdues it, Christ is ready for a sinner, and the promises invite him sweetly unto Christ: Whosoever *will*, let him come; and again, Ho, every one that thirsteth, come: Rev xxii. 17. Isa. lv. 1.

Thus salvation is of the Lord *alone*, and damnation *wholly* from ourselves. Men perish, because they will not come to Jesus; yet if they have a will to come, it is God who works the will in them; grace, electing grace, both draws the will,

and keeps it steady; and to grace be all the praise.*

Your doctrine of election, I confess, is bravely sweetened by another portion of your creed, called perseverance. If the former seems a sour pill, this is quite a honeycomb. I never heard till lately of this doctrine, and learnt it then by accident. Last Midsummer I went to Gamble fair, and when the market was well over, a knot of graziers, old acquaintances, dined with me at a public house. Being seated round a table, a pert young fellow stepped into the room, who swung his hat into the window, and thrust his chair among us, to partake of the ordinary. His name, we learnt afterwards, was Mr. Fulsome; and his mother's maiden name was Miss Wanton. Mr. Fulsome was mighty still at dinner, and played his knife and fork exceedingly well; no man better. But when the cloth was removed, and some few tankards had gone round, Mr. Fulsome's face looked like the red lion, painted on my landlord's sign, and then his mouth began to open. He talked swimmingly about religion, and vapoured much in praise of perseverance. Each fresh tankard threw a fresh light on his subject, and drew out a fresh head of discourse. "No sin he said, can hurt me. I have had a call, and my election is safe. Satan may *pound* me, if he please; but Jesus must *replevy* me. What care I for drunkenness or whoredom, for cheating or a little lying? These sins may hurt another, but they cannot hurt me. Let me wander where I will from God, Jesus Christ must fetch me back again. I may *fall*, a thousand times, but I shall *rise* again; yes, I may fall exceeding *foully*." And so he did, Doctor; for

* This was the maxim which he invariably adhered to, during the last twenty years of his life. He has been heard to declare, that, after much reading, and much reflection, he saw so many difficulties attending the Systems of Religion, which had chiefly engaged his thoughts, that he was become very moderate. His chief aim was to magnify the grace of God, and exalt the Saviour in the salvation of sinners; to provoke unto love, and to good works; and to evince, that man's ruin was of himself.

instantly he pitched with his head upon the floor, and the tankard in his hand. The tankard was recovered; but no one thought it worth their while to lift up Mr. Fulsome; nor did he rise from his foul fall, according to his prophecy: we left him silent on the floor, when the shot was paid. Oh, Doctor, what must we say of such professors?

The very same, Sir, that Paul says, Their damnation is just: Rom. iii. 8. Such scandalous professors are found at all times, in our day, and Paul's day; yet he will not renounce the doctrine of perseverance, but having given these licentious their dose, he declares a firm persuasion afterwards, that nothing shall be able to separate true believers from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus: Rom. viii. 38, 39.

Jesus Christ, the shepherd of the flock, declares, I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand: John x. 28. Yes, he affirms, The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee: Isaiah liv. 10.

What right have you to pray for perseverance, unless it is a gift of the covenant? You may only pray for what is freely promised; and what is promised has been purchased for believers; and being purchased for them, will be surely given to them, else the purchase were in vain.

Pardon of sin is promised, I will forgive their iniquities, and remember their sins no more: Jer. xxxi. 33, 34; therefore I may ask for pardon.

Grace is promised to subdue our evil nature, Sin shall not have dominion over you; he will subdue our iniquities: Rom. vi. 14. Micah vii. 19. therefore I may ask for sanctifying grace.

Perseverance too is promised, I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn

away from them to do good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me: Jer. xxxii. 40. therefore I may ask for persevering grace, and should ask with confidence, as David did. The Lord, he says, will perfect that which does concern me; therefore he prays, Forsake not the work of thine own hands: Psalm cxxxviii. 8.

God's promises are the foundation for our prayers; and were designed not to make the means of grace needless, but to stir men up to a diligent use of them. A gracious heart maketh this use; but a corrupt heart turns the grace of God into wantonness, and no legal terrors would prevent it. The thunders, lightnings, and earthquakes, which shook mount Sinai, almost terrified the Israelites to death; yet a few days after, we find them brisk and jolly, setting up an idol, and dancing round it merrily. And such is human nature, almost killed with fear at an awful providence, yet laughing at that fear when the shock is over. Nothing but the grace of God can set the heart right, and keep it steady.

The doctrine of perseverance affords a stable prop to upright minds, yet lends no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts. It brings a cordial to revive the saint, and keeps a guard to check the froward. The *guard*, attending on this doctrine, is sergeant *If;* low in stature, but lofty in significance; a very valiant guard, though a monosyllable. Kind notice has been taken of the sergeant by Jesus Christ and his apostles; and much respect is due unto him from all the Lord's recruiting officers, and every soldier in his army.

Pray listen to the sergeant's speech: If ye continue in my word, then ye are my disciples indeed: John viii. 31. If ye do these things, ye shall never fall: 2 Pet. i. 10. If what ye have heard, shall abide in you, ye shall continue in the Son and in the Father: 1 John ii. 24. We are made par-

takers of Christ, if we hold stedfast unto the end: Heb. iii. 14. Whoso looketh and continueth (that is, if he that looketh does continue) in the perfect law of liberty, that man shall be blessed in his deed: James i. 25.

Yet, take notice, Sir, that sergeant *If*, is not of Jewish but of christian parentage; not sprung from Levi, though a son of Abraham; no sentinel of Moses, but a watchman for the camp of Jesus. He wears no dripping beard, like the circumcised race; and is no legal blustering *condition* to purchase man's salvation, but a modest gospel *evidence* to prove the truth of grace. He tells no idle tales, that the sheep of Christ may perish; and a child of God mistake his way, while his guide is fast asleep, and ramble down to hell: but knowing there are various works, which are but mimics of a work of grace, he kindly standeth on the king's highway of faith, producing peace and holiness; and telleth passengers, *if* you continue walking in this way, your perseverance proves your faith is true; for faith, which comes from God, endures, and brings men safe to God.

Perseverance *makes* us not in Christ, but *shows* we are so; unites no branch unto the vine, but proves it is united; merits not the crown of heaven, but shows our walk is heaven-ward. A persevering walk, is an *evidence* that we are blest with persevering grace; and are not of them, who draw back unto destruction, but of them, who believe to the saving of the soul: Heb. x. 39.

When this little sergeant is neglected, and appeareth to be scouted, bad effects ensue. Chaffy hearers, resting on a shallow work, are dancing after all new doctrines, and stirring up confusion; Upright people often grow remiss, and through a sauntering foot are apt to trip, and lose their evidences; preaching too becomes a sore travail; a needful rod for the preacher's back, to make him friendly with the sergeant; and occasion may be

taken, by them who seek occasion, to revile the doctrine.

When Jesus says, I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; this secures the perseverance of the saints. And when he further says, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; this shews that actual perseverance in the way of faith and holiness, must be my *evidence* to prove that I am one of his sheep. A belief of the doctrine of perseverance cannot save me, without the grace of perseverance.

In the Old Testament, the saint's perseverance is thus expressed: They that are planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God; they shall still bring forth fruit in old age: they shall be fat and flourishing: to show that the Lord is upright; that is, faithful to his word, and does not forsake his people: Psalm xcii. 13, 14, 15.

In the New Testament, perseverance is described by the good ground, which hears the word, and keeps it, and brings forth fruit with patience: Luke viii. 15.

This doctrine yields no real shelter to licentiousness or laziness. If perseverance is promised to the saints; then I must be found persevering in the path of duty and the means of grace, else the doctrine does condemn me, and destroy my evidence.

St. Peter exhorts all Christians, to make their calling and election sure; not taking up this matter on light grounds, but using all diligence to be assured of it, by adding unto faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, and charity. His meaning is, prove your grace by growth in grace; where heavenly seed is sown, it brings a harvest. And there is need of such an exhortation. Appearances of grace and faith are often found, which flash and sparkle for a while, like meteors in the sky, and then vanish quite away.

Some, like the foolish virgins, bear a lighted lamp, and keep up Christian fellowship, yet have no oil in their vessels, no grace in their hearts: some, like Judas, preach the gospel-word, and cast out devils from the hearts of others, but remain themselves the devil's bond-slaves: some, like stony ground, receive the word with eagerness, and find refreshment from it; yet having no root, they take offence at persecution, and take their leave of Jesus: to some God gives *another* heart, as he gave to Saul: 1 Sam. x. 9. but not a *new* heart; and such may prophecy, as Saul did, for a season; and taste the joy which prophets taste; yet be rejected from the kingdom, as Saul was. The sower's parable instructs us that many are awakened, enlightened, and reformed in a measure, who seem hopeful for a time, yet having not a rooted faith in Christ, they dwindle quite away. These are awful evidences of that solemn and repeated word, many are called but few are chosen: Matt. xx. 16—xxii. 14.

No dependence can be placed upon a present reformation, nor on short lived impressions from the word of joy or sorrow: but a growth in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, must be sought as the crowning evidence of all the rest. The vineyard, which the Lord planteth, will be kept and watered by him every moment: Isaiah xxvii. 3.; *kept* by him, that none may hurt it; *watered* by him, that it may thrive and bear fruit. The thriving and fruit-bearing of a vine, discovers it to be of God's planting.

But you ask, Are none recovered after sad and heinous backslidings? Yes, Sir; but not without the grace afforded of a bitter sad repentance. When backsliders live and die in a course of sin, without repentance, they are lost undoubtedly. This case is determined in both the Testaments, Jesus says, Except ye repent, ye shall all perish: Luke xiii. 3, 5. And Isaiah saith, When a righteous man

turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquities, and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done, he shall die: Ezek. xviii. 26. Such final backsliding is the case of all the stony and thorny ground hearers, and shews the heart was never truly brought to God. Men may seem to be religious, walk in *righteous* paths, for a season, and be called *righteous* men, to difference them from the openly profane, and yet be unconverted men. By a sober education they may walk a while decently, as Jehoash did, though not devoutly; be civilized, though not evangelized; or they might hear the word from a Samuel's mouth, as Saul heard; and become *another* man, as Saul became, but not a *new* man: 1 Sam. x. 6. 2 Cor. v. 17. If backsliders had been real children, God would have scourged them well with scorpions, and broken all their bones, as David's were, and fetched them home with streaming eyes and bleeding heart: Psalm lxxxix. 31, 32, 33.

When repentance is afforded after heinous backsliding, a few examples are recorded in the scripture, to encourage such to call on God, and hope for mercy; and when Jesus breaks a heart for sin, his blood will heal it. But if backsliders fancy, they must all be restored by repentance, because David was restored, and Peter was; they might as well suppose, they must be all translated into heaven without dying, because Enoch and Elijah were.

To sin, presuming on repentance, and a future call, is such a devilish motive, and carries such a cloven foot, as shews a case is horrid bad indeed: this was not Peter's case, nor David's. The most alarming thunder in the book of God, is levelled at such horrible presumption. If any bless himself in his heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk after the imaginations of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst (that is, sin to sin), the Lord will not spare that man; but the anger of the Lord

and his jealousy shall smoke against that man; and all the curses which are written in this book shall lay upon him: Deut. xxix. 19, 20.

Indeed, Doctor, I can see no reason to object against the doctrine of perseverance, when attended by the sergeant's guard. While they walk hand in hand together, the doctrine is a spur to diligence, and the sergeant is a check to wantonness or laziness. But how comes it that the world takes such high offence at these doctrines, and loathes the preachers and professors of them? Nay, we are told, that some very honest folks, who are cast in a gospel-foundry, often ring a fire-bell to quench these very doctrines. And you may think it makes us titter, when we hear a cry of fire, and see some engines from the foundry playing on the tabernacle-pulpit. It is pretty sport for us when the gospel-men pull noses, and the gospel-dames pull caps. Such frays makes us laugh delightfully, and yield a venison feast for the 'Squire and the Vicar. "Now these rogues begin to quarrel, we shall hear of all their tricks," they cry. When the Dean of Tottenham died, his chapels we supposed would tumble down of course; but they keep upon their legs we hear, and the pulpits are becrowded most amazingly. Our schoolmaster is reputed a very topping scholar; he can write Italian hand, read a Latin dictionary, manage vulgar fractions, and give you twenty nimble reasons for every thing: and he says, the doctrines of grace will never be abandoned by those who are tinctured with them. For every one who slips unto them, drops into a quagmire, and is swallowed up directly. He compares the doctrines to Polyphemus's den, where many went in, but none came out; all were eaten up alive in the cave by the monster.

Sir, I perceive your schoolmaster is an arch fellow; and, like his neighbours, useth wanton tricks to put modest truth out of countenance. A fool's

cap, thrust upon the head of a serious truth, or a grave judge, will make them both appear ridiculous, when nothing else could. However, truth will not be thrust out of doors, though often put to the blush. She may change her countenance, but cannot change her nature, nor will desert her post. Yet, if religious truth meets with lewd opposers, I must confess, she sometimes meets with wanton advocates, who hang upon her skirts, and claim acquaintance with her, and bring disgrace upon her, though she disclaims them utterly.

Scandalous professors are found in every age, who warp the doctrines of grace to sanctify their wickedness. Like the spider or the toad, every thing such lewd men feed upon, is turned into poison. Paul speaks of these and says, Their belly is their God, and they glory in their shame: Phil. iii. 19. Peter calls them, Spots in their love-feasts; sporting themselves with their own deceivings; cursed children; having eyes full of adultery, and hearts exercised with covetous practices: 2 Peter. ii. 13, 14. And Jude can scarcely keep his temper, while he brands them, as brute beasts; filthy dreamers; walking after their own lusts; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; clouds without water, carried about with every wind; wandering stars, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever: Jude. 10, 12, 13.

Such professors, you see, were found in the apostles' days; and will arise at all times, and give a just offence to serious minds; and because these *brute beasts* are always babbling about faith and grace, this sets the world of course against the doctrines. They are condemned as poisonous, because abused by hypocrites; and every preacher of the doctrines is supposed to be an open or a secret advocate for vice. Even satan seems a much more harmless creature than a Calvinist. If he has got one cloven foot, a Calvinist, be sure, has two.

But, Sir, the abuse of doctrines is no argument to prove the doctrines themselves are hurtful. The blessings of providence are full as much abused as the doctrines of grace: yet none reject the providential blessings because of their abuse. If all my countrymen were drunkards and gluttons, this would be no argument for my rejecting food and liquor, but a good caution to use them temperately. And if my brethren, who profess the doctrines of grace, should all agree to wear them as a cloak for wickedness, this would be no reason for my rejecting the doctrines, but a strong caution not to wear the cloak myself. The apostles did not reject the doctrines of grace, because a wicked use was made of them: no more should you or I.

The common run of Christians do not regard the doctrines of grace, and thousands live in open sin, and cheer their hearts in sin, by saying, God is *merciful*. The doctrines of grace cannot be more abused than the mercy of God is; nor afford a sweeter handle for licentiousness; yet no horrid outcry is raised at this abuse. Many mind it not; and others pass it softly over without saying it is wrong. But sure God's honour is as much concerned, in this abuse, as in the other. And since men can bear to have the *mercy* of God abused, but take a violent offence when the doctrines of grace are perverted, this sheweth that the mere abuse of these doctrines is not the chief ground of the world's outcry. The doctrines themselves are hateful, because they batter human pride, undermine all human merit, lay the human worm in the dust, and give the glory of salvation wholly unto God. Nature cannot bear this: she would not have salvation as a *lost*, but as a *decent* sinner: nor become an heir of glory by a mere election of God and faith in Jesus, but by some noble plea of merit: nor would she walk in duty's path, through the Holy Spirit's aid, but by her own gouty ankles. With some reluctance she endureth to go snacks

with Jesus, but will never bear to be wholly saved by *grace*, it is so pitiful a way, so much beneath her dignity! What! If she is become a captive, and the devil's captive, she was once an empress, and will never wear a crown, through another's generous purchase, but by her own exploits and decent share of merit.

It is not possible to preach the doctrines of grace, nor even to profess them without the world's indignation and censure. If every preacher was a Timothy, and all professors were Nathaniels, still the world would hold them in abhorrence, think them satan's troops, and call them wolves in sheep cloathing. Paul affirms that himself and fellow-labourers were slandered as licentious men, who said, Let us do evil that good may come: Rom. iii. 8. And Peter intimates, that all the Christians were spoken against as evil doers: 1 Peter ii. 12. Now, Sir, if the preachers, in the purest age of the church, were slandered as licentious men; and professors were reviled as a race of evil-doers, it is no marvel that the slander rolls along through all succeeding ages.

And what could give occasion to this slander? Not the evil conduct of the first preachers and professors, but their nauseous doctrines, which made old nature sick. Preachers said, and converts did profess, that men are justified by faith, without the deeds of the law; chosen of God before the foundation of the world; called by grace; kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation; and saved not according to their own works, but according to God's purpose and grace: Rom. iii. 28. —Ephes. i. 4.—Heb. ix. 15.—1 Pet. i. 5.—2 Tim. i. 9.

Such preaching, though attended with much practical instruction, smelt so horrid nauseous, and appeared so licentious, that a heathen stomach puked at it. Loose as the gentiles were, they could loathe a Christian for his supposed evil prin-

ciples; and did condemn them all, apostles and their flocks, as the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things.

And if this was the case in the purest age, what else can be expected in succeeding ages? But you say, we sojourn in a baptized country. True: the country swarmeth with baptized rakes, baptized worldings, and baptized infidels. A watery profession, without the Spirit's baptism, will never wash the heart from pride, and subdue it to the gospel-doctrines; and legal righteousness will set the heart still more against them. No one can truly bear the doctrines till he cannot bear himself.

Jesus Christ inviteth them that are weary of themselves, and laden with their guilt and sinful nature. Only such received him in Judea, and only such receive him in Great Britain. These are prepared for his gospel, know what poverty of spirit means, and feel that brokenness of heart, which God delighteth in, and where he only dwells.

These are the gospel subjects; but, alas! how few! And where must we find them, in leather or prunello, in camblet or in sarcenet? They are a *little flock* indeed, who have been taught to say with Job, and say with deep compunction, We abhor ourselves: Job xliii. 6. Yet Job was called a *perfect* man, by one who knew what is in man: but Job wanted breaking down before he could truly say, Behold, I am vile: xl. 4. And when the furnace had well melted him, disclosed his dross and filthy scum, and made him *loathesome* to himself, then the work was done. The furnace cooled presently; his sorrows fled away; and peace and plenty smiled on him.

The doctrines of grace are highly repugnant to the pride of our arminian nature; yet none forsake the doctrines who have gained a clear sight of them. They are abused by some, as every good thing is, but are abandoned by none. Arminians, who have received a ray of gospel-light, desert

their ranks frequently: but a Calvinist will never leave his standard; he dies at the foot of his colours. A clear sight of grace is so exceeding glorious, it keeps the heart steady to the doctrines.

Perhaps you think a Calvinist maintains his ground because it is bestrewed with roses, and suits licentious purposes. But, Sir, this calumny is grown exceedingly stale; it was broached first in Paul's day, and poured on him liberally! and sprinkled on his hearers; and has begrimed his followers in all succeeding ages. If the slander sticks on us, it cleaves to Paul abundantly: because he tapped this nauseous vessel, which turns the human stomach and makes it rave with indignation.

These doctrines suit a contrite spirit; and are drank not at Circe's bowl to intoxicate the mind; but as a grace-cup to cheer the heart, and keep it steady under trials. They do not prove a *monster's den*, as you suppose, where all are eaten up who enter in; but a *banquet-house*, where pilgrims find such sweet repast they have no will to leave it.

If I seemed tedious on this article, the misguided zeal of some, I hope, well-minded people, has constrained me; who have taken most outrageous pains to blacken Calvinism. Whatever ridicule a sparkling fancy could suggest; whatever filth or ordour could be raked together, has been cast upon it. The looseness of a few is charged on all the rest; and a devil's coat is put upon a Calvinist like some condemned heretic; and in this flaming raiment he is held aloft, as an horrid bugbear, to frighten simple-hearted people.

Well, but Doctor, one thing somewhat gravels me, that these doctrines will not relish with the present age, though they are *established*. The law, the homilies, the articles, the prayer-book, all afford protection to them, and yet they cannot stand upon their legs: pray, what makes them prove so rickety?

Sir, your question may be answered by another. Can any good thing keep its head above water in the present age? If the doctrines of grace are rejected, is not the word of God despised too, and the house of God deserted, and the name of God blasphemed every where? The Bible, like an old almanack, is either cast out of doors, or cast upon a solitary shelf, to be buried there in dust and covered with a winding sheet, weaved by a spider. How should the doctrines keep upon their legs, when the Bible, which contains them, is fallen upon the ground.

Unless a *spirit of grace* is poured out upon a land, the *doctrines of grace* cannot be heartily received; because they fight with every dictate of depraved nature. The first lesson to be learnt in Christ's school, is, *deny thyself* every thing that belongs to *self;* not *self*-pleasing only, and *self*-interest, but all *self*-sufficiency; *self*-will, *self*-potence, and *self*-righteousness: and these are heavy crosses to be taken up.

The law was *established* with divine solemnity among the Israelites; yet they were evermore deserting this establishment, and warping to idolatry. And how were they reclaimed? By a prophet's mouth, you say. True; but a prophet's mere preaching could no more reclaim the people than a prophet's dancing. God gave a promise to his prophet, I will pour upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the *Spirit of grace* and supplication, and so the work was done. Where the *Spirit of grace* fell, a change was wrought.

Even so it fares with the gospel, which can no more be kept on foot, than the law was, without a supernatural power. Men will desert the doctrines and the precepts of the gospel, for these go hand in hand; nor can human establishments prevent it. Establishments may keep up forms, but Christ alone can give the power. A fanciful alliance may be framed between church and state; but

the church's whole support is from the church's head. The government is laid upon his shoulder; and he will never prosper doctrines which oppose his grace: such preaching will be chaff and stubble, and the preachers grow contemptible.

When a Christian church becomes exceedingly depraved; when its nobles are as ravening wolves; and its prophets daub them with untempered mortar; when its watchmen are grown blind, love to slumber, and are looking every one for his gain; and the people, great and small, given unto covetousness: *then*, *unless* the Lord revives his work by pouring out his Spirit from on high, the church's candlestick is quite removed, and she becomes a sister to the African and Asiatic churches.

Mahometanism is the gulph provided by the Lord for his abandoned churches to be drowned in. They first deny the God who made and bought them; which drives them to the synagogue of Arius; another gentle step leads them to the chapel of Socinus; and half a pace more brings them briskly to the mosque of Mahomet.

Doctor, I am told by the Vicar, that his brethren drop the doctrine of justification by faith alone, because it seems unfriendly to morality. And he says, the *Whole Duty of Man* was sent abroad as a public bellman to cry the doctrine down. The clergy now are straining all their nerves in support of common duties; and seem so fervent in this matter, that a jackdaw dares not perch upon the steeple, while they are shouting in the pulpit for morality. They give a lash sometimes at fornication when the 'Squire keeps from church; but do exclaim against all thieving and hedge-breaking most delightfully. Indeed, their lungs have been so often strained by uncommon zeal for morality, that they are forced to wind up matters very speedily. Many cannot roar above ten minutes at a preaching for want of breath; and others are constrained to keep a journeyman to shout for them.

Sir, morality, like beauty, is a charming object: but, like beauty, often is made up with paint. Such seems morality at present: a pretty plaything when dandled on a consecrated cushion, or chanted in a modern midnight conversation; but it will not keep men from an ale-house, nor from a bawdy-house. The people, who are chiefly loaded with morality, are the booksellers; and they have got a shop full, but are sick of the commodity, and long to part with it. Though gilt and lettered on the back, it moulds upon a shelf, like any Bible: and Mr. Hale's tract, on salivation, will post away through ten editions before a modest essay on morality can creep through one.

The *Whole Duty of Man* was sent abroad with a good intent, but has failed of its purpose, as all such teaching ever will. Morality has not thriven since its publication; and never can thrive unless grounded *wholly* upon grace. The heathens, for want of this foundation, could do nothing. They spoke some noble truths, but spoke to men with withered limbs and loathing appetites. They were like way-posts, which shew a road but cannot help a cripple forwards; and many of them preached brisker morals than are often taught by their modern friends. In their way they were skilful fishermen, but fished without the gospel-bait, and could catch no fry. And after they had toiled long in vain, we take up their angle-rods, and dream of more success, though not possessed of half their skill.

God has shewn how little human wit and strength can do to compass reformation. Reason has explored the moral path, planted it with roses, and fenced it round with motives, but all in vain. Nature still recoils; no motives drawn from Plato's works, nor yet from Jesus's gospel, will of *themselves* suffice. No cords will bind the heart to God and duty but the cord of grace.

Man is conceived amd born in sin; what can he he do? Nature is sunk and fallen; and nature's

creed is this, VIDEO MELIORA PROBOQUE, DETERIORA SEQUOR, I see and I approve the better path, but take the worse. Nature may be *overruled* for a time by violent restraints; but nature must be *changed*, or nothing yet is done. The tree must first be made good before the fruit is good. A filthy current may be stopped; but that brook is filthy still though it cease to flow. The course of nature may be checked by some human dam, yet opposition makes the current rise, and it will either burst the dam or break out other ways. Restrained sensuality often takes a miser's cap, or struts in pharisaic pride. Nothing but the salt of grace can heal the swampy ground of nature; as Elisha's salt, a type of grace, healed the naughty waters and the barren grounds of Jericho: 2 Kings ii. 20, 21.

The law is not given to make a sinner *righteous*. Through the *weakness of his flesh* it has no power to justify or sanctify him. It shews the path of duty, but neither lends a crutch to lame travellers, nor gives a heavenly title unto sinners. Paul knew the use of the law, and delares, It was added because of transgression: Gal. iii. 19. It was *added* to the promise made to Abraham, which contained the covenant of grace, and was added *because of transgressions*, that men might know what heinous things they were.

Again, The law entered, that the offence might abound: Rom. v. 20. The offence (TO PARAPTOMA, the fall) of Adam, mentioned in verse 15, was a sin with penalty of death; but no such penalty had been annexed to any sin, besides *murder*, from Adam unto Moses. Men knew themselves to be offenders, but did not know that death was the penalty of each offence, till the law pronounced a curse on every one who continued not in all things: Deut. xxvii. 26.—Gal. iii. 10. Then they saw that death was the wage of every sin. Thus, when the law entered (TO PARAPTOMA) the offence, with

penalty of death, did abound; and the law entered, that such offence *might* abound, to certify sinners of their *lost* condition, and their utter need of a Saviour. Hence we read, The law worketh wrath, not our justification, but our condemnation: Rom. iv. 15. and by the law is the knowledge of sin: Rom. iii. 20. The law, by its penalty, discovers my condemned state; and by its spirituality, discloses my *corrupted heart*. Therefore Paul says, I through the law am dead to the law: Gal. ii. 19. dead to all expectation from it, either to justify my person or to sanctify my nature. And his conclusion is this, Wherefore the law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith: Gal. iii. 24. The law sends us unto Jesus, not with recommendations in our hand, but with condemnations in our bosom; and is meant to empty us of every fancied legal hope arising from our own obedience; and force the heart to seek salvation *wholly* by grace through faith.

When the law has done this office, and sent a sinner wounded, poor and naked, to the good Samaritan, then it becomes a *rule of life* in the Mediator's hand. And Jesus having justified a sinner by his blood and righteousness, sanctifies him by his word and Spirit. The work belongs to Christ *alone* as Saviour; and a believer's business is to live upon him wholly, calling on him fervently, trusting in him stedfastly, and by a life of faith, to receive from his fulness a supply for every want. No real holiness of heart, nor true morality in life, can be had but through him, and by faith in him. He is the true vine, producing every branch with all its leaves and grapes; and is the green fir-tree, from whom our fruit is found: Hos. xiv. 8.

For a century past the noble building of God's grace has been shored up with legal buttresses; Moses is called in hastily to underprop his master Jesus: *Galatian* anvils are brought up, and gospel doctrines hammered thin, and beaten out upon them:

Jesus can behold no cast of grace in his own gospel: and Paul, were he alive, would cry aloud, Who has bewitched you, O foolish Britons?

Now, Sir, I ask, what good effects have been produced by this modern gospel? A century is time sufficient to give us full experience of it. Do we find more praying families, more crowded churches, and more empty jails? Are ropes pulled oftener in a chiming steeple, and stretched seldomer at Tyburn? Can we travel roads with more safety, and sleep with fewer bolts upon our doors? Are play-houses, gaming-houses, and bawdy-houses, become exceeding rare; and their owners grown very meagre, quite abashed at their occupation? Have we more preaching bishops and pains-taking clergy, more stanch patriots and upright lawyers, more gentle masters and faithful servants, and more fair dealing practised in buying and selling?

Alas! Sir, you know, and I know the contrary. Adultery and whoredom, gluttony and drunkenness, cursing and swearing, gaming and gambling, diversion and dissipation, are become so common as to make the fashion: and sodomy, the last scum of a filthy land, is bubbling in the pot apace, and boiling over. Wickedness has found a whore's forehead; it wears no mask, and fears no censure. Ever since the new gospel showed its face, profaneness and infidelity have been pouring in, like a sweeping rain, and overflowing the land. God has lost his worship, Christ has lost his office, scripture has lost its credit, and morality has lost its carcase. It is become a pageant, held up in a pulpit, but seldom noticed out of it; and as for holiness, it is the land's abhorrence. The Christian title, *saint*, not applied in scripture to apostles, but to all believing churches, is become a name exceeding fulsome. A Christian nose will wind up, like a bottle-screw, at the mention of it; and Esau cannot vomit out his spleen on Jacob more effectually than to cry, *You saint*.

Sir, these things are notorious; and a judicial consequence of departing from the scripture doctrines. God will bear no witness to any doctrines but his own. All endeavours for a reformation will be blasted, when they build on human merit, will, and power; and are not grounded *wholly* on the grace of Christ. A legion of discourses have been published on morality, and a little host of volumes have appeared against infidelity; yet immorality and infidelity are making rapid progress through the land. And how can this be well accounted for, if the modern gospel is the gospel of Christ Jesus?

Where the doctrines of grace are truly preached, a spirit of grace will be poured forth to make the word effectual. For thus the Lord speaketh, As the rain cometh down from heaven, and watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud; so shall my word be, it shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper: Isa. lv. 10, 11. And again, If the prophets had caused my people to hear my words, (had truly delivered my doctrine) then they should have turned the people from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings: Jer. xxiii. 22. And this was spoken also of such prophets, as ran before they were sent, (verse 21) had no commission from the Lord, yet of these the Lord says, If they had caused the people to hear my words, they should have turned them from their evil ways. Though they were interlopers, or even hypocrites, yet like Elijah's raven, they should have carried meat in their mouth to feed a mother, which they tasted not themselves. Judas, though himself a devil, casteth devils out of others, when he went in Christ's name, and preached Christ's word.

Now, Sir, the case standeth thus: God has promised a reformation, when his word is truly preached; but no reformation is produced by the modern preaching; things are visibly declining from bad to worse. Therefore we must conclude, either the word of a faithful God is fallen to the ground, or

his word has not been preached faithfully. If God is not to blame, the preachers are and must be so.

For a long season, the good old church doctrines have been much forsaken; by some they are derided, and by many are deserted. Yet no doctrines can build the church of Christ up, but those which planted it. We may labour much in lopping off loose branches of immorality and infidelity, yet nothing will be done effectually, till the axe is laid at the tree's root. The root is cankered, and while it remains so, the lopping off a cankered branch, will only cause more cankered shoots.

The fall of Adam, and the total ruin of man's nature by that fall, together with his *whole* recovery by Christ, and through faith in him, are become exploded or neglected doctrines. Yet these doctrines are the ground-work of our religion, and prove the need of *regeneration* as well as outward *reformation*, shew the want of a *new nature* as well as *new conduct*. Scripture represents mankind as dead in sin, and dead to God; and dead souls can have no power to help themselves. We are without strength: and therefore God has laid help on one that is *mighty*, able to save unto the uttermost.

Men are rightly treated in a reading desk, and called by their proper name of *miserable sinners:* but in a pulpit they are complimented on the *dignity* of their earthly, sensual, devilish nature; are flattered with a princely *will* and *power* to save themselves; and ornamented with a lusty fadge of *merit*. Justification by faith, the jewel of the gospel covenant, the ground-work of the reformation, the glory of the British church, is now derided as a poor old beggarly element, which may suit a negro or a convict, but will not serve a lofty scribe nor a lewd gentleman. And the covenant of grace, though executed *legally* by Jesus, purchased by his life and death, wrote and sealed with his blood, is deemed of no value, till ratified by Moses. Paul

delares, No other foundation can one lay, *beside* that which is laid, Christ Jesus: 1 Cor. iii. 11. But men are growing *wise above what is written*, and will have two foundations for their hope, their own fancied merit added to the meritorious life and death of Christ.

If an angel should visit our earth, and vend such kind of gospel, as is often hawked from the press and pulpit, though he preached morality with most seraphic fervency, and till his wings dropped off, he would never turn one soul to God, nor produce a single grain of true morality, arising from the *love* of God, and aiming *only* at his glory.

When Nicodemus waits on Jesus, he receives instruction, such as every heart should receive from his teacher. The sermon is recorded as a model for the ministers of Christ to copy after. Nicodemus appears to be a very upright man, though somewhat timid: he was a teacher too in Israel (DIDASKOLOS), and of course explained the two tables, and preached what we call morality; he also was a lowly man, and therefore wanted more instruction; and he came to Jesus with a high opinion of his character, believing him to be a prophet, a teacher come from God.

Had Nicodemus lived in the present age, he would have been esteemed a topping gospel minister, and might have made a notable arch-deacon. For, though a stranger to the *new birth*, and to *faith* in Christ's *atonement*, he was a teacher of morality, a moral man himself, and had full faith in Jesus as a *prophet*. Well, he comes to Christ; and expects, no doubt, a famous lecture on morality; perhaps a handsome compliment for himself; but lo! he hears strange news, Except he is born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God, his kingdom of grace and glory: John iii. 3, 4, 5. A moral conduct shall avail him nothing without a new birth, a new nature from above. The Jewish ruler was a stranger to this doctrine (as some

modern teachers are), and asks a mighty staring question about it; and seemed much bewildered even after Jesus had explained the doctrine.

Yet Nicodemus, as a teacher in Israel, must have read his Bible, and of course understood the necessity of *reformation*, or a *new moral conduct*. And who can be a stranger to this matter, Heathen, Jew, or Christian, whose conscience is not wholly seared? But if Jesus meant a reformation of life by regeneration, his behaviour to the ruler was disingenuous, and cannot well be justified. For on this supposition, Jesus only proposed a matter to Nicodemus which he knew perfectly well; but proposed it craftily under a new name, or a metaphorical expression, which he knew not, and then takes occasion to upbraid the ruler with his ignorance, Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things? Jesus therefore must either mean something more than mere reformation of life, or his conduct towards Nicodemus will appear crafty and captious.

If by regeneration, Jesus did not intend a *moral reformation* of life, but a *spiritual renovation* of nature, a real but secret work of the Holy Spirit on the souls of men, producing a new and spiritual service, and divine communion in that service, then his reproof of the ruler was just; because he might have learnt the doctrine of regeneration from Ezekiel, where God says, I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a new heart and a new spirit, and I will put my Spirit within you: herein consists God's work of *regeneration;* and the *true reformation* results from it, yet by the Lord's hand, for so it follows, And I will cause you to walk in my statutes, and keep my judgments, and do them: Ezek. xxxvi. 25—27.

So, when Moses gives his dying charge to Israel, he tells them, The Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul: Deut. xxx. 6.

Jeremiah also preaches the same doctrine, I will give them one heart, and one way; and I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me: Jer. xxxii. 39, 40. See further, Ezek. xi. 19, 20—Jer. xxiv. 7.—xxxi. 33.—Prov. xvi. 1. —Ps. li. 10.

Much people, who are strangers to the work of regeneration, suppose the new birth is only Christian baptism; and that every one is *born again*, who is baptized. Indeed the new birth may be conveyed with baptismal water; and has been conveyed to an infant, before its birth, or at its birth; as we read of John the Baptist, that he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb; yet the generality of Christians are not born of the Spirit when baptized with water, because no proof is given of it in their childhood, youth, or manhood. No appearance can be found of a heart devoted unto God, which is the fruit of a *spiritual birth*. The nature of a baptized child, belonging to a churchman, is still as froward and as evil as the nature of an unbaptized child belonging to a quaker: which shews that after water-baptism is received, a spiritual birth is wanting still, not merely to moralize the conduct, but to sanctify the heart and devote it unto God.

When Jesus had declared to Nicodemus the necessity of *regeneration*, he then speaks of the *atonement* and of *justification by faith*. As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life: John iii. 14, 15. And so the conference ends.

The Spirit's birth brings a *meetness* for heaven; it teaches men to offer spiritual sacrifices, but gives no right to pardon, nor any claim to eternal life. These blessings are wholly treasured up in Christ, and *only* are obtained through faith in him; even as you heard just now, Whoso believeth on him hath eternal life. Therefore Jesus conducts the

ruler through regeneration to the atonement and justification by faith, and there ends: ends with what truly finished the Christian character, a whole dependence upon Jesus Christ, even after spiritual life is received, and manifested by a holy walk.

Doctor, pray save your breath a little. A small scruple has just popped into my head, and I must be satisfied. You talk about baptism, together with the breadth of your beaver, and the scanty number of your button holes, make me suspect you are some quaker. I do not mean to scandalize that people; they are notable men in business, and honest men too; very friendly with one another, and take special care of their poor; but I will not leave my own church, Doctor. Tell me, then, and tell me honestly, whether you mean to revile the church baptism, by what you said concerning it?

No, Sir, not at all: I only meant to keep you from relying on baptismal water, without the Spirit's baptism. I have no doubt, that infant baptism is attended with the same blessing now, as infant circumcision was formerly. Both the ordinances are of God's appointment, and introductory rites into his visible church on earth. The Jews were saved, as Christians are, by faith: the gospel-covenant belonged to them as well as to ourselves; only the introducing rite was different. And if Jewish children were received into the church's fold by circumcision, why not Christian children too by baptism? Nothing is said to forbid them: Jesus encouraged the bringing little children to him, and rebuked his disciples, when they sought to prevent it. And how can little children now be brought to Jesus, but by baptism?

Long before the law was given, God declares to Abraham, That an uncircumcised child shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant: Gen. xvii. 14. These are awful words, and should be well attended to. The *covenant* here spoken of,

is not the Sinai covenant, but the covenant of grace. Circumcision was the outward sign of this covenant to Abraham, as baptism is to us. The outward rite is different, but the covenant the same. And therefore this awful threat against neglecting infant-circumcision, may cast a further look to the sister-rite of infant-baptism.

I would hate no man, and do condemn no man, for thinking differently in this matter; yea, I feel a tender brother's love for many, and can lay them on my heart, though they do think differently: yet surely it behoveth every parent to act cautiously. No harm can possibly arise from baptizing an infant; but harm may arise from neglecting baptism. Such neglect may be considered as contempt: so it was considered formerly, and so it may now.

But enough of this matter: your suspicions drew me from my proper walk; and now, Sir, I return to finish it. When the doctrines of regeneration and justification by faith, become despised or deserted doctrines, the labours of the clergy will prove useless, their persons will grow cheap, their office seem contemptible, and they at length may be ashamed of their *function* and their *livery*.

The present age would fain be called a learned age, and the giddy people think themselves a wise people; wise to do evil, but to do good have no knowledge. Reason flirts at revelation, merit spurns the thought of grace, tapers would out-blaze the sun, and human fancies far out-weigh the truths of God.—But, Sir, I must be moving.

A word or two more, Doctor, and then we take a friendly leave. Your visit to the grazier will certainly get wind. Every creature will be staring as you walk through the parish. Your look and gait are primitive; and your beaver would almost fill a bushel. A dozen skimming dish hats, such as gentry wear, might be scooped from it. To-morrow I expect the Vicar at my house, to dine upon a good fat capon, and he will surely make inquiries after

you. Can you put a brief account of faith into my mouth, which may lie at my tongue's end, ready for him when he comes? He will hear what is said patiently; and if he does not approve, he will not revile. He rails at nobody; and has never had a single squabble with the parish since he came, about tithe-eggs, pigs, or turnips.

Faith in Christ, Sir, implies not only a *hearty belief* of the Saviour's doctrines, but a *whole dependence* on the Saviour's person, as our prophet, priest, and king. It requires a careful use of the means of grace, but forbids all trusting in the means. I must read the word of God with care, yet not rely upon my own ability, to make me wise unto salvation, but *wholly* trust in Jesus, as my prophet, to open my dark understanding, and direct me by his Spirit into all saving truth—I must watch against sin, and pray against it too; yet not rely upon my own strength to conquer it, but *wholly* trust in Jesus, as my king, to subdue my will, my tempers, and my affections, by his Spirit; to write his holy law upon my heart, and influence my conduct to his glory—I must be zealous of good works, as zealous to perform them, as if my pardon and a crown of glory could be purchased by them; yet *wholly* trust in Jesus, as my priest, to wash my guilty conscience in his purple fountain, and clothe my naked soul in his glorious righteousness, thereby receiving all my pardon and my title to eternal life.

The life of faith is thus expressed by Paul, Run with patience the race set before you, looking unto Jesus; looking unto him with a single eye continually; and looking so by prayer and faith, as to receive supplies for every want.

Faith is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store. A heart, well nurtured in this precious grace, finds the gospel rest. In time of danger, sickness, or temptation, it flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, but *standeth still and sees the Lord's*

salvation. The eye is singly fixed on Jesus, the heart is calmly waiting for him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls, and Jesus answers, Here I am to save thee!

Indeed, Doctor, I am quite charmed with this account of faith: it is just what our church homilies tell us: it secures the interest of holiness, obedience, and good works, and gives the glory unto God. Why, this is right; man is saved and God is glorified; man is brought to heaven through grace, and sings eternal hallelujahs for it. I wish we heard a little more about this gospel faith, and indeed a little more about Bible-*sin* and *holiness;* but these names, I think, are growing out of date. When I waited on the Vicar to pay my last Easter offerings, I found a fierce young fellow there, just arrived from college, who called himself a soph. He seemed to make a puff at sin and holiness, but talked most outrageously of moral *rectitude* and *obliquity.* I could not then fish out who these *moral* gentry were, but I caught it afterwards in a market, where I sometimes pick up rags of learning. A string of two-legged cattle, with tails growing out of their brains, and hanging down to their breech, rode helter-skelter through the beast-market. The graziers were all in full stare, as you may think: some said they were Frenchmen; some thought they were Jesuits; some said they were Turks, who had fled from the Russians; and some affirmed, they were monkeys, because of their tails: but the clerk of the market coming by, assured us they were a drove of *moral rectitudes,* who had been drinking freely at the Hoop, and railing madly at the Bible, and were going post-haste to lodge with Miss *Moral Obliquity.* So I found that Mr. Moral Rectitude and Mrs. Moral Obliquity were own brother and sister, both of them horned cattle; only one was male and the other female. Doctor, I have no wine to offer; but you shall take a glass of my Hollands gin, before you go; it is

right special. The weather is hazy and may require it; and my heart is quite free to give it.

Sir, I thank you, but I drink no drams. They are too violent for a Christian, whose understanding should be free and calm. Indeed no sort of cordial now is wanted: I am enough refreshed, if you are satisfied.

Well, but Doctor, let me drop a friendly word at parting. Do not pop your head into a house with sash-windows. They are all born without ears; or their ears are slipped into their mouth, and grown to their tongue; they talk at a vast rate, but cannot hear at all. And pray take heed of wasps; the country is wofully infested with them. They buz about every where, rob the parish hives of their proper honey, and fain would drive the labouring bees away. One can scarce read a newspaper, but two or three will settle on it; for they love a sip of printer's ink. Beware lest they settle on your beaver, and sting your crown. Their tails are mighty venomous, and their virtue lieth there. Farewell, Doctor.

Farewell, Sir; grace and peace be with you.

LETTERS, &c.

[A letter from Mr. Berridge to a Clergyman, giving a short account of his Life and conversion, &c. In this letter there are some expressions, which he himself, when his knowledge and experience were more matured, would not have used. This is one instance, where he speaks of making progress in sanctification, before, as he himself acknowledges, he has taken one step in the right road to heaven.—Whereas he soon after knew that real sanctification was only the fruit and effect of union and communion with Christ, the life-giving Head of all true believers.]

Everton, July 3, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

My desire and intention, in this letter, is to inform you what the Lord has lately done for my soul: in order to this, it may be needful to give a little previous information of my manner of life, from my youth up to the present time.

When I was about the age of fourteen, God was pleased to show me that I was a sinner, and that I must be born again before I could enter into his kingdom. Accordingly I betook myself to reading, praying and watching; and was enabled hereby to

make some progress in sanctification. In this manner I went on, though not always with the same diligence, till about a year ago. I thought myself in the right way to heaven, though as yet I was wholly out of the way; and imagining I was travelling towards Sion, though I had never yet set my face thitherwards. Indeed, God would have shown me that I was wrong, by not owning my ministry; but I paid no regard to this for a long time, imputing my want of success to the naughty hearts of my hearers, and not to my own naughty doctrine.

You may ask, perhaps, what was my doctrine? Why, dear Sir, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state, viz. that we are to be justified partly by our faith, and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years, at a curacy, which I served from college; and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly, yet they continued as unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was indeed a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not a whit more of the power. At length I removed to Everton, where I have lived altogether. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success, after two years preaching in this manner, I began to be discouraged, and now some secret misgiving arose in my mind, that I was not right myself. (This happened about Christmas last.) Those misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. Being then under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly.—"Lord, if I am right, keep me so; if I am not right, make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus." After about ten days crying unto the Lord, he was pleased to return an answer to my prayers, and in the following wonderful manner. As I was sitting in my house

one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven, viz. "Cease from thine own works." Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from mine eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for near thirty years.

Do you ask what this rock was? Why, it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ: Acts iv. 12. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works, and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works: Eph. ii. 7, 8. I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted through the beloved: Eph. i. 6. I had hoped to make my peace with God partly through my own obedience to the law, though I am told that peace is only to be had by faith: Rom. v. 1. I had hoped to make myself a child of God by sanctification, though we are told that we are made children of God by faith in Christ Jesus: Gal. iii. 26. I had thought that regeneration, the new birth, or new creature, consisted in sanctification, but now I know it consists in faith: 1 John v. 1. Compare also these two passages together, Gal. vi. 15, and Gal. v. 6, where you will find that the new creature is faith working by love: the apostle adds these words, *working by love*, in order to distinguish a living faith from a dead one. I had thought that sanctification was the way to justification, but now I am assured that sanctification follows after justification; or in other words, that we must first be

justified by faith, before we can have any true sanctification by the Spirit. When we are justified, it is done freely, *i. e.* graciously, without any the least merits of ours, and solely by the grace of God, through Jesus Christ: Rom. iii. 24—28.

All that is previously needful to justification is this, that we are convinced, by the Spirit of God, of our own utter sinfulness: Isa. lxiv. 6. convinced that we are the children of wrath by nature, on account of our birth-sin: Eph. ii. 3. and that we are under the curse of God, on account of actual sin: Gal. iii. 10. And under these convictions come to the Lord Jesus Christ, renouncing all righteousness of our own, and relying solely on him, who is appointed to be the Lord our righteousness: Jer. xxiii. 6. Again, Christ says, Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden (with the burden of sin) and I will give you rest, *i. e.* I will take the burden away; I will release you from the guilt of sin. Where you may observe that the only thing required of us when we come to Christ, is to come burdened, and sensible that none can remove this burden but Christ. Again, Christ did not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. See also Luke iv. 18. Hear how he cries out in Isa. lv. 1: Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and drink; come, buy wine and milk (*i. e.* the blessings of the gospel) without money and without price. Where we are ordered to bring no money, *i. e.* no merits of our own; we must not think to make a purchase of these blessings by any deserts of ours. They are offered freely, *i. e.* graciously, and must be received freely. Nothing more is required from us, but to thirst after them. Why was the Pharisee rejected? Luke xviii. 10, &c. because he came pleading his own works before God. He was devout, just, chaste, and abstemious; and thanked God for enabling him to be so. Very well; so far all was right. But then he had some reliance on these

works, and therefore pleads the merits of them before God. Which showed that he did not know what a sinner he was, and that he could only be saved by grace, through faith. He opens his mouth before God, and pleads his own cause; though God declares that every mouth shall be stopped before him, and the whole world brought in guilty before God: Rom. iii. 19. And why was the publican justified? not on account of his own works, but because he was sensible of his evil ones; and accordingly came self-accused, self-condemned, and crying out only for mercy. And now, dear Sir, hear what is the rise and progress of true religion in the soul of man. When the Spirit of God has convinced any person that he is a child of wrath, and under the curse of God (in which state every one continues to be till he has received Jesus Christ into his heart by faith,) then the heart of such a one becomes broken for sin; then, too, he feels what he never knew before, that he has no faith, and accordingly laments his evil heart of unbelief. In this state men continue, some a longer, some a less time, till God is pleased to work faith in them. Then they are justified, and are at peace with God: Rom. v. 1. *i. e.* have their sins forgiven them, for that is the meaning of the word *peace*. See Luke vii. 48—50. When we have received faith from God (for it is his gift: Eph. ii. 8,) to justify our persons, then we afterwards receive the Spirit to sanctify our natures: Eph. i. 13. Gal. iii. 14. And now the work of sanctification goes forward; now his fruit is more and more unto holiness; now the love of God is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit: Rom. v. 5. Now he walks in the comfort of the Holy Ghost: Acts ix. 13. Now he is filled with joy and peace in believing; Rom. xv. 13. Now he rejoiceth with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: 1 Pet. i. 8. And now he hath the Spirit of God bearing witness with his own spirit that he is a child of God: Rom. viii. 16. 1 John v. 10. These

are things that I was an utter stranger to before, notwithstanding all my reading, watching, and praying; and these are things that every one must be a stranger to, until he is made a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

But to proceed; though a believer is continually more and more sanctified in body, soul, and spirit, yet his hopes of heaven are not built on his sanctification, but on his faith in Christ; he knows that he is only complete in Christ: Col. ii. 10. And that the moment he seeks to be justified by his own obedience to God's law, that moment he falls from Christ, and ceases to have an interest in Christ: Gal. v. iv. Accordingly, though he labours to abound in all the fruits of righteousness; yet, like St. Paul, he desires to be found only in Christ, not having, *i. e.* not relying on his own righteousness, but on the righteousness of God by faith: Phil. iii. 8, 9. And now let me point out to you the grand delusion which had liked to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature, and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith: Acts xv. 9. Watching, praying, and fasting, are necessay duties, but I, like many others, placed some secret reliances on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner, and a great sinner, yet I did not see myself an utter lost sinner, and therefore I could not come to Jesus Christ alone to save me; I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine; I was not yet stript of all my righteousness, could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith: Rom. x. iii. I did not seek after righteousness through faith, but

as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell: Rom. ix. 31, 32.—In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could into the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a make-weight. And this every one really does, who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest.

But, dear Sir, Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all. And if you think you have any good service of your own to recommend you unto God, you are certainly without any interest in Christ: be you ever so sober, serious, just and devout, you are still under the curse of God, as I was, and knew it not, provided you have any allowed reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you, and Christ to do the rest.

I now proceed to acquaint you with the success I have lately had in my ministry. As soon as God had opened my own eyes, and showed me the true way to salvation, I began immediately to preach it. And now I dealt with my hearers in a very different manner from what I had used to do. I told them very plainly, that they were children of wrath, and under the curse of God, though they knew it not; and that none but Jesus Christ could deliver them from that curse. I asked them, if they had ever broken the law of God once in thought, word, or deed? If they had, they were then under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the things that are written in the book of the law to do them. And again: He that keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, is guilty of all. If, indeed, we could keep the whole law, without offending in one point; if we had done, and continue to do, all the things in God's law, then, indeed, we might lay

claim to eternal life on the score of our own works. But who is sufficient for these things? If we break God's law, we immediately fall under the curse of it; and none can deliver us from this curse but Jesus Christ. There is an end, for ever after, of any justification from our own works. No future good behaviour can make any atonement for past miscarriages. If I keep all God's laws to day this is no amends for breaking them yesterday. If I behave peaceably to my neighbour this day, it is no satisfaction for having broken his head yesterday.

If, therefore, I am once under the curse of God, for having broken God's law, I can never after do any thing, of myself, to deliver me from this curse. I may then cry out, O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin? And find none able to deliver, but Jesus Christ: Rom. vii. 23—25. So that if I am once a sinner, nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse me from sin. All my hopes are then in him; and I must fly to him as the only refuge set before me. In this manner, dear Sir, I preached, and do preach, to my flock, labouring to beat down self-righteousness; labouring to show them that they were all in a lost and perishing state, and that nothing could recover them out of this state, and make them children of God, but faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. And now see the consequence, this was strange doctrine to my hearers. They were surprised, alarmed, and vexed. The old man, the carnal nature, was stirred up, and railed, and opposed the truth. However, the minds of most were seized with some convictions, and the hearts of some were truly broken for sin, so that they came to me as those mentioned in the Acts, thoroughly pricked to the heart, and crying out with strong and bitter cries, What must we do to be saved? I then laid the promises before them, and told them, if they found themselves under the curse, Christ was ready to deliver them from it; if they were really weary

and heavy laden, Christ would give them rest; if their hearts were broken for sin, and they would look unto Christ, he would heal them. I exhorted them also to thank God for these convictions, assuring them it was a token of good to their souls. For God must first smite the heart, before he can heal it: Isa. xix. 21. I generally found that they received comfort from the promises; and though they complained much of the burden of sin, and of an evil heart of unbelief, yet they always went away refreshed and comforted. Many have come to me in this manner, and more are continually coming; and though some fall off from their first convictions, yet others cleave stedfastly unto the Lord. They begin to rejoice in him, and to love him; they love his word, and meditate much upon it; they exercise themselves in prayer, and adorn their profession by a suitable life and conversation.

And now let me make one reflection, I preached up sanctification (by the works of the law he means) very earnestly for six years in a former parish, and never brought one soul to Christ. I did the same at this parish for two years, without any success at all, but as soon as ever I preached Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood, then believers were added to the church continually, then people flocked from all parts to hear the glorious sound of the gospel, some coming six miles, others eight, and others ten, and that constantly.

And now let me ask, What is the reason why my ministry was not blessed, when I preached up salvation partly by faith, and partly by works? It is because this doctrine is not of God; and he will prosper no ministers but such as preach salvation in his own appointed way, viz. by faith in Jesus Christ.

Let me now apply myself to your own heart, and may God dispose you to receive my words in the spirit of meekness. Indeed, Sir, I love and respect you, else I could not have written to you so freely. Are you then in the same error that I was

in for near forty years, viz. that you must be saved partly by faith and partly by works? And have you constantly preached this doctrine? Then you may be certainly assured of these two things: first, That you never yet brought one soul to Christ by your ministry. And, secondly, That you are not yet in the way to salvation yourself. Oh! be not displeased with me for telling you the truth.

But you will say, perhaps, that you have not only been sincere, but ever zealous in preaching the word of God. So was I; but there is a zeal which is not according to knowledge; and that zeal I had, though I knew it not. You may say farther, that you have read and prayed much; so have I; but still I knew nothing, as I ought to know, until God was pleased to shew me that I was blind, and then I cried heartily to him for light and direction, and he opened mine eyes: John ix. 39.

Dear Sir, will you attend to the following advice, it is very safe advice, be the state of your soul what it will. Pray to God to lead you into the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Beseech God to keep you in the truth, if you have received it; or if you are in error, to reveal it unto you. If you will do this heartily and constantly, God will not suffer you to abide long in darkness, if, indeed, you are in darkness: James i. 5.

I now proceed to give you some further account of myself, and of the impediments which kept me from the truth. When I first came to the University, I applied myself diligently to my studies, thinking human learning to be a necessary qualification for a divine, and that no one ought to preach unless he had taken a degree in the University. Accordingly I studied the classics, mathematics, philosophy, logic, metaphysics, and read the works of our most eminent divines; and this I did for twenty years; and all the while was departing more and more from the truth as it is in Jesus; vainly hoping to receive that light and instruction

from human wisdom, which could only be had from the word of God and prayer.

During this time I was thought a Methodist by some people, only because I was a little more grave, and took a little more pains in my ministry than some others of my brethren; but, in truth, I was no Methodist at all, for I had no sort of acquaintance with them, and could not abide their fundamental doctrines of justification by faith, and thought it high presumption in any to preach, unless they had taken holy orders. But when God was pleased to open mine eyes, about half a year ago, he showed and taught me other things. Now I saw that nothing had kept me so much from the truth, as a desire of human wisdom. Now I perceived, that it was difficult for a wise or learned man to be saved, as it was for a rich man or a nobleman: 1 Cor. i. 26. Now I saw that God chose the foolish things of this world, to confound the wise, for two plain reasons; first, That no flesh should glory in his presence: 1 Cor. i. 29. And, secondly, That faith did not stand, or was not produced, by the wisdom of man, but in the power of God: 1 Cor. ii. 5. Now I discerned, That no one could understand the word of God, but by the Spirit of God: 1 Cor. ii. 12. Now I saw, That every believer was anointed by the Holy Spirit, and thereby led to the knowledge of all needful truths: 1 John ii. 20; and, of course, that every true believer was qualified to preach the gospel, provided he had the gift of utterance. Now I saw that the Methodist's doctrine of justification by faith, was the very doctrine of the gospel: and I did no longer wonder at the success which those preachers met with, whether they were clergymen or laymen. They preached Christ's doctrine, and Christ owned it; so that many were added to the faith daily.

But you will say, perhaps, that these Methodists are schismatics. Let us therefore examine the

matter. A schismatic is one that dissents and divides an established church; at least this is the general notion of a schismatic. Now, I ask, What do you mean by a church; or what is it that makes one church differ from another? It is the doctrine. The church of England differs from the church of Rome, not by its steeples, bells, or vestments, but by its doctrines. Schism, therefore, consists in departing from the doctrines of a church, and not from the walls of a church. In the time of Stirbitch fair, one sermon is always preached in the open field to the people at the fair, and preached by some Fellow of a College, or Clergyman at Cambridge. Now, I ask, would you call this Clergyman a schismatic? No, surely, and yet he preaches in the open fields, and upon unconsecrated ground. It is plain, then, that schism doth not consist in preaching out of the walls of a church, but preaching contrary to doctrines of the church.

And now, dear Sir, let me lay open my sin and my shame unto you. I solemnly subscribed to the articles of our church; and gave my hearty assent and consent to them. Amongst the rest, I declared, that, 'we are accounted righteous before God, only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works and deservings, and that we are justified by faith only,' as it is expressed in the eleventh article. But though I solemnly subscribed this article, I neither believed nor preached it; but preached salvation partly by faith and partly by works. And oh, what dreadful hypocrisy, what shameful prevarication was this! I called and thought myself a Churchman, though I was really a Dissenter and a schismatic; for I was undermining the fundamental doctrine of our church, and the fundamental doctrine of the gospel, namely justification by faith only, and yet, dreadful as my case was, I fear it is the case of most of the clergy in England. Scarce any thing is preached but justification by faith and works.

And what is the consequence? Why, there is scarce any true religion amongst us, the gospel of Christ is not truly preached by us, and Christ will not own our ministry. Look around the parishes which are near you, and see whether you can find any thing besides the form of religion, and not much of that. Nay, amongst those who are thought religious people; who are sober, serious, just and devout; who read, and fast, and pray, and give alms; amongst those you will scarce find one who knows any thing of the power of religion, and has experimental knowledge of it. For if you ask such people, in the very words of scripture, Whether they know that Jesus Christ is in them, otherwise they are reprobates: 2 Cor. xiii. 5. Whether Christ dwells in their hearts by faith: Eph. iii. 17. Whether their sins are forgiven for Christ's name sake: 1 John, ii. 12. Whether they have received an unction from the holy one: 1 John, ii. 20. Whether the love of God has been shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost: Rom. v. 5. Whether they are filled with joy and peace in believing: Rom. xv. 13. Whether they walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and do ever rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory: Acts, ix. 31. 1 Peter, i. 8., and lastly, Whether the Holy Spirit bears witness with their own spirit that they are the children of God: Rom. viii. 14—16. If, I say, you ask the better sort amongst us, whether they have any experience of these matters, they would stare at you with the utmost amazement, and would think you an enthusiast, if they did not call you so.

Now such people who have all the form, but none of the power of religion; who are outwardly reformed, but not inwardly renewed by the Holy Ghost; these are what our Saviour called whited sepulchres, beautiful without, but full of rottenness within. They are striving to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able: because they do

not strive lawfully. For they do not seek to enter in through Jesus Christ, but partly through Christ, and partly through themselves; partly by faith and partly by works. These are the almost but not altogether Christians. And if at any time it happens, that some amongst us are seized with deep conviction, and are made sensible of their utter need of Christ, and that they can only be justified by faith in his blood; these people not finding proper food for their souls in our churches, are obliged to go elsewhere, and seek it where they can find it. It is no wonder, therefore, that there are so few real Christians amongst us.

If you read over the homilies of the church, if you read over the fathers of the church, if you read the works of the good old Bishops that were published a hundred years ago, you will there find the gospel of Christ preached, and the true doctrine of our church. But since that time, I mean in the last century, our clergy have been gradually departing more and more from our doctrines, articles, and homilies; so that at length there was scarce a Clergyman to be found, but who preached contrary to the articles he subscribed. And almost all the sermons that have been published in the last century, both by Bishops and Curates, are full of that soul-destroying doctrine, that we are to be justified partly by our own works, and partly by Christ's merits.

Do you ask how all the clergy came to fall into this pernicious doctrine? I answer, very easily. Every man, whilst he continues under the power of the carnal mind, and is not awakened to see his utter lost condition, is naturally disposed to embrace this doctrine. For not being convinced by the Spirit of God, that all his righteousness is as filthy rags: Isa. lxiv. 6. and that he is without help and strength in himself: Rom. v. 6. I say, not being convinced of this, he naturally goes about to establish some righteousness of his own,

and cannot submit to the righteousness of God by faith. Not being yet sensible of his utter lost and helpless state, he must have some reliance on himself: and thus, instead of looking wholly to Jesus Christ for salvation, he looks partly to Christ, and partly to himself: instead of seeking for righteousness and strength from the Lord Jesus Christ, he seeks for it partly from Christ, and partly from himself: instead of seeking to be justified in the Lord, he seeks after justification partly through the Lord, and partly through himself. But see what Christ saith of this matter: Isa. xlv. 22, 23, 24, 25.

And now let me ask how the whole Church of Rome happened to depart from the simplicity of the gospel, and to fall into this doctrine of works and faith which we now preach? It was owing to the depraved nature of man, which makes him think himself to be something, and that he can do something, though he is nothing, and can do nothing to justify himself in God's sight.

At the reformation, our church returned again to Jesus Christ, and placed justification on the gospel footing of faith only. And so it continues to this day: but though our articles and homilies continue sound and evangelical, yet our clergy have departed once more from both, and are advancing to Rome again with hasty strides; preaching, in spite of articles and subscription, that most pernicious, papistical, and damnable doctrine of justification by faith and works. Which doctrine, I am verily assured, no one can hold, and be in a state of salvation.—But I trust God is once more visiting, in mercy, our poor distressed church. He raised up Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Wesley about twenty years ago, who have courageously and successfully preached up the doctrine of our church. And he is now raising up more and more clergymen. At Christmas last, I was informed, there were forty clergymen who were brought to the acknowledgement of the truth; and three more have been added

to the faith within the last six weeks. And oh! for ever adored be the mercy of God in opening mine eyes and leading me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

I have sent you a couple of books, and a pamphlet, and I make you a present of them. Read them over carefully; and before you begin to read at any time, always look up to the fountain of wisdom for light and direction. For if you rely on your own abilities, or other men's labours, God may keep you ignorant of his glorious gospel, as a punishment for your presumption and neglect of him.

When I sat down to write, I did not intend to have filled more than half a sheet, but when I took my pen in hand, I knew not how to lay it aside. I have written my sentiments with great freedom, and, I hope, without offence. May God give a blessing to what I have written: may he enlighten your eyes, as he hath done mine, adored be his name: may he lead you by his Spirit to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus: and make you instrumental in bringing souls from darkness into light, and translating them out of the kingdom of satan into the glorious kingdom of his dear Son. Amen, Amen. JOHN BERRIDGE.

TO THE REV. ALEXANDER COATS.

Everton, April 22, 1761.

Dear Sir—I received your letter, and dare not say I am sorry for your fall, nor indeed for any afflictions that God layeth on his children; they are tokens of his fatherly love, and needful physic for us: rather would I pray that while God keepeth you in the furnace, you may be still, and feel your dross and tin purging away. The Lord Jesus giveth me a dose of this physic most days; and I am never so well as when I am taking it, though I frequently make a wry face at it: and if your heart is as my heart it will need many a bitter potion to cleanse and strengthen it.

Why do you write to me with so much reverence, and make so many apologies for writing? Is this becoming language from one sinner to another sinner? Ought the dust of the earth to elevate his kindred ashes? Or should a frog croak out a compliment to a toad? And need I this? If you love me, do not hurt me: I do not want to be taught well of myself: the devil would teach me this daily, and is so skilful a doctor in his own business tnat he needeth not a helping hand from God's own children. Before you write again to me look into yourself, and if you find any thing there that causeth something, then sit down and write to John Berridge, as you would write to one Alexander Coats. I find you are got to your crutches; well, thank God for a crutch to help a lame leg: this both showeth and helpeth your weakness. Truly, my friend, your cross is just the same with my own: I am not able to walk a step without a crutch, so lame I am. The wood of it comes from Calvary. My crutch is Christ; and a blessed crutch he is. O let me bear my whole weight upon Thee; whilst I am walking through this wilderness! Last Candlemas-day I betook myself to my crutches; till then I was not sensible of my lameness, and did not know that Christ was to be my whole strength, as well as righteousness. I saw his blood could purge away the guilt of sin, but thought I had some native might against the power of sin: accordingly I laboured to cut my own corruptions, and fray away my own will, but laboured in the fire. At length God has shown me that John Berridge cannot drive the devil out of himself; but Jesus Christ—blessed be his name—must say to the Legion, come out. I see that faith alone can purify the heart as well as purify the conscience; and Christ is worthy to be my all in every thing—my all in wisdom, in justification, in sanctification and redemption. Prayer and faith are two handmaids never to be separated—are to carry me through the

wilderness; and whilst I am diligent in God's appointed and blessed ordinances, I am then to sit still, and quietly wait for the salvation of God, and see clearly that he can as fully remove all the corruptions of my heart, as the guilt of sin—that he can as perfectly restore me to his image, as his favour. And I believe that Jesus Christ is called the second Adam, because he is to restore the whole of what he died for; and I know it is God's good will, because I have his word for it: That we should be renewed in the Spirit of our minds: Eph. iv. 23. For this my Spirit waiteth, for this my soul longeth, for this my heart and flesh cry out to the living God. Come, Lord, and fill me, take me, and make me wholly thine. Great persecutions, and vile proceedings await us. Satan is indeed let loose, but his time is short. Lord, increase my faith and patience. Give my kind love to all your fellow labourers. May the Lord water your soul, and your vineyard, and teach you to know nothing, and preach nothing but Jesus Christ! For his sake, I am your servant,

J. B.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY MARGARET INGHAM.

Everton, Jan. 28, 1766.

Madam—On Thursday last, I received a bill value fifteen pounds, conveyed by Mr. Romaine, but presented by your Ladyship, which is now converted into cloth for the use of lay preachers; and for this donation I now send you my hearty thanks. The Lord has promised to return it with a hundred fold into your bosom, and I believe you can trust him. I wish you had sent along with your bill a few minutes of your life of faith, and then you might have taught me whilst you were clothing others. For, indeed, I am one of those strange folk, who set up for journeymen without knowing their Master's business, and offer many precious wares to sell without understanding their full value.

I have got a master too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with, because he employs me as a riding pedlar to serve near fourteen shops in the country, besides my own parish; yet I know much less of my master than I do of his wares. Often is my tongue describing him as the fairest of men, whilst my heart is painting him as the Witch of Endor; and many big words have I spoken to his credit; yea, and frequently beseeching people to trust him with their *all*, whilst my own heart has been afraid to trust him with a groat. Neither, Madam, is this all. Such a profound ignoramus am I, that I know nothing of myself as I ought to know, having frequently mistaken rank pride for deep humility; and the working of self-love for the love of Jesus. When my master first hired me into his service, he kept a brave table, and was wondrous free of his liquor; scarcely a day passed without roast meat and claret; then my heart said, I love Jesus, and was ready to boast of it too; but at length he ordered his table to be spread with only bread from above and water out of the rock. This my saucy stomach could not brook; my heart thought it prisoner's fare, and my tongue called it light food. Now my love for Jesus disappeared, and I found I had yet been following him only for fishes and loaves, and that, like a true parasite, I loved his cellar and larder better than his person. Presently after my Master detected me in a very dirty trick, which discovered the huge pride and amazing impudence of my heart. Hitherto I had been kept a stranger to the livery which my Master gives his servants to wear, only I knew he had many rarities, such as diamonds and pearls in plenty to dispose of; accordingly I had begged a bracelet of him, a necklace, an earring, a nose-bob, and many other pretty things, which he readily parted with, being of a generous and noble nature. And will it not amaze you to hear? I had the vanity to fix

these ornaments on my old rags, intending thereby to make up a brisk suit to appear at court in. Well to be sure, one day whilst I was busy mending my rags, and pasting on my pearls, in comes the Master, and giving me a sudden gripe which went to my very heart, he said in an angry tone, 'Varlet, follow me.' I arose and followed trembling whilst he led me to the house of correction, where having first made my feet fast in the stocks, and stripped off my ornaments, he then took up his nine-tailed rod, and laid upon me very stoutly. I roared for mercy, but he declared he would not lay aside his rod till he had scourged every rag off my back. And indeed, Madam, he was as good as his word. Think then how confounded I must be to stand before my master naked, and especially when I now first saw myself a Zipporah with an Ethiopian skin, which the rags had concealed from me before. For awhile I kept upon my legs, yet overwhelmed with shame, till at length being choked also with the dust and stench that came out of the rags in the beating, I fell down at my Master's feet, and wept, immediately the rod dropped from his hand, his countenance softened, and with a sweet voice he bid me look up. I did so, and then got the first sight of his priestly robe, the garment of salvation. O, Madam, it was a lovely sight! A charming robe reaching from the shoulders down to the feet, well adapted for covering and defence; yea, excellent for beauty, and for glory also! Here, prodigal Jack, said he with a smile, put this robe on thy back, and then thou mayst come to court, and shame an angel; it was wrought with my own hand, and dyed with my own blood; wear it and remember me: I thanked him and bowed. But I must tell you, Madam, although I do not ask you to be a confidant: when my Master opened his robe he gave me a hasty glance of his person; it was so divinely sweet and glorious, and withal so condescendingly humane,

that I felt quite in love with him; and now, would you think it of me, old fool as I am, near fifty, and swarthy as a Negro, nothing will content me but a wedding; nay, I have frequently proposed the match to my Master, who sometimes only gives me a smile, and sometimes replies, when I can forsake all others he will take me. The other day when I asked him, when he would take me to his bosom, he answered, when I could lie at his feet; and then he promised also to set open his cellar and larder again, and to keep them open. Thus I am removed out of the book of Proverbs into the book of Canticles; but am got no further than the first chapter, and the beginning of the second verse, Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, &c. I now want, or seem to want nothing else but a closer union with the dear Redeemer. The world at times diverts my attention from this chief object, but my soul is ever pining after him; yea, my heart and my flesh cry out after this living God. O come quickly—may the Lord daily strengthen your union, and thus increase your communion with the Prince of peace. I send my kind and brotherly love to Mr. Ingham, and am, Madam, your Ladyship's much obliged and affectionate servant, for Christ's sake,

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

Everton, March 13, 1771.

Dear Sir—In November I gathered strength enough to preach, and through mercy have continued preaching ever since. For the last month I have shared with my neighbours in a cold, which has kept me wheezing and coughing, and pulled me down, but not laid me up. Oh, how needful is the furnace, both to discover our dross, and to purge it away! How little do we know of ourselves, of the pride, sensuality, and idolatry of our hearts, till the Lord lays us down on a bed, and

searcheth all our inward parts round with his candles. My heart, I knew, was bad enough, but I scarcely thought there was half the baseness in it which I find, and yet I know not half its plague. How sweet is the mercy of God, and how rich is the grace of Jesus, when we have had an awful peep into our hearts! This makes us prize the gospel, embrace the Saviour, and fly to his cross. At times I am so overwhelmed with the filth and mire of my nature, that I can scarcely look through it unto Jesus. And when he has put on a little of his eye-salve, and scoured off my films, I stand amazed to think he can touch such a leper. And yet where the sun shines clear for a season, and my dung-hill is covered with snow, I forget my leprosy, or become a leper only in speculation. I think it perhaps, but do not feel it, nor am humbled by it. What a heap of absurd contradiction is man, and most of all the perfect man cast in the foundry! Well might the Redeemer say, I am God, and not man; and therefore ye children of Jacob are not consumed. After an affliction, I think I can say with David, It is good for me to have been afflicted; I can see and feel some profit attending it. Indeed, I never grow really wiser or better, unless when I am baptized both with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. If the dove comes without a furnace, my heart is soon overset; pride steals in and heaven's blest beams turn every thing sour within me.

The volume of sermons which you sent, I was possessed of before; and wanted the first small volume of sermons, which you published. This volume being small you may bring with you to Everton, when you visit us again, which I hope will be in spring. I have no prospect of going abroad at present, for though my flesh has re-visited my bones, my breast and stomach remain weak, and my body is tender. I like your ecclesiastical history much; but am rather sorry you have under-

taken to carry it through ; sorry for your sake, not the readers. I fear it will chill your spirit and deaden your soul. Much writing is pernicious. Besides, you must read over many dry and barren histories ; you must bring to light many controversies, foolish or noxious, which had better lie buried fifty fathoms deep ; and from the 4th century to the reformation you must be rooting in kennels continually. However, study to be concise. I I have enclosed half a guinea in the letter for the sermons and history ; present my christian respects to Mrs. Newton, and to such of your flock as know me. The Lord bless both the shepherd and the sheep, enriching all your souls with active faith, fervent love, and deep humility. And may dear Jesus bless poor

J. B.

TO MR. EDWARDS ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Everton, March 26, 1771.

Dear Brother—Mr. Winter informs me of the loss of your dear wife. You once knew she was mortal ; but she has now put off mortality, and is become immortal. Can this grieve you ? Oh that I was where she now is !

"Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where pilgrims meet, to part no more."

She was once a mourning sinner in the wilderness ; but she is now a glorified saint in Zion ; the Lord is become her everlasting light ;—the days of her mourning are ended. Does this trouble you ? She was once afflicted with bodily pains and weakness, encompassed with cares, and harassed with a crowd of anxious needless fears ; but she has now arrived at her Father's house ; and Jesus, dear Jesus, has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and freed her in a moment from all pains, cares, fears, and wants. And shall this affect you ?

"She ranges on the heav'nly plains,
And sings with sweet heart-melting strains :

And now her soul begins to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
He cheers her with eternal smile;
She sings hosannahs all the while;
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sinks down, adoring at his feet."

You have not lost your wife; she has only left you for a few moments;—left an earthly husband to visit a heavenly Father; and expeets your arrival there soon, to join the hallelujah for redeeming love. Are you still weeping? Fie upon you, brother!—weeping because your wife can weep no more!—weeping, because she is happy! because she is joined to that assembly where all are kings and priests!—weeping, because she is daily feasted with heavenly manna, and hourly drinking new wine in her Father's kingdom!—weeping, because she is now where you would be, and long to be eternally!—weeping, because she is singing, and singing sweet anthems to her God and your God!—O shameful weeping! Jesus has fetched your bride triumphantly home to his kingdom, to draw your soul more ardently thither; he has broken up a cistern, to bring you nearer, and keep you closer to the fountain; has caused a moment's separation, to divorce your affections from the creature; and has torn a wedding-string from your heart, to set it a bleeding more freely, and panting more vehemently for Jesus. Hereafter you will see how gracious the Lord has been in calling a beloved wife home, in order to betroth the husband more effectually to himself. Remember that the house of mourning becomes and befriends a sinner; that sorrow is a safe companion for a pilgrim, who walks much astray until his heart is well broken. May all your tears flow in a heavenly channel, and every sigh waft your soul to Jesus! May the God of all consolation comfort you through life, and in death afford you a triumphant entrance into his kingdom! So prays your friend and brother in the gospel of Christ.

J. B.

I have sent a few lines to be inserted on your wife's tomb-stone:

September, 1771.

The body of Mary Edwards, wife of David Edwards, fell asleep, and was laid in this bed as a resting place till the resurrection—

A loving, and beloved wife she was;
A tender mother and a lowly Christian:
Who lived in the faith of Jesus,
And died triumphant over death.

Weep not for me, the ashes cry,
The spirit sings with saints on high;
But go and learn the life of faith,
Or thou wilt die the second death.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

Everton, June 10, 1771.

Dear Sir—Mr. C. a faithful brother, has paid me a kind visit, and intends to call upon Mr. Newton in his return to Alwinkle, where he officiates in Mr. Harris's absence. I could not omit this opportunity of testifying the sincerity of my love and esteem for you, which, like other good fruits, are growing riper with age. Though I write but seldom to you; for writing almost oversets me, yet I I frequently converse with you, and receive instruction from you. I have read over your sermons and history twice, and am now perusing them a third time without weariness.

When the warm weather first set in, I began to sink apace, and was apprehensive I should soon be alaid aside, but through mercy I am somewhat braced up again, and again enabled yet to do whole duty on the sabbath. I can bear very little exercise in walking or riding, and a gentle hurry overturns me, but I can still bear quiet company, and am refreshed by it. I hope a gale of grace is now blowing my furnace, and purging out some of my dross. I see clearly the utter need I stood in of rods and scorpions, and can thankfully say, it is good for me to have been afflicted. By a token received I expect to be kept an invalid two summers more: well, I am out of hell; and it is a

mercy to be on mercy's ground, and under the correction of a merciful Jesus. Dear Lord, let every stroke of thy rod be received with meekness, and convey heavenly instruction to my heart. We know but little of ourselves, and gain but little of gospel-broken heart, till we have been emptied from vessel to vessel, or fryed like a cake in a pan, and turned a hundred times over. Perhaps Mr. Coetlogon might reside at Olney when you come to Everton, and be ready to do your occasional duty, or preach your weekly lecture. This would set your mind at ease: and you might ride over, if you thought proper, to Mr. Venn, who is expected this week at Yelling, which is only nine measured miles from Everton.

When you send a letter by your cheesemonger, order it to be left with Mr. Alderman *William* Parker, at Bedford. Your last packet came safe. Your first sermons are good, but there is no comparison between the first and the second publication. It is pleasant to behold the improvements of a Christian. May your heart keep pace with your understanding. I find a great difference has arisen between two old clerical friends, who have been long connected. A quarrel must be bad in either, but the separation may be good for both. May Jesus water your soul, and water your flock, and water all the dry grounds belonging to

J. B.

P.S. Kind respects to Mrs. Newton and all friends.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

Everton, Oct. 18, 1771.

Dear Sir—It is now high time to return my thanks, and I return them heartily for the kind visit you made me. I trust your labour of love is is not in vain. Removing from camp to camp is of use to a Christian soldier, and more especially to a Christian serjeant. It shakes dust from our clothes,

and rust from our joints, and promotes activity, the true spirit of a soldier. Without excursions we are apt to grow timid, and to settle on our lees. Grace's motto is, CRESCIT EUNDO.

Mr. Hill, who went to Bristol to chide his brother, and fell a prophecying, has, since his return to London, sent a very severe letter to poor Rowland,—Oh, what is man! But how easily we spy the vanity and inconsistency of the creature in another, and how hardly we discern it in ourselves. The foulest stain, and highest absurdity in our nature is pride. And yet this base hedge-hog so rolls himself up in his bristly coat, we can seldom get a sight of his claws. It is the root of unbelief; Men cannot submit to the righteousness of Christ: and it cleaves like a pitched shirt to the skin; or like leprosy to the wall. No sharp culture of ploughing and harrowing will clear the ground of it. The foul twitch will be sure to spring up with the next kindly rain. This diabolical sin has brought more scourges on my back, than every thing else; and it is of so insinuating a nature, that I know not how to part with it. I hate it and love it: I quarrel with it and embrace it: I dread it, and yet suffer it to lie in my bosom. It pleads a right through the fall, to be a tenant for life; and has such a wonderful appetite, that it can feed kindly both on grace and garbage; will be as warm and snug in a cloister as a palace; and be as much delighted with a fine prayer, as a foul oath. But whither am I running? Why, running into pride, whilst I am abusing it. Lord save me. If it must dwell with me, let it not be a lordly master, but a lothed domestic; if it will follow me here, like my shadow, let it not entail a curse upon me. Oh, that I could once say unto thee, foul pride, farewell for ever!

Half an hour after you left Everton, a messenger from Mr Woolmer inquired of me, what stranger preached in my church the night before. It seemed a strange message: but who, that knows the

plague of his own heart, can wonder at any thing! Through mercy I grow stronger as the weather grows cooler, and purpose setting up a weekly lecture. The Lord increase you more and more, you and your children; and bless the dear partner of your bosom. Kind love to all Christian friends at Olney. Grace be with you, and with your

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, April 3, 1773

Dear and honoured Sir—Your first paper on 2 Kings xxii. 8. is pertinent and striking. I can find nothing here to pick a quarrel with, except a poor little *then*, at the conclusion, which occurs thrice in four lines. The last *then* may be turned out of doors, without ceremony; for his company is not wanted; and his note, by frequent repetition, groweth troublesome.

Your remarks on 2 Chron. xxxii. 24. are ingenious, and the reflections at the close are weighty. But there is a fly or two in this pot of ointment, which may be picked out. The word craftily, seems rather too strong and base a word for Hezekiah: it denotes a fraudulent purpose, as well as carnal policy. And though Hezekiah acted unfaithfully to the God of Israel, he meant no treachery to the king of Babylon, suppose the sentence ran thus: "Hezekiah foolishly sought to avail himself of this false notion of the king of Babylon; and by not affronting their God, hoped to gain," &c. Again, *worldly wisdom* occurs twice, and *carnal wisdom* once, in the space of five lines: but short comments should contain multum in parvo, and, of course, be free from repetitions, or identical expressions. Suppose the sentence was expressed in some such manner as this: "Carnal policy and pride of heart proved a snare to Hezekiah, and prove the ruin of all sinners, that perish. They are too wise to be taught of God: and too lofty to

lie at the feet of Jesus." Your comment on Deut. xxxiii. 26. is nervous, and your reflections are pertinent; but an application at the close seemeth wanting, to give the comment proper length, and full weight. I have some objection against your double verily. No prophet used it before Christ, nor any apostle after Christ: it seems an expression, peculiarly belonging unto Him, who is truth itself; and therefore only fit for him to use. I am persuaded the text was originally wrote thus; "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth on the heavens for thy help, and on the sky for thy excellence," *i. e.* to make thee excellent. Thus the two expressions tally; and the 26th ver. perfectly corresponds with the 29th, "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, who is the shield of thy help, and the sword of thy excellence." What follows is sent as a supplement to the third paper, which you may alter, curtail, or reject at pleasure; making as free with my ink, as I do with your pen. I begin with your reflections. How safe then must they be, who are under the wing of the God of Jeshurun, who find him reconciled to them by the death of his son, and feel themselves reconciled to him by the power of his grace! He rideth on the heavens for their help, and none can outstrip his progress, or obstruct his purpose. Verily, He it is, that giveth strength and victory to his people; blessed be God! Reader, is the God of Jeshurun, the God of Israel, thy God? Is He, who rideth on the heavens, thy help? Does thy heart trust in him alone; and does his grace subdue thine outward iniquities, and thine inbred corruptions? Is He, who rideth on the sky, thine excellence? Does He seem only excellent in thine eyes, and cause thee to excel in virtue? Has He planted thee among his excellent ones of the earth, and made thee to abound in faith and love and fruits of righteousness? If the Lord is not thy help, alas, thou wilt be slain by sin, and

prove a ruined soul. If the Lord is not thine excellence, thou art still an apostate spirit, a stranger unto God, and to his Christ. Awake, arise, and call on God. His ear is open unto prayer, and thou art yet on mercy's ground: oh, call upon him speedily, and cry unto him earnestly, that thou perish not!

Mr. Cowper's hymn needs no advocate to plead its cause; it speaks sufficiently for itself: but the poor author cannot take the comfort of his own hymn, being now in much deplorable distress. How dark and feeble is a Christian's understanding without the light and comfort of God's Holy Spirit!

Dear Sir, you have much business on your hands, and will need much prayer, beside family worship, to keep the world at your feet, and God in your heart. Where many irons are in the fire, a live coal had need be in the heart continually; else whilst we are waiting on other vineyards, we may impoverish our own spirits. I find you walk much; and I hope you can wear your shoes out praying, as well as walking. Praying walks are healthful walks indeed: they fetch down corruption as well as carcase. I wish you right christian cheer every day, a gentle cup of tribulation, and a full cup of supplication, sweetened with divine communion. The good-will of him that dwelt in the bush, dwell with you and yours, and with

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, Aug. 18, 1773.

Dear and honoured Sir—I have just received your golden treasury by the hands of my dear brother of Yelling, and thank you kindly for the pretty little valuable present. It is much improved in its present dress: the Lord bless the book and the Editor.

In May I began to itinerate, after a five year's

discontinuance through illness, and kept on, though with much feebleness, for two months, when I was seized with a smart attack of my old complaint. I am now, as the world account, a scold miserable, but lying at Jesus's gate; and am reduced to a mere Sunday preacher: the Lord be praised, that I am not wholly laid aside. What a fund of corruption is lodged in the human heart! Every stripe I receive, my Master's word tells me, I have procured for myself. Lord, I own it; sanctify the rod, and make the furnace purge away my dross. I trust the Lord has taught me to hate sin, and to hunger after righteousness; yet I am often seeking after holiness in such a manner, as stiffens my heart, brings a dry and lean soul, and makes my eyes lose the sight of Christ's salvation. This convinces me, there is a mystery in the manner of obtaining sanctification; that we are not soon acquainted with: we are apt to consider sanctification as a separate work from justification, following after it, and wholly independent of it; whereas they seem to be connected works, and inseparable from each other, one resulting from the other.

The clearer sight we get of Christ, and the sweeter views we have of our adoption, the more our hearts are filled with love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the spirit, which is sanctification. When Jesus gives a clearer view of his dying love, he always accompanies that view with the graces of the spirit. The heart is filled at the same time with pardon and holiness, with justification and sanctification. So that if we desire to be holy, we must seek to be happy in the Saviour's love, must seek a clear evidence of our adoption, and labour to keep it clear. As our views of Christ are more cloudy and discouraging, our bosoms will be more barren of heavenly tempers. A man may be constitutionally meek as the lamb, constitutionally kind as the spaniel, constitutionally cheerful as the lark, and constitutionally modest as the owl, but these are

not sanctification. No sweet, humble, heavenly tempers, no sanctifying graces are found but from the cross. Jesus says, He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath (or possesseth) eternal life. Where he showeth how eternal life (which must comprise the whole of spiritual life) is obtained, viz. by eating his flesh and drinking his blood, *i. e.* by feeding on his atonement. Thus all divine life, and all the precious fruits of it, pardon, peace and holiness, spring from the cross. And is not this intimated by St. John, when he says, One of the soldiers pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. They did not follow one another, but came out together; the blood betokening pardon, the water sanctification. Carnal men make the water come out first, and the blood follow; they seek a little obedience first, and then hope to have the benefit of the blood. Professors often make the blood come first, and the water follow; *i. e.* seek first to be justified, and then to be sanctified. But I believe experienced Christians make the blood and water flow together; get holiness by clear views of the cross, and find eternal life by feeding on the Saviour's flesh and blood. Was not a lamb sacrificed every morning and evening in the Jewish temple? And was not this intended to show us, that we must feed on Christ's atonement every day, and derive all our life, the life of peace and holiness from his death? Upright people are often coming to me with complaints, and telling me, that since they received pardon, and have been seeking after sanctification (as a separate work) their hearts are become exceeding dry and barren. I ask them, how they find their heart when Jesus shows his dying love. They tell me, full of peace and love and every heavenly temper. Then I answer, Jesus hereby shows you, that holiness as well as pardon is to be had from the blood of the cross. Labour therefore to get your conscience sprinkled every day with the atoning blood,

and sanctification will ensue of course; the blood and water flow together. When Jesus only gives a smile, and seals some promise on the heart, though it be not the seal of pardon, it occasions a sweet transforming change in the soul. And all fancied sanctification, which does not arise wholly from the blood of the cross, is nothing better than Pharisaism; and if persisted in, will end in Pharisaism. For when sanctification is considerd as a separate work from justification, and wholly independent of it, by and by it is considered as a justifying work itself; and men profess and preach they are first to be justified by the blood of Christ, and then by their own obedience.

O, dear Sir, if we would be holy, we must get to the cross, and dwell there; else notwithstanding all our labour and diligence, and fasting and praying, and good works, we shall be yet void of real sanctification, destitute of those humble, sweet and gracious tempers, which accompany a clear view of the cross. But mere doctrinal knowledge will not give us this view; it only proceeds from a lively faith wrought in us by the Prince of life. A legal spirit helpeth forward our mistake in the matter of sanctification. We would fain divide the water from the blood, fain would separate sanctification from justification, that we may make a merit of it. Whereas if they are inseparably connected, and both pardon and holiness spring from the blood of the cross, the root of merit is dug up thereby, and Christ is all in all.

Another thing confirms our mistake, which is, that all heavenly graces are called fruits of the Spirit. Hence we conclude, that pardon must spring peculiarly from the blood of the cross, and holiness be a separate work of the Spirit. But though all gracious tempers are the Spirit's fruits, yet that fruit is bestowed at the foot of the cross; eternal life is found at Calvary by eating the Saviour's flesh and drinking his blood.

In my pamphlet I wrote something against what the world calls sincere obedience, and with a two-fold view; first to expose that insincere obedience which is commonly cloaked under the name of sincere obedience, or doing what we can. Secondly, to show that obedience, where it is sincere, and the fruit of the Spirit, no ground of merit, or cause of justification. And I thought no professor could misunderstand me; but in a letter just received from Mr. Fletcher, he writes thus, "What you have said about sincere obedience, has touched the apple of God's eye, and is the very cone of Antinomianism. You have done your best to disparage sincere obedience, and in a pamphlet (ready for the press) I have freely exposed what you have written." Then he cries out in a delamatory style, "For God's sake, let us only speak against insincere and Pharisaical obedience." Indeed I thought I had been writing against insincere obedience throughout the pamphlet; and that every one who has eyes, must see it clearly: but I suppose that Mr. Fletcher's spectacles invert objects, and make people walk with their heads downwards.

May the Lord Jesus bring and keep you and yours at the cross, to see and sing the wonders of redeeming love, till you are called up higher to sing eternal praise with all the saints. Grace, mercy and peace be with you, and with your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

P. S. The papers tell me, that the orphan house in Georgia is burnt down, but the papers are mistaken. It has long ceased to be an orphan house, and was wholly converted into a lumber-house for human learning. The first laudable intention was perverted, and God has cast a mark of his displeasure on it. Yet how compassionate the Lord has been to Mr. W——d, in sending the fire after his death.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, Aug. 31, 1773.

Dear and honoured Sir—Your favour of the 26th came duly to hand, with an inclosed paper, which brought me on my knees for a blessing upon you and yours. A hundred golden treasuries are also received, and more than half were disposed of last Sunday; the rest will follow quickly. My stock of Bibles and Testaments is almost gone, and when it suits I should be glad of a few of the smallest Bibles and Testaments. The labouring poor, who go out to work, may carry these in their pockets, and peruse them at meal times; and the type of the smallest Bibles is near as large as that of the 12mos.

I thank you for the friendly admonition you gave me respecting Mr. Fletcher. It made me look into my heart, and I found some resentment there. What a lurking devil this pride is! How soon he takes fire, and yet hides his head so demurely in the embers, that we do not easily discover him! I think it is advisable to write to Mr. Fletcher, though despairing of success. His pamphlet will certainly be published now it is wrote. Indeed I have wrote to him aforetime more than once, and besought him to drop all controversy, but he seems to regard such entreaties as flowing rather from a fear of his pen than a desire of peace. His heart is somewnat exalted by his writings, and no wonder. He is also endowed with great acuteness, which, though much admired by the world, is a great obstacle to a quiet childlike spirit. And he is at present eagerly seeking after legal perfection which naturally produceth controversial heat. As gospel and peace, so law and controversy go hand in hand together. How can lawyers live without strife? In such a situation, I know from my own former sad experience, he will take the Scotch thistle for his motto, NOLI ME TANGERE. But his heart seemeth very upright, and his labours are abundant; and I trust the Master will serve him,

by and by, as he has served me, put him into a pickling-tub, and drench him there soundly, and when he comes out dripping all over, he will be glad to cry grace, grace, and a little child may lead him. We learn nothing truly of ourselves, or of grace, but in a furnace. Whatever Mr. Fletcher may write against my pamphlet, I am determined to make no reply. I dare not trust my own wicked heart in a controversy. If my pamphlet is faulty, let it be overthrown ; if sound, it will rise up above any learned rubbish that is cast upon it. Indeed, what signifies my pamphlet or its author ? While it was publishing I was heartly weary of it ; and have really been sick of it since, and concluded it had done no good because it had met with no opposition.

I thank you heartily for the kind offer of your assistance, but no more will be wanted of a long season ; and till I am sunk in a deep slough, I dare not ask you, or any one, to help me out. God has given me a free heart to dispose of my substance, and I am no more indebted to myself for this liberality, than a nightingale is for her wings or voice. But I feel a backwardness sometimes to be another's almoner, lest my honesty should be suspected. And this, perhaps, ariseth from the pride of my heart. A liberal mind was given me from a child, which made my carnal relations prophecy of me, that if I lived to be a man, I should surely prove a beggar. But I find, He that watereth, shall be watered again. And though I am possessed of a good vicarage, and some substance besides, I know of no effectual way to keep me from starving, but by giving. When Jesus opened mine eyes, my heart was so enlarged, that I gave away money and books without discretion ; and was frequently imposed on, chiefly by the borrowing people, who all forgot to repay me, excepting one. Upon my own credit I once borrowed twenty pounds for a person, paid the interest for two years, and then was forced to

pay the principal. These impositions are every where met with by benevolent people, and are trials for benevolence; for every virtue must be tried; and where benevolence is not rooted in the heart by grace, such trials overset it. I suppose such impositions are intended also to teach us caution. They have made me cautious, but I am afraid of growing suspicious, for we are apt to run into extremes; and it is better to be imposed on sometimes, than turn away a real needy person unrelieved from our door.

Mr. Williams' case showeth, that when the Lord has brought his people into extremity, he is near at hand to relieve them. And by the providential steps to bring Mr. Williams into the Living, and his antecedent trials, it should seem that a great door of usefulness will be opened. In reading over your golden treasury, I found the same paper, with a little addition, in Nov. 5, and Dec. 12th. May the good will of him, who dwelt in the bush, dwell with you and yours, and with your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

Everton, Sept. 20, 1773.

My dear Brother—I write this letter, expecting an opportunity of conveying it to you by my dear neighbour, Mr. Venn; and I wrote another some months ago, intending to send it to Bedford; but before an opportunity offered, yours came to hand, acquainting me with your purpose of coming to Everton speedily: so I burnt my own. I was heartily grieved to be absent, when you came to my house, but durst not omit my own journey; and I knew you could excuse my absence, when it was occasioned by our common Master's business. For two months I was able to travel and preach two days in a week, and then had a return of my old complaint; not so violent as usual, but enough to

confine me at home. Since the cool weather set in, I am growing better, through mercy, and hope to be on horseback shortly, and preach a little in the neighbourhood, but fear I shall not be able to reach Olney. My midway preaching at Bedford seems to be foreclosed by the stench which my pamphlet has occasioned, and I cannot reach Olney in one day. However, I hope Mr. Venn's visit will provoke a returning visit from you this autumn, and I entreat you not to pass by Everton without warming a bed, and a pulpit. If the Lord gives me strength, I will pay off all my debts; but if I am forced to be insolvent, do you act like a generous Christian, and continue your loans. My Master will repay you, if I cannot. The Vicar of Madeley has sent me word, that my prattle in my pamphlet of sincere obedience "is the core of Antinomianism, has exposed St. James, and touched the apple of God's eye," and that he intends to put my head in the pillory, and my nose in the barnacles for so doing. How fierce a tiger is zeal without knowledge! and I have been that tiger myself. And what utter destruction the Lord's own servants would make in his vineyard, if the Lord himself did not hold the vines in his right hand! Oh, for that world, where all will say, I am of Christ; and oh, for more of Christ, while we live in this world!

Kind Christian salutation to Mrs. Newton, and true hearty love for yourself. Grace and peace be with you both, and with your flock, and with your affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Sept. 25, 1773.

Dear and honoured Sir—I have received six dozen of Bibles, as many Testaments, and 386 Watts' Songs, a most acceptable present for God's children. May the God of grace give a recompense, by filling you with all joy and peace in

believing. You know the promise, He that watereth, shall be watered again, how gracious is God! he grants ability to give, and bestows a heart to give, and then recompenses the gift. Oh, how little mine eyes behold the riches of grace; yet my heart longs, and prays to behold it more, and to adore and glorify it more. The golden treasuries are dispersed among my flocks, some in one town, and some in another, and are much valued. About a dozen are yet left to drop into people's hands, as I shall find occasion. Watts' Songs are tempting things for children, and well adapted to season their minds with religion. The sight of your Bibles and Testaments filled my heart with joy. For my hearers are Bible readers, and prefer the word of God to every thing. In general, they are people of great simplicity, and are Calvinists, but unpractised in disputes, and so happy as not to know what a Calvinist or Arminian means.

I have wrote to Mr. Fletcher, and told him what was my intention in speaking against sincere obedience, and that my intention was manifest enough from the whole drift of the pamphlet; I have also acquainted him, that I am an enemy to controversy, and that if his tract is published, I shall not rise up to fight with him, but will be a dead man before he kills me. I further told him, I was afraid that Mr. Toplady and himself were setting the christian world on fire, and the carnal world in laughter, and wished they could both desist from controversy. A letter seemed needful, yet I wrote to him without any hope of success, and it appears there is not any.

Mr. Jones, an expelled Oxonian, has just been with him, and called upon me last Saturday, as he returned to his curacy. Mr. Fletcher showed him what he had written against my pamphlet, which has been revised by Mr. Wesley, and is to be published shortly, and bound up, I hear, with another tract, which he has wrote against honest John

Bunyan. Mr. Jones says, he considers and treats me as an Antinomian; but why should I resent it, when my Master was so considered and treated by the Pharisees, who called him a friend of publicans and sinners. I believe it is a healthful thing for every author to have his head in the pillory, and the barnacles on his nose; it may help to chill his vanity, and make him sick of scribbling. I seemed sick of my pamphlet before, but my Master knew my heart, and saw I was not, and he is now sending me a puke, to make me cast it all up. Well, let me have Jesus near my heart, and let the world take my reputation; which is not worth keeping. A sinner I am, and a miserable one too; and the reputation of such a sinner must be a miserable thing at best; yet poor as it is, we are loth to part with it, till Jesus hooks it away from us. A fund of vanity is lodged in the heart, and we perceive it not till the filthy pool is stirred by some dabbling hand. A Saviour of infinite compassion well become us: we know not how to bear with each other, and none but Jesus can bear with us all. He is God, and therefore we are not consumed. A Smithfield fire would unite the sheep and fright the goats away: but when the world cease to persecute the flocks, they begin to fight each other. Indeed, the worst part of the sheep is his head, which is not half so good as a calve's head, and with this they are butting at each other. Until the millenium comes, and perhaps until the resurrection, Judah will be vexing Ephraim, and Ephraim will be envying Judah. Teach me, Lord, to become a child, and to have no part in this envy or vexation. I only add, what I have abundant cause to add, the Lord bless you, and unite his upper springs with your nether springs, causing them to water well your own heart, and the hearts of all your family. Grace and peace be with you, and with your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON.

Everton, Nov. 2, 1773.

Dear Sir—I received your kind letter by the Sandy gardener, but could not return an answer by the same conveyance, because he intends no more journeys to Olney for some weeks. My housekeeper has been ill of a fever for three weeks, and is so weak that she cannot sit in a chair, and so fainting on her bed, that life is scarcely kept in her. There is a hope of her recovery, but a distant one. This circumstance, with the approach of winter, has induced me to put off my visit till the spring. It is an easy matter, I find, to get into debt, but no easy matter to get out. Yet what are my debts to you, in comparison of my debts to God? These are numerous indeed, and attended with every kind of aggravation; and the weight of them so presseth down my spirit at times, that I can scarcely look up. However, when they have well broken and melted my heart, the surety appears, and cheers up my spirit; and then, with a tear in mine eyes, I sing hosannahs to the lovely Jesus. Ten years ago I expected to be something before this time, and seemed to be in a very hopeful way, but Jesus has cropped my locks, and sawed my horns, and harrowed my back so stoutly, that scarce any thing is left me besides the skin of my teeth, and that I suppose must go by and by, for he will have all. Well, though I sometimes snarl and snap at my Master, I think the more he whips me, the more I love him. Solomon says, a rod for a fool's back; and I am sure no instructions suit me, like rods and scorpions; for my heart is a quintessence of folly and madness. A furnace seems a hot atmosphere to breathe in, and a deadly path to walk in, but is really a place of liberty. Like the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, it only burneth our bonds, our earthly and selfish attachments, and consumeth no other flesh but proud flesh. A handful of grace sprinkled into a furnace changeth

its nature, like the handful of meal thrown into a pot, and maketh fire, in its nature destructive, prove a salutary heat. I need not tell you that I love you, nor that Jesus has taught me to do so: and the less cause you can find in yourself to be esteemed, the more cause I shall have to love and esteem you. Kind Christian salutations to Mrs. Newton and your guests, unknown indeed to me, but known to Jesus, I trust; else they would not seek a place in your house. If the good centurion, Capt. Scott, is with you, let him know he has long had a corner, and a large one too, in my heart; and may have when he please a corner in my house for a lodging, and my horse-block for his pulpit. As I am but an awkward old bachelor, I must beg of you to speak a handsome word, and make a leg for me to his lady, a deaconess, I suppose. The Lord bless her. Jesus Christ bless you all, and the smallest of you all.

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 10, 1773.

Dear and honoured Sir—I owe you many thanks and many prayers, and a letter beside; but the debts I owe my God are without number, and a daily increasing sum, and exceedingly heinous. Everlasting thanks for a surety, whose blood is of infinite value, and who can save to the uttermost. Ten years ago I hoped to be something long before this time, and seemed in a promising way; but a clearer view of the spiritual wickedness in my heart, and of the spiritual demands of God's law, has forced me daily to cry, O wretched man, that I am! God be merciful to me a sinner. I am now sinking from a poor something into a vile nothing; and wish to be nothing, that Christ may be all. I am creeping down the ladder from self-complacence into self-abhorrence; and the more I do abhor myself, the more I must hate sin, which is the cause of that abhorrence. A legal heart may strive

against sin, through fear of hell; or strive against sin, to glorify himself, as laying a foundation for merit: but a gospel-broken heart strives against sin, through a loathing of it, as the filthiness of his spirit, the image of the devil, and a contradiction to God's holiness. From experience I know there may be grace, where there is no fixed abhorrence, but it must be grace in the bud: and till men are brought with Job to this state of self-abhorrence, I believe their righteousness is merely Pharisaical, a Dagon in the Lord's temple, a rival set up against Jesus. And I am confident, where grace is, it will reign, aud cast this Dagon down; and though set up again, and yet again, will surely break his legs, and bones at last. God says, he will dwell with a broken heart; but a heart cannot be broken, where there is a sense of merit: it is only broken down by a dread of sin, or by a loathing of it. First, we are made to dread past sin, an account of its guilt; and as grace thriveth, we are taught to loathe ourselves, on account of our sinful nature. As the heart is more washed, we grow more sensible of its remaining defilement: just as we are more displeased with a single spot on a new coat, than with a hundred stains in an old one.

The more wicked men grow, the less ashamed they are of themselves; and the more holy men grow, the more they learn to abhor themselves. You desire me to become a friendly monitor; but am I qualified for the office? I seem to be sent forth as a reprover in the gate, rather than a chamber-counsel. I have so many beams in my own eyes, that I can scarcely see, or find a heart to pluck a mote from a brother's eye. What I can do, I will do; but I fancy you will prove the best monitor; and I must thank you for the hint you gave about my foxes. Others have given the same hint: I thank them also for their kindness, and confess to you, that I am growing sick of my kennel, and intend to go no more a fox-hunting.

Alas, dear Sir, you know the man, and his communication. My pamphlet and my letters testify sufficiently that I was born with a fool's cap on my head; and the fool is ready to show his cap, not only in a parlour, but sometimes in a pulpit; for which he has had many drubbings from his Master when he came down. But this is not the worst. Through mercy I know myself to be a fool, and can lament my folly to my friends; but my pride is such, that I do not like the world should call me what I call myself.

In my family I now have a strong proof of the power of grace. My housemaid has been ill for many weeks of a fever and jaundice, and when she seemed near death, would cry out, Lord, I am ready, I am coming, I am coming! Her fever and jaundice are abated, but we are now apprehensive of a dropsy. She is feeble, and faint, and swoln, but meek and patient as a lamb. Oh, Sir, though our breath is in our nostrils, and we know not what an hour may bring forth, yet how faintly do eternal things affect us, and how little we live as on the confines of death! The Lord bring eternity nearer our minds, and Jesus nearer our hearts. May God bless you and yours with covenant-blessings, and make you a truly royal family, even heirs of a crown that fadeth not away. Grace and peace be with you, dear Sir, and with your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO SAMUEL WILKS, ESQ.

Everton, April 8, 1774.

Dear Sir—I received a kind letter from you in town, which I laid in a drawer along with some others, and intended to call upon you before I left London; but a cold, attended with much feebleness of body, prevented my going out some weeks. When my cold was somewhat removed, your letter had wholly escaped my memory, and did not occur

to my thoughts till it presented itself to my view on rummaging the drawers to pack up my things for my journey. Well, dear Sir, though you have had a very forgetful preacher, you have a kind remembering God—a faithful Jesus—who watches over his vineyard day and night, lest any should hurt it. And what a mercy it is, that your beloved partner and yourself are both looking and drawing the same way. The Lord draw you both near to his side, and keep you there! Troubles you need, and troubles will sprout up every day from within or without; but a sweet view of Jesus will make rough ways smooth, and rough winds calm. Our business is to follow Christ with the heart as well as life, in the affections as well as actions, and to cultivate a closer acquaintance and stricter union with him. The nearer our union is, the sweeter will be our communion; and the end both of tribulation and consolation is to drive us or lead us nearer to Jesus. Old pilgrims, I find, are apt to talk of past attainments, and to nestle in them; by which they soon become dry-skinned, and foot-sore, and formal. Oh, dear Sir, let us be ambitious of the best things, and daily covet more of the true riches; pursuing our heavenly calling as men pursue a worldly one, with all our might. No traffic so sure and so gainful as Christian traffic; and no laziness so shameful as Christian laziness. The Lord help us to gird up our loins, and trim our lamps! The Lord make us watchful and prayerful, looking and longing for the coming of the Bridegroom!

I feel a Christian affection for you; but you must not be jealous when I tell you honestly, I find a stronger affection for your wife. My love for you is brotherly; for her, is fatherly; and none but a spiritual father knows what affection he bears to his children. The Lord bless you both. Grace and peace be with you, and with your affectionate servant, for Christ's sake, J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, Aug. 10. 1774.

Dear and honoured Sir—Through mercy I have been enabled to itinerate thirteen weeks this summer, and am now resting my old bones during harvest, and sitting down to pay my epistolary debts, which have risen to a large amount. Indeed they have lain too long unnoticed (but writing does not suit when I ramble), and they now threaten me with letters of attorney unless due satisfaction is made before harvest is out. It is therefore high time to call for paper, and to mend up my pens.

In most places I find very large auditories. My cathedral barns are much crowded, and the cathedral yards well sprinkled with hearers. No outrage or mocking as usual, but silence and attention. Inside and outside passengers, the living and lifeless professors receive me with more favour since my Master has cropped my ears, and turned his old ass out of doors again, which confirms a sweet passage given me in my illness: Job xi. 16—19.

I have been recruiting for Mr. Venn at Godmanchester, a very populous and wicked town near Huntingdon, and met with a patient hearing from a numerous audience. I hope he also will consecrate a few barns, and preach a little in his neighbourhood, to fill up his fold at Yelling. And sure there is a cause, when souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. Must salvation give place to a fanciful decency, and sinners go flocking to hell through our dread of irregularity? Whilst irregularities in their worst shape traverse the kingdom with impunity, should not irregularity in its best shape pass without censure? I tell my brother, he need not fear being hanged for sheep-stealing, while he only whistles the sheep to a better pasture, and meddles neither with the flesh nor fleece. And I am sure he cannot sink much lower in credit; for he has lost his character right honestly, by preaching law and gospel without mincing: The scoffing

world make no other distinction between us, than between Satan and Beelzebub. We have both got tufted horns and cloven feet, only I am thought the more impudent devil of the two.

Your three hundred and fifty Alleins are dispersed about the country, thirty miles round. The Lord attend them with a blessing. I have lately received two hundred Hymn books, and a dozen of Omicron's letters, for which I return you hearty thanks; as also for your account of the Indian woman of Tuscurora. How sweet is Christian simplicity, and how much preferable to mere human eloquence! I suppose by the matter and style that shame-faced Omicron is Mr. Newton. He wears a mask, but cannot hide his face. Pithiness and candour will betray the Curate of Olney, notwithstanding his veil of a Greek signature. I expect him at Everton to day, and a covey from Yelling Rectory, if they can bear to ride in a baker's coach.

It is much rumcured that Mr. Jobson has an offer of a minor Canonry in the church of Ely, and is going to leave his present curacy, and reside there. Alas for him! he had need of Daniel's faith before he steps into a den of lions. When young gospellers change their quarters speedily, and without constraint, I mistrust they are growing lousy, and will soon be eaten up with vermin.

I have little to write in respect of myself. Enough of temporals to supply my own proper wants, but in spirituals poor indeed! and the older I grow, the poorer I seem. From an imaginary something, I am sinking into mere nothing, and a perfect scold miserable. I am ashamed of the little I do for Jesus, and of the poverty of that little. Worms are eating holes in my duties, as fast as I do them: and flies are blowing their maggots into all the pots of my ointment. No prayer sits so well on my stomach now, as God be merciful. I hope you give the Lord daily thanks for your ability and inclination to do good, and take nothing to yourself but

the character of an unprofitable servant. The Lord increase you more and more, you and your household, giving you bread from heaven, and water from the rock, to sanctify and sweeten all the nether springs. So prayeth your much obliged and affectionate servant, J. B.

TO SAMUEL WILKS, ESQ.

Everton, Aug. 16, 1774.

Dear Sir—I have been itinerating for thirteen weeks; and when I ramble about to preach, I have neither leisure nor inclination to write; but the harvest is now come forward, which affords me some rest, and I am set down to pay my epistolary debts. Indeed, my spirits have been so weak and shattered since my late long illness, that writing of letters is a real burden to me, and makes me a very tardy correspondent. At times, when I am very low, a letter that demands a speedy answer will vapour me as much as a large bill requiring prompt payment would a sinking tradesman.

The Lord has led you through a variety of scenes, but he knows what he does, and does all things well. Sitting safely on the beach is very sweet after a stormy voyage; but I fancy you will find it more difficult to walk closely with Jesus in a calm than a storm, in easy circumstances than in strait. A christian never falls asleep in the fire or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine. We love to nestle, but cannot make a nest in a hard bed. God has given you good abilities. This, of course, will make you respected by men of business, and tempt you at times to admire yourself, and thus bring a smart rod upon your back. Sharp genius, like a sharp knife, often makes a wrong gash, and cuts a finger instead of food. We scarcely know how to turn our backs on admiration, though it comes from the vain world; yet a kick from the world does believers less harm than a kiss. I apprehend a main part of your trial will lie here; and

when you are tempted to think gaudily of yourself, and spread your feathers like a peacock, remember too, that fine parts, in themselves, are like the fine wings of a butterfly, which garnish out the moth or grub underneath. Remember, too, that a fiend has sharper parts than the sharpest of us; and that one grain of godly fear is of more worth than a hundred thousand heads-full of attic wit, or full of philosophic, theologic, or commercial science.

Kind Christian love to Mrs. W. The Lord bless you both, and bless your children. Grace and peace be with you all, and with your affectionate servant, for Christ's sake, J. B.

TO SAMUEL WILKS, ESQ.

Everton, April 11, 1775.

Dear Sir—I received your very friendly letter, and thank you for it; but is it not rather too profuse of honour conferred—upon whom? Why, truly, on a miserable sinner, like yourself. One toad may croak to another, but, sure, it would raise a smile on your face to hear one toad compliment another, and speak very handsome things of his toadship. I do not love hard words, yet am much afraid of kind ones: they have procured me many a whipping. Sweet words are to the heart what sweetmeats are to the stomach; unwholesome, producing sickliness. Children may bear such sweet things, but elderly people cannot digest them.

I make no visits to London: my weak body, and still weaker spirits, will not bear it. My late long illness has made preaching in large congregations exhaust me wholly; and I am forced to sit still, and keep close in my chamber, to recover myself for the next preaching. However, though I do not go out myself, some few of my friends pay me short visits; and if the Lord should bring me again to London, I cordially invite Mr. W., his dear partner, and children, to drink tea or coffee along with my toadship, on any afternoon, excepting Tuesday

or Wednesday, which are my preaching days, when I must be alone. I perceive by your letter, that your constitution is breaking up, as well as my own. It is well when a cottage gives a crack before it falls; this, like the warning of a clock, prepares for the stroke; the stroke of death. The nearer you come to Canaan, expect the more rubs in your way. They are designed to rub off your rust, to wean you from transitory things, and to wing your soul for its passage. It is a great thing to live in faith, but greater still to die in faith, full faith, bearing a glorious testimony to the love and faithfulness of a covenant God in Christ. The first work of our heavenly potter, is to fashion the vessels of mercy by the finger of his Spirit; but the vessel is of little use yet, for want of fire; therefore his last work is to cast the vessels into a furnace; and when baked well there, they come out meet for the Master's service. Afflictions, in the hand of the spirit, are of excellent use; therefore be not afraid of them. Our Master's honey is very pleasant, but his rod is most profitable. Since writing hurts my breast, and wearies my spirit exceedingly, my London friends demand no more than a single letter a-piece; and I trust Mr. W. can be as moderate in his demands as the rest.

Through mercy, I got home to Everton safe and well, but found my congregation cast into a spiritual lunacy, by the Newfoundland tales of Mr. C—— Present my heart's love to Mrs. W. The Lord accept her, and bless her dear other half, yourself, and bless the children. Grace and peace be with you all, and with your affectionate servant,

J. B.

The Editor of Mr. Berridge's Life deems himself greatly obliged to the Rev. S. C. Wilks, the worthy Editor of the *Christian Observer*, for permitting him to add to the Collection of Mr. Berridge's Letters those addressed to his Grandfather, Samuel Wilks, Esq., " a man of deep piety, intense devotion of spirit, and unwearied energy in every work of charity; for he viewed all that he had as the property of the divine Donor, to be used for his glory; and subordinately, as the property of the poor and afflicted, especially the members of ' the household of faith;' considering that only as his own which was neces-

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, April 11, 1775.

Dear and honoured Sir—I have received six dozen of Bibles, six dozen of Testaments, one hundred Allein's Alarms, one hundred treasuries, and a Scotch Bible, for which I return you my hearty thanks. May the Lord remember the donor for good, and accompany the books with a blessing! At my return to Everton, I found my congregation cast into a spiritual lunacy, easily mistaken for spiritual liveliness, and such gospel-junketing introduced, as made Methodism exceeding palatable to a carnal taste; and this occasioned by the sermons and conduct of Mr. Jonathan Coughlan, a Newfoundland divine. Such a light-spirited, vainglorious, and Canterbury tale's man, never stepped into my pulpit before; and if Mr. Foster's account of him be true, which I do not doubt, because it comes from Mr. Foster, a pillory would suit him better than a pulpit. He claims some acquaintance with you, and talks of the books you have sent him, and therefore I send this short history of him, to prevent any further deception in him. I could let a carnal cheat pass by me, and be thankful that I passed him safely, but would tear a sheep's coat

sary, in due moderation, for himself and those dependent upon him." But one remarkable proof of his devoutness of mind still survives in *twenty-seven manuscript volumes of Hymns of his own composition*, beautifully written out, containing four thousand, two hundred, and thirty-seven compositions, ranging from six to twelve stanzas each, besides a volume containing more than four hundred Hymns, which he printed and distributed, but not published. These compositions strikingly indicate the constant bent of his mind; it being his custom for many years to compose a Hymn regularly every morning, and another every evening, for the purpose of family prayer. They also beautifully portray the humility of his spiritual feelings; his deep sense of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin;" his intense love to his Redeemer; and his repose on him, in his offices as our Prophet, Priest, and King.

He occupied for many years the lucrative, but very responsible and arduous post of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, which he filled with the highest satisfaction to the East India Company. The Court of Directors, being sensible of his important services, awarded a handsome gratuity and a highly liberal life-pension, as a testimony of their respect for his "faithful services." See a further account of this excellent man in a very pleasing, instructive, and edifying volume of poetry, entitled, "*Rose Buds Rescued*," by the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, M.A. from which the above has been extracted, hoping that Mr. Wilks will excuse the liberty the Editor has taken in so doing.

from any wolf's back that I met, and pursue a gospel-cheat with hue-and-cry.

How insensibly our hearts are drawn away from the right object; and when once seduced, how easily we can mistake frothy mirth, for gospel-joy; and yet how wide the difference! Joy in the Lord as it is the most delightful, so it is the most serious thing in the world, filling the soul with holy shame and blushing, and drawing tears of sweetest love. Merriment and laughter compose the sillabub of human joy; and where no better can be had, this may be thought excellent: but an angel's mouth is out of taste for such sillabub; and so is a saint's mouth, when his harp is well in tune. Laughter is not found in heaven: all are too happy there to laugh: it is a disease of fallen nature, and as such infested me sorely when sunk into the lowest stage of a nervous complaint. It forced itself on me without provocation, and continued with such violence, as quite to overwhelm me; and nothing could check it, but choaking it, viz. filling my mouth with a handkerchief.

I dare say, Adam never laughed before he fell; and am sure he had no cause to laugh after; nor do we read that the second Adam ever laughed. Laughter sprung with sin; and as it makes the life of Esau's joy, it often proves the death of Jacob's comfort. More prayer would cure us of this itching disease; and make us exchange our treacle for honey, that honey which flows from the cask. The lightness and barrenness, that is found in ourselves, is owing to the want of more prayer. No divine communion can be had without it; and when the heart is destitute of that communion, it snaps at any worldly comfort. The Lord encompass your heart evermore with that piece of armour, called all-prayer! Grace be with you, and yours, and with your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON ESQ.

Everton, June. 12, 1778.

Honoured Sir—I have received twelve dozen of small Bibles, nine dozen of small Testaments, and one thousand Hymns for children, which I will distribute as carefully as I can. Indeed some care is needful, that your bounty may not be interrupted in its course, by passing through slippery fingers. I gave thirty of Watts' small Hymns to a neighbouring Baptist minister, who sold them at half price. He had maintained a good character for many years, but is now dismissed from his flock, by the breaking out of some heinous misconduct. Such misapplications call for caution in the original giver, and in his almoner, but should not stop the current of bounty. For if good is only to be done, where it cannot be misapplied, but little good can be done at all. If only half of the books, or money you give, is given to good purpose, you may think yourself well off, and shall not lose the benefit of the other half. If only a quarter of the sermons I preach, is made effectual, I need not grudge to throw in the other three quarters. Jesus Christ was an excellent fisher of men, and toiled much in letting down his net; yet the fish that he caught were but few. The most part were not gathered into his net, or slipped through the meshes. Hear his complaint, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought. Yet he goes forward with this consideration, My work (or my reward) is with my God: Isai. xlix. 4.

Oh, Sir, it is worth while to spend much money and labour, if some good, though but little, is done thereby! Misapplications of your bounty will be made, but the whole of it remaineth still your own, and your children will fare the better for it. I sometimes put a small book into the hand of a travelling beggar, and desire him to read it, but expect he will sell it for a trifle to the first person he meets. Yet bread thus cast on the waters, is found again,

and often proves a savoury meal. Yea, such is the temper of some people, they will read a book, which cost them something, and would lay it aside, if it cost them nothing; treating man's free gift with the same neglect, as God's free grace.

My spring fever is making a forcible attack, and weakening my strength and my spirits exceedingly, so that I can scarce bear company, or struggle through the fatigue of a letter. I often feel a foolish wish for stronger health, and would sanctify that wish by the hope of doing more service. But I forget that our God is called a husbandman, and that his cultivated grounds need a fallow in due season, to tumble them over, and break them well, with harrow and plough, again and again, in order to cleanse them from rubbish, and make them more kindly for after fruit-bearing. Some wealthy farmers about Everton have lately cropped their grounds every year, and thought to make the ground amends by laying extraordinary manure upon it. But they see their mistake, and return to the old method. For the grounds being deprived of their fallow year, the proper season for cleansing them, are much overrun with foul weeds and twitch. And I know of no ground, that needs more ploughing and harrowing, than the ground of my heart, so churlish it is, and full of rank weeds. Young Venn is the most promising youth I have seen; great mental abilities, close application to study, and much unction from the Holy One. I am weary with writing: accept a warm prayer, and I conclude. The Lord Jesus multiply grace and peace upon yourself and your partner, and make your whole household a household of faith. Amen.

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 24, 1778.

Dear and honoured Sir—On Wednesday morning last, a dissenting minister, not a Baptist, called

at my house, and, finding me gone abroad to preach, he left a note, and pursued his journey, having engaged to preach that evening, at a village, thirty miles distant from Everton. Two years ago he was settled at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, where he found a congregation, very meagre in all respects, but which is now in a thriving state. I believe him sound in faith and practice, and he loves itinerant preaching, and practises it much. He is zealous, but not furious, of a catholic spirit without lukewarmness, and his fire warms without scorching. His name is J. Wildbore: we were both born at Nottingham, and are very distantly related. The purport of his note is as follows: "My congregation increaseth, and I trust the Lord is with us, but the people are very poor. My income is under thirty pounds a year, which is too narrow for a wife and four children. I want ten pounds to discharge a few debts, and wish for a friend to lend me that sum. At my father's death, who is aged and infirm, an estate at Nottingham, of a few hundred pounds value, comes to me, which will then enable me to discharge the loan." Had I seen Mr. Wildbore, I would have given him a guinea, but could not lend him ten pounds. I have many demands upon me, and am often in the deep myself, with my chin under water, but the Lord keeps my nose above it, which is enough, quite enough to keep me from sinking, but not enough to save a brother from drowning. Had I Mr. Thornton's heart and purse, I would not lend Mr. Wildbore a groat, but send him ten pounds immediately, and thus refresh my own bowels, by relieving his wants. I know your poor's bag is a deep one; but how far exhausted at present, I know not; yet if a ten pound bill lies skulking in some corner of the bag, I do wish and pray you would drag him out, and send him to Oundle. It would occasion many thanksgivings to God, and many prayers for your welfare.

Mr. Venn has informed me of your fall and re-

covery. The latter will fill you with thankfulness, no doubt; and the former inspire you with caution, I trust. Indeed, Sir, you appear too venturesome. And since you are neither very young, nor very slender, is it not seasonable to adopt some caution, for the sake of your family, as well as yourself. Caution in the hand does not wrangle, but harmonize with faith in the heart. And since the Lord affords you numerous servants, is it not a disregard of this mercy, to travel in the dark, and in danger of thieves, without an attendant? Mercies are bestowed for use, and the use creates thankfulness in upright hearts; but your leaving all the servants at home, is like a miser's hoarding all his cash in a bag, to the neglect of his bodily wants. And if you persist in this track, the money-miser will claim kindred, and call you cousin; and Jesus Christ will not thank you for this new relation. The Lord bless you abundantly, and enrich your family with his choicest blessings. I remain, with much affection, your obliged servant,

J. B.

P. S. I preached at Yelling, on Tuesday evening to a large congregation, and left the family in good health. Jacky goes on well; is very studious and serious, and promises to be a polished shaft in the Lord's quiver.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Tabernacle, Feb. 11, 1779.

Dear and honoured Sir—I have received your kind letter of the 9th instant, inclosing another with a bill in its bosom, value £25.; five of which are appointed for the poor, and the rest for Mr. Kennedy. Accept my hearty thanks for the same.

London congregations are almost too much for me; and I am usually in great travail, whilst I am here. My head very cloudy, my body exceeding heavy, and my thoughts frequently so fugitive and

scattered, that sometimes I know not where to find them; at other times cannot hold them, when I have them: yet, if through this travail any children are born, it is well; and if others are suckled, better still. A feeble body damps my spirits, and somewhat my zeal, but not my desire to labour and die in the service of my Master: and through grace my heart pines after God, for more of his image, and nearer communion, which are not obtained by mere preaching or reading, or hearing, without much prayer and watchfulness. Formality steps into ordinances quickly, unless they are salted with prayer, before and behind. Crowded and attentive congregations are reviving sights; yet perhaps this is rather an age of much hearing, than much praying. The old puritan spirit of devotion is not kindling and breathing among us. Religious controversy has hurt the work much, religious gossipping hurts it still more, and deep-mouthed Calvinism loves sitting and hearing much better than kneeling and praying. May God make all grace abound to yourself, to your family, and to your affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, July 27, 1775.

Dear and honoured Sir - By the favour of Mr. T. Astell, I received a copy of the Olney Hymns. They are experimental and sound; the language intelligible to all believers; and the sense sufficiently closing at the end of each line: a very needful thing in public worship, where many are destitute of a hymn book. They seem to want a little unction sometimes, and sometimes a little more poetic vein, and I wish there had been more hymns of praise; but on the whole I think it the most edifying hymn book yet published. The worst fault I can find in the book is, that it proves a single copy, a private treat, without a general feast,

a meal for myself without any dole for others. Methinks I see you upbraid my ravenous appetite, and indignantly ask, "Will his mouth be always gasping after my publications?" Indeed, Sir, it may, unless you wisely clap a padlock on my lips, and keep the key in your pocket.

We have been in a state of war at Everton for two years, and have had preludes of a French and Spanish invasion. The * * * * and the * * * * are making incursions on each other alternately, and labouring to harass and vex each other sufficiently. A notable fruit this of the religion of nature (under Christian profession) which loves to traffic in misery, and studies hard to render unkindness for unkindness. Oh, from what wretchedness does precious grace save a true believer! The Lord fill my heart with this precious grace! Times are awful; and likely to be more so. Rods have been used without effect, and now the scorpions are coming. May their bite awake, but not destroy us! National pride, infidelity, and profligacy are growing very rampant, and will grow from bad to worse unless restrained by heavy judgments. The worst evil God can bring upon a nation is to say to it, as once he said to Ephraim, "Let him alone:" but if the Lord intends our good, he will chastise sorely. This is the Bible-road to reformation. On this account, however formidable judgments are, I know not whether I should fear them more, or bid them welcome. Strong physic is become needful for the body politic; and however nauseous to the palate, or griping in the operation, it must be deemed a blessing. The Lord prepare us for the tempest, and prove our hiding-place! Yes, he says, "On *every* dwelling of mount Sion, He will create a pillar both of cloud and fire; and on *all* the glory shall be a defence." Amen: Isa. iv. 5, 6.

I suppose you have received a letter of thanks from our Society at Stretham, for assisting them

to build a small barn—a threshing floor for Jesus. The barn is now erected and thatched, and the people are happy and thankful. The Lord keep yourself and family under his gracious protection; and enrich you all with his choicest treasure, the blessings of salvation. Amen and Amen.

I have just room to subscribe

J. B.

TO THE REV. S. LUCAS.

Everton, Oct. 23, 1779.

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 2nd. of July came duly to hand; but has waited a wearisome while for an answer. Indeed, I have been much, yet not too much, afflicted with my old disorder for some months, a nervous fever. We have been housekeepers every summer for forty years; and this fever-friend has kept me this summer twelve weeks at home, and forbid me all literary correspondence. As winter comes on, I begin to revive; and when the swallows march off, I begin to march out; as when the swallows return, I am often obliged to keep in. 'Tis well we are not in our own keeping, nor at our own carving, since we so little know what is good for us. I do not love this fever-friend; yet he is certainly the best earthly companion I have. No lasting gain do I get but in a furnace. Comforts of every kind, in the issue, make me either light or lofty, and swell me, though unperceivably, with self-sufficiency. Indeed, so much dross, native and acquired, is found in my heart, that I have constant need of a furnace; and Jesus has selected a suitable furnace for me, not a hot and hasty one, which seems likely to harden and consume me, but one with a gentle and lingering heat, which melts my heart gradually, and lets out some of its dross. Though I cannot love a furnace, nor bask in it like a salamander, yet the longer I live, the more I see of its need and its use. A believer seldom walks steadily and ornamentally,

unless he is well furnaced. Without this his zeal is often scalding hot; his boldness attended with fierceness, or rather rashness; and his confidence at times more the result of animal spirit than the fruit of the Spirit: but a furnace consumes these excressences, and when sweetly blown with grace, will make a Christian humble, watchful, and mellow; very censorious of himself, and full of compassion for others.

May your congregation be increasing in numbers, and the power of the Lord be present to wound and to heal, to quicken and comfort and build! But let me add, the growth of the children will greatly depend on your conduct; for a congregation quickly drink in the spirit of the preacher. Much reading and thinking may make a popular minister; but much secret prayer must make a powerful preacher.

If you converse much with God on the mount, as Moses did, and the old puritans did, your hearers will see a gospel-lustre on your countenance, and stand in awe of you; and, what is best of all, like Moses, you will not be sensible of that lustre whilst others see it and reverence it. Much secret prayer will solemnize your heart, and make your visits savoury as well as your sermons. The old puritans visited their flocks by house-row; the visits were short; they talked a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to God. An excellent rule, which prevented tittle-tattle, and made visits profitable. May Jesus bless you, and water your flock! Your affectionate brother,

J. B.

P. S. When you pass near Everton, call upon us, and give us a sermon.

TO MRS. ELIZABETH H——.

March 31, 1780.

Dear Madam—Through mercy I got home safe and well, and my lame foot seems to gather strength daily. Last Lord's day I preached without a stool,

and found but little inconvenience from standing all the time. I found some thankfulness for my lameness whilst I was in town, but now find it abundantly more. It is good for me that I have been afflicted. I was made to see a need of it soon after it came, and now find a blessing from it. The Lord be praised for past sickness, and returning health. Whilst we dwell in houses of corrupt clay we shall need continual correction. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the lesson written on the Lord's school door, " Take up thy cross daily." It must come because it is needful: it will come because it is healthful. Expect the cross daily, and it cannot surprise you, nor much hurt you when it comes. It will come from every quarter just as it is wanted; and it comes with a rough and lowering countenance, but brings a blessing secretly in its hand for you. We are often simple enough to think that any other cross were better for us than the present: yet since Jesus is a kind and wise physician, he always sends the most suitable medicine. He lays a blister on the proper part; yea, and takes it off too when it has done its work. Afflictions have been to me some of my greatest mercies.

Seek daily for a full manifestation of Christ's love; yet be not anxious lest you fall short of it. Diligence is required, but anxiety is forbidden. The times of awakening, reviving, or comforting are acts of sovereignty, in which the Lord consults his own glory, and his people's profit. It is enough that we are told, " Ask, and ye shall have." And again, " If I tarry, wait for me." And again, " Whosoever will let him come; and he that cometh, I will in no wise cast out." You have need, and are required to rejoice in the Lord evermore. Rejoice in Jesus, that he hath quickened you. Rejoice, that you are drawn to seek his face. Rejoice for the glimpses of his countenance, and the frequent refreshings of his word. These are tokens of love. Rejoice that you can mourn for an absent Jesus;

such mourning is a sure proof of your love to Jesus; and you could not love him unless he had first loved you. Seek on, therefore, dear Madam, and seek rejoicing, and may the Lord water your heart abundantly. I remain your affectionate servant, J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 20, 1780.

Dear and honoured Sir—I am seldom without thorns in my flesh, through a peevish disorder called vapours; and now have a thorn in my family, through insanity. My poor maid, who has lived seven years with me, and is fifty years old, began to droop on August twelvemonths, and in February last fell distracted. For a fortnight she was very violent, rolled on the floor, tore her flesh, and endeavoured to destroy herself. Afterwards she grew calmer, and has been tolerably calm ever since, yet roaming at times, and afraid of being cast into prison for her past ravings. She tells her fellow-servant I shall certainly hang her, and weekly appoints a day for her execution. These fears emaciate and enfeeble her much, and nothing I can say removes them. Yet she retains her recollection pretty well, is rational enough in many things, can do most of the housework, and seems displeased when I provide a helper. Some gracious words have been given her from the Lord, which make me pray and live in hope she will be restored, and the visitation sanctified.

O, Sir, the partition between sane and insane is so slender, none but God could keep the partition up. What a mercy to have full use of reason, and reason preserved, and reason improved and illumined by grace; to be sane in mind, and faithful in Christ; a ready hand for the world, and a willing heart for the Lord!

Old age, with its winter aspect, creeps on me apace. My mind waxes feeble as well as my limbs;

my windows grow dark, my memory leeks, and my grinders are few. Much ashamed I am for loving the Lord so little, and doing so little for his name; and much out of temper with administration for persisting in a ruinous war, and trying to entail poverty, popery, and slavery on us. Surely the Lord's hands is in this, to scourge the nation for their contempt of his word and his Christ. Infatuation comes judicially from the Lord, which bids me lay my hand on my mouth.

When I read of convoys taken, and loss by insurance, I think of Mr. Thornton with more concern than he, I do suppose, feels for himself. We may live without anxiety when we are alive to God.

Mr. Astell has gained much credit by his upright conduct in office; and Mr. Venn gave great satisfaction to real Christians by his assize sermon. He is gone into Yorkshire, hoping to ride off his disorder in the mountains. I have no opinion of going so far from a parish to ride for health; yet some uncommon providence seemed to point out this step. I wish it may succeed: but Dr. Doddridge's going to Portugal for health, and dying in his passage occurs to my thoughts, on such like occasions. You have now had a specimen of young * * * *, and may form a judgment of him. Is any tache wanting, you could wish to see in a young man, designed for the ministry? A new alliance with your family is in agitation, I hear; the Lord accompany it with his blessings: and that all your branches may be grafted into the living vine, and the parent-stocks be well watered with the dews of grace, is the hearty prayer of your dutiful and affectionate servant, J. B.

TO MR. JOHN BERRIDGE—A NEPHEW.

Everton, May 30, 1780.

Dear John—I am glad to hear that you are well in health, and diligent in business, and well esteemed and spoken of amongst your neighbours.

Honesty, sobriety, and civility are blessings from God; they are his gifts; but no righteousness of our own can save us. Happy is the man who is brought to a right knowledge of Christ, and a saving acquaintance with him: who is taught of God how to believe in Jesus Christ, to love and delight in him, to pray to him and praise him, to trust in him wholly, and to cast every care and burden upon him. May you be found among these happy people!

Dear John, you will find as well as others, care and troubles enough in the world; and after a few years must be removed from it for ever. Oh, think seriously of that other world, which is eternal; and read the good word of God daily, and pray earnestly for the grace of Christ, and for the guidance of his Spirit! Now is your spiritual seed-time; now is the day of salvation. Be diligent whilst the day of life lasteth, for the night of death cometh wherein no man can work. Oh, let the concerns of your soul be your daily thought and prayer! Your body will soon be laid down in the dust, but your soul must live for ever. Take care of the main concern: be wise for your soul, and then you are wise for ever. May the Lord protect you by his providence, and direct you by his grace, and bless you in body and soul. I remain, your affectionate uncle,

J. B.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Everton, Dec. 12, 1780.

Dear Sir—Mr. Keen recommends a Mr. Mayor to supply my church during my London visit, and refers me to you for a character. Is he moral; is he also evangelical? Can he preach without notes; and will he condescend to visit some neighbouring country town once a week, and give a sermon or an exhortation in a barn or a house? Is he also a single man? A speedy answer to these queries will be esteemed a favour.

Next week I go to preach in a parish church; a high honour indeed! Mr. Peers, the Rector of Ickleford, near Hitchin, is newly enlightened to preach Jesus, and desires help from evangelical brethren. Sixteen years ago I preached in one of his neighbouring barns, and now am invited to preach in his church. He has driven the 'Squire and his family from the church, which is a mighty good symptom; and if he has any reputation still remaining among the neighbouring clerics, it cannot survive my preaching in his pulpit. Indeed, he is a bold man to ask the madman of Everton to dust his cushion.

Mr. Venn has been traversing the mountains of Yorkshire for ten weeks, and is returning home this week, full of power, I hear, stout in body, and vigorous in spirit. The Lord has restored my leg to perfect soundness, and strengthened my body for itinerate preaching the last three months, and is crowding my church abundantly on a Sunday afternoon, glory be to his grace. I hope a latter rain is coming down: indeed, it is wanted. Our skins are growing very dry; the spiritual pulse beats very low; and grey hairs are sprinkled upon us. I hope you find some refreshing seasons in your new barn floor, and some grain beating out of the straw. Present my very kind Christian respects to Mrs. Newton; and if you could peep into my bosom, you might see how much you are loved and esteemed by

J. B.

P.S. Much grace and peace be with you all.

TO MR. JOHN BERRIDGE—A NEPHEW.

Everton, July 21, 1781.

Dear John—I am glad to hear by John Clark, that you are well in health, are sober-minded, and diligent in business. I wish also that your soul may prosper; that you may not only be sober-minded, but heavenly-minded; and whilst you are

diligent in business, may be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. If you hope to dwell with God in heaven, you must have the kingdom of heaven brought down into your bosom; your heart must be devoted unto God, and taught to delight in him as your portion, to trust in him alone, and to worship him in spirit, and in truth; but this you cannot do till you are born again. You must have a heavenly nature given, before you have a heavenly mind. My dear John, the Lord give you this heavenly nature, that you may walk with God here, and dwell with him hereafter, I remain, your affectionate uncle,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 24, 1781.

Dear and honoured Sir—Your letter, bringing present pay, and plenty of good promises, came safe to hand, for which I do most heartily thank you, and beg of God to enrich you with his heavenly treasures. No fear of your proving a defaulter, but I must take heed lest I make a little Christ of you. The human heart loves a human prop, and is glad to see an earthly supply near at hand. I believe the children often lose a benefactor, because they hoist him up into the place of God. However God will not suffer his children to starve, but as one channel dries up, another is set a running to supply their wants, and teach them to place their whole trust in the living God.

I came from Yelling not much improved in my health, but greatly delighted with their family worship, and with the gracious behaviour of the whole family. Truly it seems a little household of faith. Nelly is quick and smart, and appears to advantage in company; but Jenny is the most solid, and has the best abilities. She visits all the sick in the parish, makes up their medicines, delights in the work, and would make a good parson's wife. Her

health is but indifferent, yet she does not seem to quarrel with the Lord on that account. Kitty had a wonderful breathing of the Holy Ghost upon her three or four years ago, which continued for many months. A spirit of prayer was given in rich abundance with divine consolations, and her heart seemed wholly taken up with God. I hope this has left such a relish for divine things as will never be lost. Jacky is the top branch of the tree, highest and humblest. His abilities seem equal to any thing he undertakes, and his modesty is pleasing to all that behold him. He has daily hours of retirement for waiting secretly on his God, as have his sisters, father, and mother; and he is so recollected in his talk, that I seldom hear him speak a trifling thing. His behaviour in College has turned the hearts of the Master and Fellows entirely to him, who were very averse, and even injurious for a season, on account of his being the son of a Methodist Clergyman. There seems not a doubt but he will be elected Fellow next Easter; yet no profit will accrue to him from his Fellowship until he is Master of Arts, which will be two years after he is chosen. He talks of taking Deacon's Orders next Trinity Sunday. The Lord surely delights in that Yelling family to bless it; for grace reigns and triumphs over parents, children, and servants.

I feel something within which haunts me daily, and troubles me. It is an eager desire since my fever was removed of growing well presently, and of mounting my pulpit out of hand: but the Lord fits me accordingly, by sending frequent colds, which throw me back again. I have no prospect of a thorough recovery until spring; yet if two or three cheerful days come, I am expecting wings to fly abroad. Oh for that blessed world, where every will is melted down completely into God's will, and God becomes their all in all! The Lord shine upon your heart daily, and refresh you with his

mercy, and make all your children monuments of Jesu's grace! I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Everton, April 13, 1782.

Dear Brother—Accept my hearty thanks for your preface, which is judicious, like all your other works, for which I greatly esteem them. Your productions, and Dr. Owen's, are always new to me, I can read them again and again with fresh pleasure and profit. Your sense is never withdrawn; your thoughts are your own, and your language not crippled with feeble epithets, nor encumbered with superfluous ones. But what need I tell you what you know, and what others know and acknowledge as well as myself: only there is a pleasure in telling a friend we esteem, how much we esteem him. I think your preface should be prefixed to the second edition, which is likely to be called for soon. Your name, though ranked among Methodists, is not very unsavoury, and your preface would recommend itself.

Mr. Cowper's Hymns, though poetical, did not raise expectation of such poetic vein, as his book discovers. I was amazed as well as charmed, as I read along; and think him the nation's poet-laureat, though not the king's. There is more sweet and wholesome sack in his verse, than in Whitehead's, my former fellow collegian. He is very happy in his descriptions and peculiarly excellent in the choice of his epithets. Perhaps a grain of insanity, not discoverable in the verse, has helped his muse, by giving her a loftier wing, and a more luxuriant fancy, than she could have had without it. Do I find nothing to blame? Yes, but as a lover and a friend. His ear is not so fine as his fancy. Many of the lines are not readable, neither prose nor verse, and break old teeth inhu-

manly. His meaning frequently lies out of present sight, and then as much circumspection is needful to unfold him, as to develope a crabbed classic, or unkennel a Hebrew root. I think he makes too free use of the word "fool." It suits the petulant tongue of pride, but not the humble lips of a Christian; and poetry cannot authorise what scripture reproves. The last thing I would mention is a typographical fault, running more or less through the whole book, which should be remedied in the next edition. The comma is often left out in passive verbs or participles, which makes the line a syllable too long. Thus, in the 4th page, line 18, you read, "How seldom used," instead of "How seldom us'd." So in page the 6th, line 12, you read "Indeed? replied the Don," instead of, "Indeed? reply'd." This matter will require some care in the corrector. In page 280, line 1, is a double fault; point it thus, "As he that slumbers in pavilions, grac'd," &c.

What need of bedaubing the Chancellor with eulogium, unless a sinecure is wanted? In page 280, universal censure is cast on all 'squires and parsons. Is it liberal, or christianly? And a great statesman is made to pass his time altogether with a mechanic and a hobby. Is this at all likely? But you say I am become a mere wasp. So it seems, but without a sting. When I first looked on your frank, it appeared to me a desirable thing, that all senators who could not learn to speak, should yet be taught to write; and that a master, with a handsome stipend, be appointed to instruct all those who cannot make a legible scrawl. I suppose your franker, by his characters, must be a Chinese. Present my very kind respects to Mrs. Newton, and remember me to Sally. Much grace and sweet peace be with you all; and the Lord water your pulpit and parlour discourses. Yours very affectionately,

J. B.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Everton, Sept. 17, 1782.

My dear Sir—Your kind letter refreshed my spirit once and again, and may refresh me still more when it has received an answer; but for the last month I durst not peep into it for fear of the date, so disdainful it looked for want of an answer. During my latter years I have been continually making apologies for slack returns to my corresponding friends, and am not one jot better yet. No one can be ashamed more, or grieved more, or repent more, or resolve more, than I have done, yet no reformation ensues. My heavy constitution weighs down shame and grief and repentance, and buries all resolution. Indeed, I am now sinking into the dregs of life, just able to preach once in a week, and for two or three days after preaching my mind seems so weakened, and my thoughts so scattered, I scarce know how or where to pick them up. My outward case, the soul's coffin, is well to look at, only rather too portly; and my health is better than usual in the summer, but my strength is soon exhausted by preaching, and my breast complains long afterwards.

I read your letter to Mr. Venn, who seemed to be affected with it, and has returned an answer, I hope to your content. His son, a very gracious youth, is gone to Buckden for orders, and prays earnestly for the Lord's unction along with the Bishop's hands on Sunday next. He seems intended for a polished shaft, and has been much in the furnace of late, a good school for Christian experience. Mr. Simeon, a young Fellow of King's College, in Cambridge, has just made his appearance in the Christian hemisphere, and attracts much notice. He preaches at a church in the town, which is crowded like a theatre on the first night of a new play. A gospel Curate is also sprung up at Royston, a market town, ten miles S. E. of Everton. Thus Christ is opening many

doors to spread his gospel: may he open many hearts to receive it!

(I did not expect a reply from Mr. Cowper, but came off as well as I could expect. It is beneath a good poet to heed the vituperation of a crazy old Vicar. My strictures will not hurt him; I wish his muse may hurt him no more. Poetic fame is a sweet morsel for the mind to feed upon, and will try to beguile his heart into idolatry. Indeed, the muses are all wanton girls, with meretricious hearts, and quickly draw Helicon-hunters into their embraces.)

I have no doubt of your skill to form a plan for an academy; but where will you dig up academical tutors, and how will you create academical patrons to support the work? You need not only a pencil to design, but the philosopher's stone to make money, with good store also of lignum vitæ for academical blocks; and neither the stone nor the wood are readily found. Your eye is fixed, I perceive, upon a fine bull, but how will you pair him, except with wild bullocks.

After two years' of insanity, my housemaid is perfectly restored, better in health now than ever, and thus enabled to do her work with ease. The Lord be praised for this mercy.

Church-work goes on heavily here: many of the old sheep are called home, and few lambs drop into the fold. The wealthier sort seem to be growing downward into the earth, and find solid gold a more tempting idol than poetic fame. Sometimes I am ready to be offended at them, but this is stifled by finding more cause to be offended with myself.

I hope this will find Mrs. Newton, your dear other self, perfectly recovered. The Lord continue her life for your comfort, and your health for the church's profit. Many blessings of every kind attend you both. Give my love to Mr. Foster, when you see him: yours very affectionately,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Tabernacle, Jan. 23, 1783.

Dear and honoured Sir—Your kind letter I received, including a ten-pound note on the poor's behalf, for which I thank you heartily, and the Lord will requite you. Blessed are they that sow beside all waters. As you keep abounding in good works, may you also grow rich in faith, and abound in sweet humility, feeling yourself nothing, and living as a pauper daily on heavenly alms. The longer I live, the more need I see of the apostle's advice, to pray *always* with *all* prayer, not only the congregational and social, but riding prayer, walking prayer, reading prayer, writing prayer, in short prayer of every posture and exercise. We lose many a good bit and sup for want of asking, aud often starve in the midst of plenty.

I have been laid up with a fever and sore throat since Sunday, and was not able to preach at Tabernacle last night. My place was supplied by Mr. Bull, an able minister. The chapel was full, and the congregation seemed at first dissatisfied with his whining prayer (a tone more familiar to our Dissenting brethren formerly than now), but his sermon was noble and bold, and the people were so agreeably disappointed, they thought no more of old Everton, but begged he might preach again next Wednesday, which was granted. I should have returned an answer yesterday, but was not able to read or write. To day, through mercy, I am much better. Starvation, and a few grains of James's fever powder, through the Lord's blessing, are restoring me.

How wonderfully God is bringing his gospel into the establishment, and what sweet humility appears in newly enlightened souls! I am glad Mr. Henry Thornton's election does not make him think it needful to keep a carriage or a town-house: I wish him God's election, and a comfortable assurance of it. My hearty respects wait on Mrs. Thornton:

the Lord repair her animal frame, and continue her your companion for life. That blessings of every kind may richly descend upon yourself and family is the prayer of your affectionate and dutiful servant,

J. B.

P.S. I purpose to wait upon you at Clapham on some Sunday at the end of March.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 15, 1783.

Dear and honoured Sir—On Friday last I had a note from Mr. Venn, which acquaints me with the loss of your partner, who, I find, expired suddenly after a long illness. She had lived to see her daughter married to a peer, and her three sons seated in the House of Commons, and then is quickly removed. What a bubble is human honour, and what a toy is human joy! Happy is he, whose hope the Lord is, and whose heart crieth out for the living God. Creature comforts may fail him, but the God of consolation will be with him; and when human cisterns yield no water, he may drink of the river that waters the throne of God. Your partner's absence will make the house look dreary, and household matters move heavily; for she was a right spring of Œconomic's: but when the rib is gone, you must lean firmer on your staff: Psalm xxiii.

You may now, perhaps, think of drawing yourself into less compass: it is a desirable thing for an aged pilgrim, who is going home, and glad to drop incumbrances, having no more house-room, garden, or servants, than are really needful. Youth, without grace, wants every worldly embellishment; but a gracious heart and hoary hairs crieth out for communion with God, and says nothing on earth can I desire in comparison with him. What a mercy, you need not fly to wordly amusements for relief, and run away from yourself to find comfort! Along with plenty of this world's husks, the prodi-

gal's food, God has bestowed a pearl on you which createth an appetite for spiritual cheer, and bringeth royal dainties into the bosom. May this season of mourning be sweetened with a sense of the Lord's presence, bringing many tokens of fatherly love, and sanctifying the visitation, by drawing the heart more vigorously unto God and fixing it on him!

I have been ill for three months, and my body is wasted and weakened pretty much. My disorder seems to be asthmatic, and is attended with a deep cough and much phlegm. For two Sundays I was kept from my pulpit; but through mercy I am now able to preach once a week. My appetite is better, and I sleep better, but am feeble still. Mrs. Venn seems wholly restored. May your children, along with this world's tawdry honour, partake of the true honour, by being adopted into God's family, and made the sons and daughter of the most high. Jesu's grace and peace be with you, and with your affectionate and dutiful servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 1, 1784.

Dear and honoured Sir—Mr. Astell has just paid us a transient visit, and acquaints me that you are returned from your episcopal visitation of the seaports, and that Lady B * * * is gone to Scotland. It proved a sad rainy day, I hear, when she set out, not a single dry eye in the family, nor in several of the neighbours. A comely farewell indeed! discovering the love and esteem she had won. Her marriage is somewhat like Rebecca's, only the groom, and not the steward, comes to fetch her from her native soil. May she find an Isaac, a kind and faithful partner in her Lord B * * *. I suppose you felt a pang at parting, and did not know how much you loved until you took your leave; and though a bustle of business oft diverts your thoughts, your heart will miss your daughter

long. But I must sympathize with Mrs. * * *, who in parting with an amiable daughter, has lost her only female companion, and at a time of life when she may want her converse most. At present you can expect but little of Mrs. * * *'s company, for though abiding at ——— she will be taking aerial thoughts to Scotland, and spend a great part of many a sweet day there; and her winged imagination will outstrip the balloons in speediness of passage.

Our widow has now got what she long wanted, a Governor, who will not tamely put the reins into her hand, and suffer her, Phaeton like, to set the parish on fire. He seems a sensible good-natured man, and will prove a quiet neighbour I hope, for I love peace. Gospel doctrines are not offensive to him; he has learnt their chime at Boston, and hitherto attends the whole service of the church patiently when he comes; but madam kicks hard still, and steps out, as usual, before the sermon begins, leaving him alone in the gallery. This occasions some staring, and much speculation; and people whisper, "Hannah is not conquered yet." She left Everton with great reluctance after much procrastination, and is such a knotty piece, I shall not wonder if she does recoil when she gets to Dover. By living in some state at Boston, the Governor seems very fond of making a figure; I wish he may not soar too high. They set off with three carriages and four bays; and venison has been so abundant, a small pasty reached the vicarage. Alterations and enlargements of the house are ordered during his absence, which may cost many hundreds. The Governor's valet says, his master is worth 3000 pounds a year. Mr. * * says, 300. The difference is small, only made by the addition of a single cipher, and ciphers are nothings.

Mr. Newton has fallen into the hands of a slaughter-man, I hear, Dr. Mayhew, who will certainly

cleave him down the chine if he can. He set Mr. Madan on his head about Aldwinkle, and almost made him crazy. I hope my dear brother will bear the Doctor's operation with Christian patience, and make no reply. Then the matter may rest, and he bandied about no further. Controversy usually goes on briskly, but gospel work goes on heavily, at least among us. All decays begin in the closet; no heart thrives without much secret converse with God; and nothing will make amends for the want of it. I can read God's word or hear a sermon at times, and feel no life; but I never rise from secret prayer without some quickening. Even when I set about it with heaviness or reluctance, the Lord is pleased in mercy to meet me in it: and I find more sweet communion in secret than in social or congregational prayer. Much preaching and hearing is among the Methodists, and plenty of ordinances is a great blessing, but if they do not bring us much upon our knees, they suckle the head without nourishing the heart. We shall never obtain the old puritan spirit of holiness, till we obtain their spirit of prayer. The Lord has given you the fat things of the earth in abundance; may he give you a heartful and a houseful of the upper blessings, watering the roots well, and all the branches! With all becoming esteem, I remain your affectionate and dutiful servant,

J. B.

N.B. If I am called to London in winter, I have thoughts of publishing a Hymn Book, which has been oft threatened with the fire, and is now designed for the press.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, July 2, 1785.

Dear and honoured Sir—Sin, which has kindled a fire in hell, is kindling fires on earth continually. And when they break out every one is asking how they happened. Amos replies, "Shall there be

evil in a city and the Lord has not done it?" And when desolation is made by fire, Isaiah declares, The Lord hath consumed us, because of our iniquities. Many years ago my house was oft threatened to be destroyed, but the Lord insured it, by giving the 10th verse of the 91st Psalm; and the Lord's providence is the best insurance. Potton felt the Lord's fiery ravage some time past; and Biggleswade smarts under it now. One hundred and twenty houses, eight malthouses, and a Meeting-house, with barns and stables are consumed. The wealthy sufferers had insured three-fourth of their substance. This loss therefore will not break their backs, nor does it seem to humble their hearts: but the little tradesmen and poor labourers have lost their all, and are herded together in an old malthouse, and barns; among whom are several of the Lord's dear children, begotten under my ministry. I should like to deal out all my mites privately among these, but for the gospel-credit I must appear a public contributor, which will shorten private relief. A man is taken up on suspicion of firing the town, but alas! sin wants taking up, for sin is the incendiary.

Yelling church is well attended under Mr. Simeon's afternoon ministry. A brave Christian Serjeant he is, having the true spirit of an Evangelist, but his feet are often put into the stocks by the Archdeacon of Yelling, who is doubtless become a vagabond preacher as well as myself, a right gospel hawker and pedlar, but seems desirous of having the trade to himself. Through mercy he is grown as scandalous as I could wish him, yet he wants to fasten the shackle on Simeon, which he has dropped from himself. O worldly prudence, what a prudish foe thou art to grace!

Some little time before Mr. Venn went to London, he preached at Bluntisham, a village in the Fens, and finding great power and success, he promised to preach there once a fortnight in some

barn at his return. In the mean time I desired Simeon to strike whilst the iron was hot, and to visit Bluntisham as well as Yelling. He consented: accordingly after preaching at Cambridge on a Sunday morning, he preached at Yelling in the afternoon, and at Bluntisham in the evening; and finding a very crowded and attentive audience, he preached early on Monday morning, leaving off before six. This he did for three weeks, and then acquaints his principal with what he had done, expecting a letter of congratulation; but lo! a funeral answer comes, declaring Mr. Venn is grieved at his conduct, grieved at Simeon for doing what himself had done, and intended to do. This surely is grief of all griefs, too deep even for tragedy. Pray, Sir, lay your cane soundly on the Archdeacon's back, when you see him, and brush off this heathen grief else it may spoil a Christian Serjeant.

I am growing, as I should, more small and loathsome in my own sight, and Christ is growing more precious and lovely; but I cannot walk in his strength, as I ought, nor feast on his fulness, as I might. Here I am an infant still, but am praying daily for larger stature of faith, faith to remove mole hills at least, if not mountains. I suppose you are now preparing for an episcopal visitation of the sea-coast. The Lord direct your course, and prosper your own, and your Chaplain's labours. May the Lord's blessing attend yourself, your partner and children, and make the several families one household of faith. That grace may bring you all to glory is the prayer of your affectionate and dutiful servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, July 13, 1785.

Dear and honoured Sir—Your kind letter I have received, which brings comfortable relief to the poor and distressed people at Biggleswade. The

Lord has rewards of grace to give, and such you are seeking, being blest with a supernatural ambition of coveting the best things. Most of the wealthy prove bankrupts or beggars at last, spend all or leave all behind, live rich and die poor, regale their palate here with the choicest wines, and cannot gain a drop of water hereafter to cool their tongue. But God is making you wealthy for both worlds. Providence provides the nether springs for you, and grace is preparing the upper. O, Sir, what mercy embraceth you! A rich man, and yet saved —from being high-minded—from loving or trusting in Mammon! A rich man in this world and rich towards God! May your children share in the double blessing! I lately preached at Grantchester, one mile from Cambridge, to a very numerous audience, among whom were several gracious young Students, and three Masters of Arts. One of the Masters, who had been a zealous Socinian, came to me after preaching, and embracing me with tears, thanked me for the sermons I had preached last summer at Wistow and Harston, in Cambridgeshire, and for the private discourse before and after sermon. From what I saw and heard of him, I hope he is coming home to Jesus. My church is usually very full in afternoons, and the people are awake and attentive, but the congregation is almost a new one. Many old sheep are housed in the upper fold; and many, who live at a distance, are dropped into neighbouring meetings, and only pay occasional visits to Everton. I shall meet them all by and by, and a blessed meeting it will be, when sheep and shepherds will give to Jesus all the glory of it. If my dear brother, the Archdeacon of ——, comes home uncrippled, quite sound wind and limb, I conjecture he will pay an annual visit to Surrey Chapel. He is now, with all his prudence, advanced very high on the Methodist ladder, is got within one step of Tottenham, which completes the course of Methodism. I find you have thoughts of visit-

ing North Wales: whenever you steer north or south, east or west, may Jesus, the God of the earth, go with you, preserve your going out and coming in, and prosper what you undertake for his glory. I am your obedient and affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Everton, Nov. 12, 1785.

My dear Brother—I thank you for you monument, and can rejoice with yourself and your dear partner, for the gentle dismission and blessed translation of Eliza, no longer your niece, but the Lord's bride, trained up for wedding at your own house and church, and solemnly espoused Oct. 6. Jesus has paid you well for the cares and pains you bestowed in the training, having dropped a recompense into your bosom, with full gospel measure, far exceeding the Winchester, viz. pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Indeed, our Lord does every kindness royally, and like himself. May his love fill our hearts, and his praise employ our life! I am full of expectation for your Messiah, and hope it will not be long before it appears. A glorious subject indeed, and God has engaged your hand to the work. All ministers should preach about Jesus, but only his secretaries are fit to write about him. I find him growing very precious to my soul, and wrapped more closely round my heart. My daily prayer is to grow up into him, and lose myself in him, and find him my all in all. Perhaps I may be called up soon to see him, whom my heart loves, and to throw myself at his feet. I have been ill for three months, and for two Sundays kept out of my pulpit. My body is wasted and weakened, and my trumpeter's face is subsided. Through mercy I am somewhat better, and just able to preach once on a Sunday, but am far from well, and not likely to be so, till I get home. What a mercy to have a prospect of a heavenly home, and

well founded too when the earthly cottage is feeble or falling! My brother Venn came home a cripple from Surrey Chapel, and confined some weeks to his couch. One leg was exceedingly swoln from the ancle to the hip, but the swelling is almost or wholly gone; he can now wear his proper shoes, stockings and breeches; and is able to ride to Everton and back the same day. A marriage is expected at Yelling about Christmas between his eldest daughter and Mr. Elliot.

Mr. Cowper has published more poems, I find; but his poetry, though excellent, is not likely for sale. There is too much gospel for the world, and too little for most believers. Pray give my kind respects to Mr. Foster, when you see him; and to Mr. Romaine when you catch him. I send my hearty love to you and your dear. Much grace and peace be with you, and with your affectionate brother, J. B

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Tabernacle, Feb. 20, 1786.

Dear and honoured Sir—On Sunday three weeks the 12th of March, I purpose to wait upon you at Clapham, and beg of Christ to give us the meeting. I am to preach at Tottenham in the morning, and the afternoon service will be over before five. May I have leave to expect your carriage to convey an old drone, for such I am now, to Clapham. Indeed I now belong to the family of Dolittles; the Lord make the little I do effectual; and I heartily thank him for giving me a will when I had strength; and for not laying me aside, but continuing a small measure of strength, now I am old. No master like Jesus. Every endearment meets in this master, the father, the brother, the husband and friend. Every office centers in him, the prophet, and priest, and King of his people. He has abundant charms to captivate a heart when the eye is opened to behold him. Blessed are your eyes, for they see, Jesus

saith to his disciples. And may we not join in thanking God for this blessedness bestowed on us also? The Lord open our eyes more clearly, and keep them open, till we behold this precious Jesus face to face. You are indebted to him, for the will and the power to be bountiful; and for continuing the will, notwithstanding the daily trouble and frequent impositions attending your bounty. The praise is his due, give it, I trust you do, give it him all. But chiefly are you indebted to Jesus for giving you a sight of himself, and drawing your heart after him. This is the dawn of eternal blessedness. A view of the Lord of glory, is glory springing up in the soul. And as this view groweth clearer and more abiding, the glory increaseth, till at length it is consummated by an eternal weight of glory. What a prospect is here opened to the believer, and what a claim of eternal praise from him, who was born a child of wrath, and an heir of hell, but through grace has been snatched like a brand from the burning, adopted into the family above, and made a child, and an heir of God most high. Thus the beggar is lifted up from his dunghill, and exalted among the Princes of heaven.

The Lord make all your dear relations partakers of his blessing; and for this purpose may Jesu's grace be with them all, and abound in yourself, and your affectionate servant,

J. B.

P. S. I send you very early notice of my waiting upon you, lest another appointment should be fixed for that day, and I could not conveniently come at any other time.

TO MISS L——.

Everton, April 27, 1786.

My dear Lissey—Through the Lord's protection I came safe to Everton on Tuesday, the 11th, at half-past four, and found my servants all well, and every thing well about me. Blessed be God for

seventy years mercies : may they follow me all my days, and bring me to the land of everlasting praise, where mercy endureth for ever!

We lose much of the savoury comfort that springs from providential bounty for want of duly discerning what a mercy it is ; the starving beggar, who receives sixpence from a charitable hand feels the value of this mercy, and blesseth his benefactor with a warm heart. And is not every mouthful you eat the same mercy ? As much unmerited, and as much a free gift, as a beggar's alms ? Why then is not every meal a feast of gratitude ? Because we want the beggar's sauce—hunger and poverty, to make us duly thankful for food. One morning, last week, as I lay in bed, thinking of a person, I could not relish on account of selfishness, these words were dropped into my bosom, ' Look at what is good in him, overlook the rest.' I found the words came from the Lord, by the effect which they had ; for they instantly removed the disgust which I had long conceived. Thus when a veil was thrown over selfishness, I could discern good things in him, and think of him with pleasure. This may be of use to my Lissey to remove my present disgusts, which are cankers, that prey upon the spirits: alas ! how little do we possess of that love, which beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things. We grow more like Jesus only as we grow up into him in love ; and this grace purifies, and sweetens the affections, banishing selfishness, so far as it prevails. It is the temper of heaven, and the nature of God ; for God is love. And can a God of love suffer his children to want any thing needful ? Does he feed his birds, and will he starve his babes ? Has he given us bodies to be fed and clothed ; and will he withhold food and raiment ? If you chance to feel anxiety about these matters, remember the sweet, quieting word, which Jesus has dropped to hush the spirit. Your Father knoweth, that you have need of these things. And again, fear not, little flock,

it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom; and if he gives you the kingdom, he will bear your charges thither.

I send my love to constant Betsey and Sally; the Lord send his love, and that crowneth all. Grace and peace be with you all, and with your affectionate servant, J. B.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Everton, June 14, 1786.

My dear Brother—I have received and read your Messiah; and I thank God for the sermons, and for the testimony you have borne against Oratorios. They seem a growing evil. The public prints give notice that three Oratorios are to be performed in Louth Church at the end of this month. The fiddling of scripture in a theatre seems to me a profanation of God's word, making it a mere carnal amusement; and the matter is made worse by bringing Oratorios into God's house, they then become a satanical ordinance; and Mr. Hill's grace before and after the musical treat, was, though not intended, a consecration of it. The bringing an Oratorio band, an army of pipers and fiddlers into God's house, appears to me a worse profanation than bringing doves into the temple. But the cry is, they were all professors; perhaps so, and they are quickly made by a gallery ticket and a hymn book. From Sir Richard's avowed vindication of church Oratorios, displayed in two letters to our Trustees, containing twenty quarto pages, it seemed plainly his desire to have annual celebrations in Surrey Chapel, and I could not tell how far Mr. Hill might be influenced by his brother and a large band of fiddle-stick professors. Therefore I am not sorry that a stir has been made about this matter to nip the evil in its bud. But if I had known Mr. Hill's declaration, that no more Oratorios should be performed in his chapel, it would have saved me the trouble of writing my letter,

which was sent to Mr. Mills, of Moorfields, in answer to a letter from him, and designed for no one else. I am sorry to find you all agree in calling Oratorios inexpedient things and nothing more. Whereas, if they are lawful exhibitions for God's house, the devil will soon find a way to make them expedient. For what more expedient to ease a chapel of its debt, than a lawful Oratorio? And what more expedient to repair a decayed chapel, or to help to support the ministers, than a lawful Oratorio? Jesus Christ is Lord of the sabbath, and Lord of his house, and no one has a right to appoint offices or ordinances but himself. All human inventions are innovations of his authority, neither expedient nor lawful.

I have long laboured to unite Mr. Hill and our Trustees, and thought an union was happily effected before I left London; but breach comes so quickly after breach, and widens the gap so much, that I begin to question whether a solid union can be had. Your letter, for want of a proper direction, paid two visits to your post office, and rambled round Bedfordshire, before it reached Everton.

I bought eight night caps of Mr. Marchant, and paid for them before they were made. They are now come, and I find were charged three shillings too little. If you will take your three shillings to Betty King when you pass by the Tabernacle, she will take them to Mr. Marchant, and thus all matters are rectified. I send my kind Christian respects to Mrs. Newton, and to our common Christian friend, Mr. Good-looks, a Saturday guest, whom I hope to see at Everton. Grace and peace be with you, and with your affectionate brother,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 11, 1786.

Dear and honoured Sir—You are now returned, I suppose, from your episcopal visitation, and have

made a sea-port ring with gospel tidings. The Lord attend them with his blessing. You do well to change your station every year, and may the cloudy pillar always go before you, and direct you where to fix the gospel standard. What a honour the Lord Jesus puts upon you, in employing you to carry abroad the best news that can be heard—news of salvation; and whilst others travel to behold the vain glitter of earthly glory, you are travelling to show to sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ, and allure them to his arms. The Lord, who employs you, is a good master, and will remember every labour of love you undertake for his sake. May his presence be ever with you to animate and protect you, and his love to refresh you; and may his own dear self be the growing love and joy of your heart, your strength and confidence, a sweet present portion and your everlasting all.

Infirmities, I find, are growing upon me; but they come at the Lord's bidding, to make them room in the heart; and come with his blessing, to make them welcome. My ears are now so dull, they are not fit for converse; and my eyes are so weak, I can read but little, and write less. Old Adam, who is the devil's darling, sometimes whispers in my ears (and he can make me hear with a whisper) What will you do, if you become both deaf and blind? I tell him, I must think the more, and pray the more, yea, and thank the Lord for eyes and ears enjoyed till I was seventy; and for the prospect of a better pair of eyes and ears, when these are gone.

What a mercy to have a never-failing Jesus, when all things else are failing! O my God, I thank thee for the precious gift of thy beloved Son, and for sweetly joining my heart unto him. My breast is so weak, I cannot walk ten minutes, yet am enabled to preach once a week, and have more enjoyment of my body, when sitting still, and better rest at nights, than usual. So here is mercy along with

judgment, and by and by it will be mercy without judgment. I hear Mr. Robert Thornton is married: may the Lord betroth both the groom and the bride to himself, and plant his faith in the hearts of all your children. Grace and peace be multiplied upon you, dear Sir, and upon your much obliged and affectionate servant,

J. B.

P. S. Please to accept my thanks for your letter, and two sermons sent by Mr. Astell. The Yelling Archdeacon is well.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Tabernacle, Feb. 20, 1787.

Dear and honoured Sir—My turn is to preach at Tottenham, on Sunday, the 11th of March, when there will be no noon sacrament, and on that day I purpose to wait upon you at Clapham, if convenient, and shall be thankful for your conveyance thither. Dr. Peckwell lately hinted to one of our Trustees his intention of practising physic; and when the society, called the Poor Man's Friend, met at Tottenham on Wednesday last, he proposed himself, as a physician to prescribe for the patients under the care of that society. This looks like an introductory step to the practice of physic, and as designed to make his intentions generally known. A dispensary seems to me a poor exchange for the Bible, and a Materia Medica of little value in respect of Christ's calvary balms. Where Christ is known and felt, his pulpit service is far beyond all medical fees. Happy are they, that grow hoary in its service, and find it more and more delightful. A good master he is, kind to all his servants, his love like himself boundless, his wages beyond computation great, and measurable only by eternity, yet wholly undeserved.

When I get a glimpse of Jesus, and we have only glimpses here, he seems so precious, so desirable, so all over glorious, I wonder that my thoughts can

be employed on any other object; but mists come on to cloud the spiritual hemisphere, and Christ is hid behind his cloud; yet faith can trust an unseen God, and rear its head, when sense and reason fail. Oh, for much of this heaven-born faith, to cheer us on while running the race, and hold up the heart when it is ending! The Lord plant this faith in the hearts of all your children, and give you the comfort of beholding all its fruits in them. And may the God of peace give you his peace at all times, and afford the same to your truly affectionate and much obliged servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 27, 1787.

Dear and honoured Sir—The word of God and prayer has been my employment for a long season, and I had purposed to read no other book but the Bible; but your Remembrancer being a small tract and savoury, I read it through, and found it so profitable, that I purpose, if coming again to London, to buy a dozen for my Lay-preachers. By duly reading the holy word, and mixing it with prayer, I find my faith and my affection more stedfastly fixed on Jesus, and at times he appears so exceedingly sweet, that I could kiss his feet, were he bodily present, but being absent, I kiss his name in the Bible with reverential love. Oh, dear Sir, if Jesus appears so precious with only a glimpse of his glory, how precious must he appear when beheld in all his glory, and in the full smile of his countenance. What Sheba's Queen said to Solomon, is only verified in our Jesus, Happy are thy servants, who stand continually before thee. I know not of any growth in grace, but what ariseth from growing out of self, carnal, worldly, and righteous self, up into Christ, and finding him become more and more, our love and joy, our strength and confidence, our pleasant meditation,

and our all in all. I do not much prize our Church Catechism; it begins so very ill, calling baptism our new birth, and making us thereby members of Christ, children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Stillingfleet should have spoken more fully and pointedly about this weighty matter; for all carnal churchmen fancy they are new born, because baptized, and quote the Catechism as a proof of it, and the carnal clergy preach accordingly, and quote the same authority. The acting as sponsors is now become a mere farce, and a gossipping business; and the promising for infants, what they cannot engage for themselves, may suit a covenant of works, but not a covenant of grace.

Mrs. V * * is a little revived, but not likely to recover, somewhat like to Mrs. W * * *. In my prayers I remember them daily. On Thursday fortnight Mr. V * * dined with me, and came with N * * in a single-horse chaise; at *four* he went to Potton, and overturned the chaise. His breast and shoulder were much bruised by the fall. N * * also was hurt, but not much. He was blooded at Potton, and went home the next morning in a post-chaise. He has not preached since; and remains but indifferent. My health, through mercy, is rather better than in some years past; but my body grows tottering, my eyes dim, my ears deaf, and my faculties feeble. However, I look for new eyes, new ears, and new faculties when this vile body is ground down in the grave. Thanks be to Jesus for this prospect, the fruit of his purchase and effect of his grace. The Lord give you much of his presence, with a daily waiting for his coming, and bestow the blessings of his spiritual kingdom on all your dear children and relatives. Grace and peace be with you, and all yours, and with your affectionate and dutiful servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Tabernacle, Feb. 21, 1788.

Dear and honoured Sir– I am so tumbled about in preaching, without any regularity, that I know not where I am to preach, till an order comes. However for once I will fix my time, viz. the 2nd of March, and wait upon Mrs. Wilberforce afterwards. I begin to be weary of London, gossipping visitors weigh me down. Everton suits me best, where I can be alone, with the word of God for my companion, and leisure enough for musing and prayer. Never am I well, but when at home with Jesus. May he draw me nearer, and keep me closer with him. Yesterday Dr. Ford was ordained, and it seemed a good season. Captain Scot is here, a truly spiritual man. The Lord give you all you can desire, much grace in your own heart, and much in your children. Jesu's peace be ever with you, and with your dutiful and affectionate servant,

J. B.

NOT KNOWN.

Everton, Oct. 9, 1788.

Dear Madam—When our expectation is too much raised on account of any creature, the Lord Jesus in wisdom disappoints it, that we may seek our whole happiness in him. He expects our whole dependence should be placed on him, and he will have it and is worthy of it. The human heart would fain be roosting a little on some earthly thing, but Jesus will unroost it, and bring it fluttering to himself like the dove to Noah's ark, where alone it can find rest. Delight thyself in the Lord, in him wholly, and he will give us the desires of our heart. If the heart chance to seek delight elsewhere, it is kindness in the Lord to deny us our desires, and your late disappointment may bring you more profit than a sermon or a visit from myself. Indeed I was so deaf that a visit would have been very trou-

blesome to you. During our warfare, troubles will come by sixes and sevens, a gracious company, and not one too many; if we could live well without them, we should not have them; but we cannot, and therefore Jesus in love sends them. You are an afflicted family to be sure, but mercy, much mercy attends you. If three are cast down one is held up, and though feeble, is supported till some other is raised up. If you see no family so afflicted as yours, can you find any family so blessed. All of one heart and one mind seeking after Jesus. Surely the Lord delights in you, and bestows his best blessings on you, a healthy soul, while the world is satisfied with a healthy body. Yet the best need correction, and must have it. Whom the Lord loveth, he does rebuke and chasten. Some foolishness is bound up in the hearts of his children, and he will not spoil a child by sparing his rod. Grace and peace be with you all, and with your affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 26, 1788.

Dear and honoured Sir—Mrs. Bewick tells me that you are now returned from your ecclesiastical circuit, having visited France and Flanders. I believe Great Britain is chiefly designed for your diocese, yet a little gospel seed, scattered in a foreign land, may not be lost; and this kind word follows, wherever you go, Labour for the Lord shall not be in vain. If others reject the offered blessings, it shall return upon your own head. How much more excellent and kindly are your campaigns than the imperial ones! You are bringing news of life and peace, and they are carrying horror and death, wherever they march, to themselves and others. How mad is wordly ambition, and yet how much admired, if it succeeds, by men of a worldly mind, who call these murderers of the

human race, heroes! Little do these heroes think what vengeance they are drawing on themselves by the slaughters they occasion, and how hell will be moved to meet them at their coming down: Isa. xiv. 9—15. These heroes are the devil's champions, who go forth to people his dominions, and upon their standards should be written, Death and Hell. Blessed be God for engaging us in a better warfare, under the Prince of peace, who calls us forth to a noble victory, attended with glory, honour, and immortality. All thanks to his grace for enlisting us, and keeping us stedfast to his standard. The praise is all his own, and must be all his own for ever. Hallelujah.

Mrs. Bewick pleases me much; there seems a real heart-work in her; and worldly losses may have brought much gain. Mrs. Astell is some little better, but exceedingly feeble, and not likely to continue very long. I hope there is something good in her, but cannot read her state truly, and fear she has been going backward lately. The Lord revive the work, if begun: or begin it effectually, by sanctifying the visitation, and drawing the heart quite home to Jesus. In neither of the partners can I see any thing at present, but decency.

My ears have been stopped for two months, but now are somewhat opened. The Lord does all things well. I am growing infirm, as I must expect; and out of conceit with myself more and more, as I ought; decreasing that Jesus may increase: John iii. 30. A precious Christ and his precious word are every thing to me. My chief converse is with him; and find myself best, when alone with him. He is instead of all company. The Lord refresh your heart daily with his peace, and bring your children well acquainted with his grace and love. With affectionate and dutiful respects, I remain your much obliged servant,

J. B.

TO JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

Everton, Dec. 30, 1788.

Dear and honoured Sir—I am favoured with two letters, the former of which brought me ten pounds for the poor. The Lord return it in special blessings on yourself. I am now daily calling on my heavenly Counsellor to provide me a Curate; telling him, I am unable to find or to choose one; but he is able to do both; and I am running much to his door on this errand. He will not be offended. Sometimes an anxious thought creeps into my bosom, and weigheth me down, but I send it off to Jesus. He is willing to take, and able to bear all burdens, that are cast upon him. My Curate cannot help being glad at having a living of his own, but he is himself in no haste to be gone, and our sorrow will be mutual at parting, whenever it be. There is, I perceive, a horrible fear that he and his partner will be poisoned, but the fear comes too late, for the mischief is done already. Richard's loins are well girt with truth, and his heart upright and stedfast: his partner also accords well with him. I could wish the purchased living might be at some good distance from Pharisaic friends; however Christian faith must be tried to prove it genuine. From what you write about Mr. * * he does not seem designed for me. If not settled at Cottingham, his intended wife would scarce like to travel so far as Everton. I am rather sorry, when candidates for the ministry are preparing to get into petticoats, before they get into orders. On Saturday I wrote to Mr. * * acquainting him with my speedy want of a Curate, and desiring him to inquire among his Cambridge friends about Mr. * * or any other that might seem suitable. But indeed I am not very fond of College youths; they are apt to be lofty and lazy and delicate, and few of them might like to unite with such an offensive character as mine. I should think a young man from the Hull academies might suit better; but my thoughts

are not worth a groat, and when they embarrass me, I throw them into the lap of Jesus. I am glad your dear sister is removed from a frosty world, into a better region, where Jesus, precious Jesus, makes eternal spring and sunshine. Troublous times are coming, I fear, but two things comfort me; the Lord reigneth, and my life is drawing towards its close. The 9th of January is appointed for my journey to London. The Lord accompany me thither and there with his presence, protection and blessing. May Jesus give you all that you wish for yourself and your children, hearts full of faith and love, and a life adorned with good works. Thus praying, I remain your much obliged and affectionate servant, J. B.

TO BENJAMIN MILLS, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 3, 1783.

Dear Sir—Your kind letter is received with an inclosed note for the poor sufferers at Potton. A hay stack, which had long been smoking and neglected, at length threw up large flakes of fire into the air, and these being drove and scattered by the wind, set half the town on fire in twenty minutes. Whatever the fire reached it consumed: and the mischief was done in four hours. If during that time the wind had shifted from north to south-east, the whole town had been fired. The best part of the town, I mean, the best houses are burnt; and the poor have suffered, but not in such numbers as the rich. Professors have fared the best, but not wholly escaped. Much of the market-place is burnt, with the two great inns, and the large street leading from the church into the market. Mr. John Raymond's great house, with his woolhouse, barns, stables, and grain, and two thousand pounds worth of wool, just laid in, are all consumed. He computes his loss at five thousand pounds, and says he is still worth twenty thousand, but is so dejected, and his health so impaired by this loss, that his life seems

in great danger. Livelong's house, woolhouses, and buildings are consumed. He is reckoned one of the most infamous in Potton, and was thought in very declining circumstances; but people say, the fire will set him up, he is insured so deep. Butler's house, woolhouse, and buildings are also consumed, but part of his stock is insured. John Keeling has escaped. John Miller's house and workshop are consumed. He has suffered more than any of the professors, but is not offensive now to the carnal world, and will be well considered in the general contribution; however, at your desire, I shall send him two guineas. He names himself Elijah, and calls all other ministers Baal's prophets; yet since the fire, has had the vanity to beg of me to recommend him as a preacher to the Tabernacle. He now openly declares that Jesus Christ is no more God, than Paul was, which has this good effect, that it keeps the good people at Potton from hearing him altogether. Indeed he is grown very lofty and censorious, and I wish his late calamity may be sanctified. The furniture of my Curate's house had cost £300, which was all consumed; and no linen saved, but what was on their backs, so rapid was the fire. I was forced to take them in, and a mournful sight it was to see them come in the evening, the husband with a cradle, the wife with a young child, and the maid with an infant in her arms. Through mercy a house was provided for them at Gamlingay in a fortnight's time. My feverish complaint is much removed, but my head, and breast are but indifferent; however I have been just enabled to preach once a Sunday through the summer.

My kind Christian love to your partner, peace and protection be with you both, and grace with your children. I remain your much indebted and thankful servant, J. B.

P. S. Why did you put A. M. on the back of your letter? It makes me seem a coxcomb, got into my dotage.

TO BENJAMIN MILLS, ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 4, 1785.

Dear Sir—Your letter occasioned thankfulness to God, with prayers for blessings on yourself—blessings, according to scripture, good measure, far exceeding the Winchester, viz. pressed down, shaken together, and running over. I know not what my poor Lay-evangelists would do without some assistance received from yourself and your society. They are labouring men, whose paws maintain their jaws, and two of them have seven children, and their wives are kindling every year. They seem the only free grace preachers in the land; for they do preach free grace freely, without money, and without price, having nothing for their preaching but a plain dinner, and sometimes not even that.

I believe Dr. P. could take leave of Tab. and Tott. without tears, if he met with church preferment, that is warm and blanketing, such as would lap quite round him, and keep his four wheeled curricles in sprightly order, and support a decent number of liveries. But the Lord seldom loads the back with preferment when the eye has got a squint. Coaching is an evil that creeps among Methodist preachers. It brings a high head, and a low purse; lifts the preacher above his hearers, and keeps the poor at a distance from him. Gospel seldom runs well on wheels. Our dear Master always rode upon his own legs, except once, when he borrowed a hackney to make a state entry into Jerusalem; and then any disciple might have got up behind if he pleased. No wonder the hearers run into worldly fashions, when preachers lead the way.

I have been ill for two months, much weighed down with coughing and phlegm, sometimes almost strangled with it, which has wasted and weakened my body, and narrowed and bleached my face. I was kept out of my pulpit for two Sundays, and my cadaverous countenance made many suspect I was going to take leave of them. Through mercy I am

better, but not recovered, and am able to preach once on a Sunday, but am in travail three or four days afterwards. I am naturally fretful in pain, and the Lord sends me coughing and phlegm to puke the fretfulness up, which, along with grace, may do the business. I send my kind respects to your little wife, and being a good wife, there is enough of her, and respects to your brisk shopkeeper, who is a part of you. Much grace and peace be with you, and with your affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO BENJAMIN MILLS, ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 1, 1786.

Dear Sir—I had bought some very strong good cloth to make two coats and breeches for two very poor but upright preachers, and had sent it a fortnight ago, with a guinea to each to make the clothes up, with some thoughts of your bounty to eke the matter out. But I find you are no friend to eking, for you have made the whole up, with a remnant beside. On opening your letter I gave the Lord hearty thanks for your donation, with a prayer for a blessing on the donor: and may his blessing ever rest on you and yours! Amen.

I had much of my nervous fever in the summer, which kept me at home; and the Lord took away my hearing for three months, so that I was not conversible: then my eyes seemed to be going apace; and at one time I had an apprehension of being both deaf and blind. At first I prayed daily to the Lord for my hearing, but with submission to his will; and on Sunday fortnight he gave me a better pair of ears (thanks be to his grace) not perfectly restored, yet so as to make me able to converse with comfort; and they seem still to be mending. This has encouraged me to ask for a better pair of eyes. And why should I not? Jesus has eyes to give as well as ears, and he can bear dunning; nay, is never better pleased than with a

thousand duns at his door. Well, my eyes are somewhat better (thanks again to my healer) and I keep praying on.

I am glad to hear you write of a visit to Everton; we have always plenty of horse provender at hand, but unless you send me notice before hand of your coming, you will have a cold and scanty meal; for we roast only twice in the week. Let me have a line, and I will give you the same treat I always gave to Mr. Whitfield—an eighteen-penny barn-door fowl; this will neither burst you, nor ruin me; half you shall have at noon with a pudding, and the rest at night. Much grace and sweet peace be with yourself and partner; and the blessing of a new heart be with your children. With many thanks I remain your affectionate servant,

J. B.

P. S. Please to present my love to the Trustees and all the labourers.

TO BENJAMIN MILLS, ESQ.

Everton, Oct. 9, 1788.

Dear Sir—This comes with a thank-offering for your kindness, and a prayer that God may multiply his mercy on yourself, your partner and your children. Through the Lord's gracious providence I got to Everton safe and well on Saturday afternoon about five, and not quite so much tired as I expected. On Sunday I preached, and felt the effect of Wednesday's sermon. What a poor Do-little I am, next door to a cumber ground! Twenty-one good meals in a week, with a bever besides, and one sermon chiefly. Sure no lazy servant was ever so fed; but I live upon a King's bounty, who exceeds not only all deserts, but all our thanks and praises. He delights to make his servants stand amazed at his bounty and grace—bounty too rich to be exhausted, and grace too deep to be fathomed, except in glory. Let others prattle of their works and one sinner praise another, I will sing of the

mercy of the Lord for ever and ever. Thanks be to my God for giving me an appetite for this heavenly manna, and a taste of it. His mercy endureth for ever; how sweet the sound—how rich the food to a gracious soul! A pleasant thing it is to be thankful; and saints will feel a pleasing, growing debt of gratitude for ever, which will fill the heavenly courts with everlasting hallelujahs. May you and I attend and join the choir!

I was sorry to see Mr. West look so lank and walk so feebly; and as Mr. Keen, though seemingly revived, is old and tottering like myself, I wish another Trustee might be chosen before their removal. It would be bad to have the whole Trust lodged in a single hand, and him a preacher too. I trust the Lord Jesus, who has removed two High Priests from the chapels, and has shown a providential care of them hitherto, will direct the Trustees properly.

Solomon's account of old age suits me well. The windows are dark; the daughters of music are low; the grinders cease, for all are gone; and the grasshopper is a burden. Well, thanks be to God thro' Jesus Christ, for the prospect of a better world. Grace and peace be with you and yours, dear Sir, and with your affectionate servant,

J. B.

TO BENJAMIN MILLS, ESQ.

Everton, Nov. 23, 1790.

Dear Sir—Our years are rolling away fast, and will quickly roll us into eternity. How needful that admonition: Prepare to meet thy God! Without earthly business to mind my heart will rove in the world, yet bemired in it, and stick so fast in a quag, that I am forced to cry, Lord, pull my heart out. Thanks to grace, I have been crawling many years on the road to Sion; and sometimes in, and sometimes out, and the Master has somewhat quickened my pace in the summer by a draught of

birch wine, as needful at times for a heavy heel'd pilgrim, as the wine of the kingdom. Now being almost through the wilderness, very sick of self, and of a daggling world, I am drawing near to Mount Pisgah; and when I stand on its top, the Lord give an open eye of faith, to see all the promised land, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

The windows of my house grow dimmer, scarce give a straight line, or spell a word right, and dislike a pen much. Yet thanks to the Lord, my health is better, my ears pretty stout, and my legs keep mending, are peaceable in a chair, though fretful in bed. I purpose, with the good leave and help of my Master, to set off for Tabernacle on Tuesday, the 28th of December, unless a fall of snow then happen, which would delay me until the roads are tracked. The Lord afford his presence, protection, and blessing! Blessed be God for a prospect of peace: much wrangling here about things civil and sacred, but no belligerents above. One Heaven holds all; one Temple services all; and one Jesus feeds all with his own love, joy and peace. My eyes cry for quarter, so with affectionate respects to your partner, the Trustees, and preachers, I remain yonr much obliged servant,

J. B.

TO MISS L——.

Everton, May 6. 1792.

Dear Lissey—Once more I am paying a corresponding visit to you, and others, expecting it to be my last on account of my eyes, which are growing so dim, that I can read but little of what I love dearly, the precious word of God. I now lament the many years I spent at Cambridge in learning useless lumber—that wisdom of the world which is foolishness with God. I see nothing worth knowing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; for him to know is life eternal. Follow him at all times, and let

your heart dance after him, as David danced after the ark. And when he comes into your bosom hold him fast, and turn all other company out. He loves to be alone with his bride. You may find him in the shop, or in the street, if you seek him there; and often whisper in his ear, 'Dear Jesus, come and bless me.' If he sometimes surprise us with his visit, and comes unexpectedly; yet he loves to see the doors open, and the bosom waiting for him. Many kind visits are lost through a gadding heart; therefore keep at home with the Lord, and let him hear much of your loving talk, and tell him all your wants, and all your grievances, and cast all your care upon him, and hide nothing from him. Lean firmly upon him, and he will cheer your heart in every trying hour, and bring you safe at last to his eternal home, where sin and sorrow never come; but where joy and peace for ever dwell. In this world we must expect tribulation: it is the Christian's fare, and comes because it is wanted, and stays no longer than whilst it is wanted. Hereafter he will make us know, if not before, that he hath done all things well.

I am very feeble in body, but as well as I should be, and must suffer my heavenly Physician to prescribe for me. My kind respects attend you all and Nathan. Peace be with you, my dear Lissey, with spiritual health and joy in the Lord. The Lord give us a happy meeting above—Farewell.

J. B.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. E——.

Everton, Aug. 2, 1792.

My dear N.—You ask me how I do, eyes very dim, ears deaf, head much shattered, and spirits very low, yet much exempt from pain. Here my Jesus shows his tenderness, he knows his old horse can scarce carry his legs, and he will not overload him. I am apt to think the Lord may continue me here a year or two longer, because he has sent me

a supply for that time. Having lost my benefactors, I was thinking what I must do—go on and trust, was the word. When we are low, satan will batter us with unbelief. I dare not argue with satan, but cast myself at Jesu's feet, committing soul and body to him, asking and expecting his assistance, it is not long before it comes with a loving reproof. O thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt? The two last Sundays I was led to church and into the pulpit; my voice was feeble but hearable, and Christ was precious. Oh to see Jesus as he is, and surrounded with his ransomed people, hearts full of love pouring out hallelujahs, and filling heaven with his praise! Thanks to my Jesus for putting me in the way of his kingdom, and for holding me on hitherto; give me, dear Lord, a safe and honourable passage through the wilderness, and a joyful entrance into Canaan. The Lord bless you, with great and endless blessings, and keep you under his care. Amen.

J. B.

TO MR. C——.

(Not dated.)

Dear Sir—My purpose was to wait upon you when in town, but was disappointed various ways. Here we meet and part, but when we meet above we shall part no more—taking leave of journeying and dying friends will then be over. The Lord will be our everlasting light, and days of mourning will be ended. And should we not live above, while dwelling here below? What is there worth an anxious thought but Jesus Christ, and his salvation—salvation from the lowest depths of misery to the eternal heights of glory! Not only bought and freely offered, but to be tasted and enjoyed in its first fruits, while we journey through this vale of tears! What says Jesus from above to his travelling saints? Come up hither, and I will show you things, which must be hereafter: Rev. iv. 1. not only prophetic views to be imparted to John, but

heavenly views of rich grace to be disclosed to his nether saints, with blessed foretastes of those riches, if they come up hither; but we often lose anticipations of this grace for want of coming up. When the thoughts are hurried or bewildered in the world, the soul is cleaving to the dust, and made unfit for divine refreshments. Many attend duly upon ordinances—a few only are seeking to walk with God; yet the Lord's remnant is among these few; and to these he revealeth his secrets. No little watchfulness and prayer are needful for all, who seek to walk with God, but especially for those, who have large dealings in the world. To such Jesus says, take heed your hearts be not overcharged with the cares of this life. He knew such a caution was needful, and his children will attend unto it. But if their desires are growing eager after the world, he sends disappointments, or affliction to sicken their pursuit and bring their hearts home to himself. Happy they, who are suffered to find no rest, but in the Lord. Your affectionate servant,

J. B.

A CONSOLATORY LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND UNDER SORE TROUBLE.

Everton, (no date.)

Dear Madam—I have been lately much hurried, or, according to your desire, I should have wrote before; but, however, agreeable to my promise, I have endeavoured to send you a few lines, which I shall be thankful and rejoice, if they are blessed of God to your support under your present troubles.

I desire to be sensible of my own unworthiness and unfitness for any thing of myself that is spiritually good; much more for so hard and difficult a task as the administering effectual consolation to a soul that groans under outward afflictions, and outward troubles; that is tossed upon waves of satan's temptations and worldly disappointments. Indeed, this is the work of none other than the divine Spirit; it

is he alone that can command a calm into a tempestuous soul, and speak peace, rest, and satisfaction in the greatest multitude of perplexities. However, I desire most tenderly to sympathize with you, remembering that also I am, in the body, subject to the same adversities and trials, and would help you all I can to bear your burden with faith, patience, and resignation.

I grant then that your circumstances are very intricate and exercising; but let me beg of you not to construe your afflictions as a token of God's displeasure, or a sign of your not belonging to him. That is an old temptation of satan's, with which he often assaults the afflicted Christian; but take the shield of faith, that you may quench the fiery darts of satan.

Alas! crosses and afflictions are the common lot of the people of God in this world. Our Lord has told us we shall meet with tribulation. Every saint has his own particular difficulty, temptation, and conflict to grapple with. We have need to be emptied from vessel to vessel. We are too apt to settle on our lees; too apt to be taken with the vanities of this passing world. If we are without afflictions, whereof all are partakers, then we are bastards and not sons.

How many have questioned the truth of their state and relation to God, for want of these exercises and trials. Where are the cause and matter of your fears and despondency? Go search the records of sacred Scripture, and see how it fared with saints in all ages; what Job, David, and Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured, and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God, which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened, that hereafter we may not be condemned.

Ah! happy afflictions that wean us from this wretched dying world, are a means to mortify our corruptions, teach us to live more constantly by faith on Jesus Christ, and to fix all our hopes and

expectations on another and a better world; and for that end you should be earnest in your wrestling with God in prayer, that your trials may be all sanctified unto you; that, however, at present, they are not joyous but grievous, yet hereafter they may yield you the peaceable fruits of righteousness, according to God's gracious promise: Heb. xii. 11.

Sanctified afflictions are a thousand times rather to be chosen than unsanctified prosperity; these may consist with, yea, are often the effects of God's special love; he sees we want them, and he knows that they will work for our good. Do then, Lord, what thou pleaseth with me, so I may but die to this world, overcome my corruptions, live more upon Christ, bring more glory to his name, and have more comfortable tastes and pledges of his love, and be often saying, the will of the Lord be done. He is infinitely wise, and knows what is best for me; he is is infinitely gracious, and will be tender of the weakest of his children; he is infinitely sovereign, and may do what he pleases with his own; the heaviest afflictions, on this side hell, are less, far less, than mine iniquities have deserved.

O boundless grace! the chastening rod of a reconciled father might have been the flaming sword of an avenging judge. I might now have been weeping and wailing with devils and damned spirits in hell. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him. It is of mercy alone that I am not consumed; and, O my soul, it is but a little while, and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials, and disappointments; yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come and will not tarry; that heavenly bridegroom, who has, by his Spirit, betrothed thee to himself will, ere long, invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storms and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy passage through this wilderness world, and all shall be joy and peace, love and praise.

No doubts and fears shall ever assault thee in that happy state; but thou shalt dwell eternally under the immediate shinings of divine love, and shalt sing with the strongest believers, yea, the highest and most glorious Archangel in Heaven, the wondrous mystery of redeeming grace; and the comforts and blessedness of that state of rest will be more brightened, illustrated, and endeared by all thy tears and sighings here below. The remembrance of the gall and worm-wood of afflictions will tend to sweeten the taste of heavenly enjoyments.

I pray that God may be with you, support and comfort you, with the divine consolations of his Holy Spirit, and establish you in his own due time. He is a faithful God; a God keeping covenant, and therefore will not lay upon you more than he will enable you to bear. If you have less of this world, may you have more of his comfortable presence. O blessed exchange! And if he seems to be hiding his reconciled countenance, and suffering satan to buffet you, may you be supported with his everlasting arms, and have him to sustain and uphold you in every time of need.

Should you want his comfortable presence, if it be ever thus with you, remember it was so with your once dying, but now exalted Redeemer; and is the servant greater than his Lord? Shall we not joyfully tread in his steps, that we may at last be where he is? Can, or ought we to repine, if God deals with us as he did with his own well-beloved Son? The Lord help thee willingly to submit to him; and doubt not, but at the appointed time, when he sees it will be for your good, and his own glory, your heavenly Father will find you out a way to escape; he is never at a loss to bring about his gracious designs, when once his set time is come; and you should rejoice that he is carrying on the great work of your eternal salvation, amidst all your troubles and disappointments, and under

all your outward and difficult pressures. O say then with Job, Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; though I am weak in grace, yet I will adore him for the *smallest* hope; though I am surrounded with terrors, I will bless him that I am out of hell; he that has begun a good work in my soul, will see it perfected. Lord, I desire to submit to thy will; do what thou wilt with me so that I may but bring honour to thy name, and promote my own everlasting welfare.

O that you may find more of this faith and patience; hope and resignation growing and increasing in you every day; and when once you are brought to this humble submission, and resigned temper; to this hoping, believing, waiting, and contented frame, you may be assured deliverance is at hand, even at the very door.

And now, O that you may be embraced in the arms of everlasting love, and enjoy the comforts of your pardoned state; the Lord increase your faith; take from your burdens or add to your strength; and let me beg of you, once more, dear Sister, not to suffer the disappointments and crosses of this world, however sore and trying in themselves, to drive from your mind the frequent and joyful forethought of what free, rich, and distinguishing grace has designed for you in a bright and better world; and is fitting and preparing you for every day you live. Let not the hardships of your journey make you forget, but rather long for your home. O! think on that heaven which neither sin, nor death, nor hell, shall ever be able to deprive you of; in which you and I, through sovereign grace, I trust, shall spend the endless ages of eternity. I remain, dear madam, your affectionate, &c. J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. ———.

(Not dated.)

If every parish church were blessed with a gospel minister, there could be little need of itinerant

preaching; but since these ministers are thinly scattered about the country, and neighbouring pulpits are usually locked up against them, it behoves them to take advantage of fields or barns to cast abroad the gospel seed. But all are not designed to be *rural Deans:* How are we to judge who are? If you are enabled to preach without notes—feel an abiding desire to spread the gospel—meet with calls for this purpose—comply with the calls—find the word sealed, and, if persecuted and threatened, have the word given for support: where these occur (and these are just my own experience) I have no doubt but such a minister is designed *for a rural Dean or rambling Bishop.*

When you open your commission, begin with laying open the innumerable corruptions of the hearts of your audience: Moses will lend you a knife, which may be often whetted at his grindstone. Lay open the universal sinfulness of nature; the darkness of the mind, the frowardness of the will, the fretfulness of the temper, and the earthliness and sensuality of the affections. Speak of the evil of sin in its nature, its rebellion against God as our sovereign, ingratitude to God as our benefactor, and contempt both of his authority and love. Declare the evil of sin in its effects, bringing all our sickness, pains, and sorrows; all the evils we feel, and all the evils we fear; all inundations, and fires, and famines, and pestilences; all brawls, and quarrels, and fightings, and wars, with death to close these present sorrows, and hell afterwards to receive all that die in sin.

Lay open the spirituality of the law, and its extent, reaching to every thought, word, and action, and declaring every transgression, whether by omission or commission, deserving of death. Declare man's utter helplessness to change his nature, or to make his peace. Pardon and holiness must come from the Saviour. Acquaint them with the searching eye of God, watching us continually,

spying out every thought, word, and action, noting them down in the book of his remembrance, and bringing every secret thing into judgment, whether it be good or evil.

When your hearers are deeply affected with these things (which is seen by the hanging down of their heads) preach Christ. Lay open the Saviour's almighty power to soften the hard heart, and give it repentance, to bring pardon to the broken heart, a spirit of prayer to the prayerless heart, holiness to the filthy heart, and faith to the unbelieving heart. Let them know that all the treasures of grace are lodged in Jesus Christ for the use of the poor needy sinner, and that he is full of love as well as power; turns no beggar from his gate, but receives all comers kindly; loves to bless them, and bestows all his blessings *tithe free*. Farmers and country people chop at that. Here you must wave the gospel-flag, and magnify the Saviour supremely. Speak it with a full mouth, (ORE ROTUNDO) that his blood can wash away the foulest sins, and his grace subdue the stoutest corruptions. Exhort the people to seek his grace, to seek it directly, seek it diligently, seek it constantly, and acquaint them that all who thus seek shall assuredly find the salvation of God.

Never preach in working hours; that would raise a clamour. Where you preach at night, preach also in the morning; but be not longer than an hour in the whole morning service, and conclude before six. Morning preaching will show whether the evening took effect, by raising them up early to hear.

Expect plain fare and plain lodging where you preach, yet, perhaps, better than your Master had. Suffer no treats to be made for you, but live as your host usually lives, else he may grow weary of entertaining you: And go not from house to house: Luke x. 7. If the clergy rail at you where you go, say not a word about it, good or bad: Matt. xv. 14. If you dare be zealous for the Lord of Hosts, expect persecution and threats; but heed them not. Bind

the Lord's word to your heart. The promise is doubled for your encouragement: Jer. i. 19.—xv. 20. The chief block in your way will be *the prudent Peters*, who will beg, intreat, and beseech you to avoid irregularity. Give them the same answer that Christ gave Peter: Matt. xvi. 23. They savour of the things which be of men: heed them not. When you preach at night, go to bed as soon as possible, that the family may not be kept up, and you may rise early. When breakfast and morning family prayer is over, go away directly, that the house may be at liberty. Do not dine where you preach, if you can avoid it: it will save expense and please the people. If you would do work for the Lord, as you seem designed, you must venture for the Lord. The Christian's motto is, Trust and go forward, though the sea is before you: Exod. xiv. 15. Do then as Paul did, give up thyself to the Lord; work, and confer not with flesh and blood, and the Lord be with thee. Dear brother, yours affectionately,

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. B——.

Everton, (no date.)

Dear Friend—With a melancholy pleasure; and at the same time self-abasement, I heard your lectures on man's heart as fallen by original apostacy, and the dreadful epedemical disease of sin, which has spread itself over the whole soul. When you dissected and anatomized the heart of man as before and after conversion, you went into the private closet of *my* heart, and the under-ground vaults, where you have dug up some of the bones of the old man, that have long lain rotting there.

Here is the general exchange for corruption; here the world and the devil often meet together; here they correspond, trade, and traffic; and satan well knows this is the best place for vending his contraband goods, having so many friends that court the

heart, and recommend his wares, viz. vain thoughts, worldly imaginations, evil and impure sensations, earthly affections, inordinate desires, ambitious views, high-mindedness, riches and sinful pleasures, or Pharisaical righteousness, moral confidence, unscriptural hopes, formal sanctity, uncovenanted mercy, &c. &c.

Satan takes a turn round these walks, and pays his compliments (if I may so say) to the inmates of my soul, who are his good friends, every day, ay, every hour; he tries all ways to find out the constitutional sin, or what the apostle calls, my most easy besetting sin. He has baits for all sorts of corruptions, and he endeavours to time his assaults. Sometimes he bids good-morrow to one lust or corruption, sometimes to another, and so makes his cruel visits from one place of the soul to another, all day long, and never bids good-night; for even when I go to bed he lies down with me, and sometimes in my sleep he haunts and awakes me.

If I go into my closet, in order to lock myself up from the busy world, this impertinent intruder, the devil, will break in there too, without asking me leave; and so in the family, and even in the sanctuary, the house of God, I am dogged by this roaring lion. Sometimes he snatches the preached word from me in a way of forgetfulness; sometimes presents other objects to my view, and sometimes would have me make an ill use of it, by misapplying it. Sometimes I pray as if I was praying to a wooden god, without a proper sense of his divinity and omniscience, and so only *word* it with God. By the way, I would not charge the devil with more than is his just due, for I know my own corrupt heart sometimes invites satan to come in, and has often entertained and bid him welcome.

O how ought I to be humbled, that I have so often fetched a chair for satan the tempter to sit down in, while he has entertained himself upon the lusts and affections of my soul; and has he not had

the insolence sometimes to tempt me to sin from the abounding of grace? O horrid injection! And sometimes such cogitations have worked upon the imagination and the heart in and under ordinances. What power satan's temptations have had, and how often the seeds of sin have sprang up and blossomed, and budded, and brought forth fruit, to my sorrow as well as shame, I cannot express; but I would open the matter with soul-abasement to the eye of him that looks down into the heart, and sees all the workings of iniquity within me.

Respecting what you are now upon, it is pleasing to find that experience answers experience, as face to face in a glass. There is a prodigious alliance formed by the empire of hell, the god of this world, and by unbelief, with all its train of sins, in the heart of every natural man, and the unrenewed part in every true believer; this is the three fold cord that is not easily broken; this is the grand alliance, Sir; thus the case stands; and on these accounts my soul has often bled; afraid of myself, afraid of the devil, afraid of every one, and sometimes afraid even of my God. I have sometimes had hopes that grace had enthroned itself in my heart, and I have had, as it were, a cessation from corruption; at least, in some branches, the war has seemed to be at an end almost, and I have often sung a funeral song of victory over (as I thought) a *dead* corruption; but satan has called up all his forces, and fired again, and with his fire-balls has set the whole city of my soul into a flame, and there has been a resurrection of the monster sin again.

O pity me all you combatants in the field of battle, that know the force of temptation, and are haunted, as I am with these ghosts continually! The devil sometimes gets me down and buffets me with the sin that most easily besets me, and then turns accuser, and brings railing accusations against me; and if he cannot keep me from a throne of grace, he makes me go limping and halting there,

afraid to open my mouth; and sometimes I can only hold up my hand at the bar, and cry, guilty! guilty!

And now, Sir, let me ask you, is this balm of Gilead for an old stinking sore, as well as for a constant running one? A sore that I thought had been healed long ago, but breaks out again and again with its bloody issue. Is there a physician? What for such a nauseous, defiled, stinking, as well as weak and sin-sick soul as mine? I truly need a physician within as well as without; Christ and his blood and righteousness to justify and acquit, and the blessed Spirit to sanctify and cure the inward diseases of my soul; for what would it avail a condemned malefactor, to be pardoned and acquitted of his crimes, if he had the jail distemper upon him, and was to die by it?

Indeed God never justifies but he sanctifies. Election is God's mark to know his own children by. Calling and sanctification are our marks, by which we come to know that we ourselves are his elected children. O then set forth the work of the Spirit in a rebellious will, a blind understanding, a hard heart, a stupid conscience, and vile affections; renewing and sanctifying all these powers, and so proving it to be truly the work of God and not of man. This gospel-sanctification I need and earnestly desire; and if you could help me in the present prospect, of the eye of Christ scanning the hidden parts of man, it would be doing a good piece of service, not only to me, but perhaps to many others, who may be in the same case.

Dear Sir, may you be helped to lay open the inward powers of the soul, and the deceitful arts of the body, for the alarming and rousing the stupid and careless, and for the search and inquiry of every real Christian, both with regard to the principal growth, and activity of grace, or the decays and witherings of it; what interest God has in the heart, and how much sin and satan have; what ad-

vantages heaven-ward, or what loitering, backslidings, or falls there are found too often in the way to glory. I am, dear friend, yours, &c.

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. B——.

Everton, (no date.)

Dear Friend—I perceive, by some hints in a late discourse, the rough draught of my soul has reached your hands; the lines, perhaps, were strong in many parts, but yet imperfect. This I call its fellow; but alas! were I to write whole volumes upon the subject, they would still be but small sketches.

To anatomize my own soul, and point out the irregular turnings and windings of a deceitful heart, is beyond my skill. Satan is always beating and hunting the powers of my soul; watching what will start next, whether *pride, sensuality, covetousness, wordly pleasure, &c.* and whatever sins they are, he will be sure to strike in and follow. How often has the soul gone hand in hand with satan in chase of pleasures, till it has been even tired, and then what fruit has it produced but sorrow and shame?

But, Sir, in order to my deciphering the combined forces of sin, hell, and the world against me, you have justly opposed the threefold grand alliance that is for every believer, viz, *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*. True, but the query still remains, can such a one as you be in alliance with the King of heaven, or bear the image and stamp of the Lord Jesus? Where is the consistency? I want to know the worst of myself. I own a spark of real grace shall be kept alive, let the wind of temptation blow ever so high and strong, or the waves of temptation beat ever so hard, true grace shall be victorious. This is a matter of comfort, to find a smoking ember under a load of ashes.

There may be, indeed, two men in one person, the *old* and the *new* man, flesh and spirit. So upon

a medal there may be on one side the image of the devil, rebellion, slavery, lust, and tyranny; and on the other side, the effigy of a good prince, loyal subjects, peace and plenty, and the enemies' hearts trampled upon as conquered. This I think a lively representation of the case, and it would be a happy turn could I make it out so to my soul.

I want to see the divine image carved more legibly on my heart. I am sure I see the picture of the devil strong enough there. I do not so much fear the allied army of the Prince of the World, and the world itself, under the command of its captain-general, the devil, as I fear the rebellion in my own bowels, the restless monster sin within me. Civil wars are the most shocking and the most fatal; besides, my soul is the seat of wars and conflicts; and you know, Sir, what havock is made usually in such places.

I know all the powers of the enemies (let the devil call them invincible if he will) cannot harm me, were it not for inbred foes. It is the corruptions within me, not the contagion of commerce without me, which I fear, or the bloody armies around me; it is that unruly rebellious regiment of banditti within my heart, my lusts, appetites, and passions, that I fear will destroy me. It is I that infect myself, and therefore it is my daily prayer, Lord, deliver me from myself. This is always a part of my litany, and sometimes the first voice of my retired ejaculations.

Indeed, Sir, this is an unnatural rebellion, to be in arms and in conjunction with one's own inveterate foes, who are aiming at my heart's blood. What fight against myself? Yes, so it is; flesh against spirit; the unrenewed against the renewed; sin against grace. Indeed, I have proclaimed war in the name of the King of heaven, against the states-general of hell (so far as it is in league with satan) and against the potentate of sin; but to tell you the times how often I have been foiled and beat,

or razed the siege, or been wounded, or had a limb shot off, or been trepanned, or taken prisoner, I know not; but I can never sign a truce, and I am determined, through grace, if I die, to die sword in hand.

I must own I have sent out a hue-and-cry many times after the traitors, and have sometimes hoped I had secured some of them. I have had them in prison and in fetters, perhaps for weeks and months together, and they have been brought out to several courts of judicature, particularly the court of *conscience*, but that is partial. There have been bribes at times, but not sufficient chastisement; but at other times there have been very severe rebukes, and conscience has condemned the vassals to run the gauntlet with horror, doubt, and despair. The charges of the court of conscience have been read aloud: terrible peals have been rung, and the chains of hell have rattled in the ear. Though sometimes conscience has given the verdict on the side of grace, at other times there has been an arrest of judgment, and a citation before the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench of Heaven; and though the wretch deserves no hearing, as being out-lawed; yet to the honour of the grace and mercy of the Sovereign, the criminal is brought to the bar, and and though there is no room to say any thing but guilty! yet every plea that can be made in his favour is heard; how they were drawn in by some of the clans of hell—perhaps forced, as it were, against the settled judgment of the soul; and perhaps, through weakness and infirmity, could not get out of the way; or from ignorance of the crime, or from extenuation of the guilt, or from being hurried away into the service of the invader without so much as giving time for a cool thought. And sometimes the poor soul has been like a galley slave, wishing for deliverance from the bondage of corruption, and crying out of the load and fetters of sin, and saying with him of old, Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

The high court of judicature hears particularly the relenting groan; and the Attorney-General of Heaven has compassion enough to put in a petitionary plea for the guilty wretch whose hand is still upon the bar. But the dead warrant is come down from heaven for the execution of sin, and all the heads of the clans of hell. Mortify therefore your members which are on the earth, fornication, &c., so if an eye or hand offend thee, cut it off.

A reprieve at last has been issued out for the soul; and the repenting rebel has gone again in pursuit of those invaders of the peace and court of grace, and the soul has laid hold of some of them, and cried out afresh for justice and revenge against these traitors in his own breast, and has laid the sacrificing knife to the throat of these brats of hell. But how often have they raised up their seemingly dying heads when on the very block, and asked for pity! and during the very execution have done much mischief, and made me bleed and groan afresh.

I hope at times they are crucifying; but crucifixion is a lingering death, and I find they have still life, which, with the help of satan, their grand ally, they too often discover and break out again; and all I can do is to cry out murder! murder! to the Lord Jesus. I may truly call them murderers, for they often destroy my peace and comfort; I long to see them dead! dead! dead! I desire your prayers for the poor wounded, but your affectionate humble servant, &c.

J. B.

TO THE REV. MR. B——.

Everton, (no date.)

Dear Sir—After having been so free already as to disclose to you the secrets of my heart, you will not think it strange if I subjoin a *third* letter. There is one point more that deserves animadverting upon, and that is *speculative* sins, which I believe are too

often overlooked by many professors, or at least very superficially regarded. If it does not amount to an outward act, it is too often passed over with silence; but truly I think there may be a committing adultery in the *heart*. So the statute law of heaven runs: it is out of the *heart* proceeds all evil; the seeds of it are sown there, and it takes root and grows, blossoms, buds, and brings forth fruit in the soul, and no eye but Omniscience sees it.

How often have speculative evils been acted in the heart! The heart has been both the adulterer and adulteress. Sin has been begotten, nursed, and bred up, and acted its part upon the theatre of the heart. How often have sinful objects been represented to the fancy by speculation! Do I speak the experience of others, or only my own? The heart can bring forth, dress up, and act the part of any thing; and there has been not only an interview, but an intercourse and sinful familiarity.

There has been many a mortal blow given by revenge in the *heart*. This is *speculative* murder; and there has been coveting a neighbour's estate, &c.; and what is this but a speculative robbery? So spiritual pride shows itself in many branches. When I have been enlarged in prayer, how has pride and the devil clapped me on the back and said, Well done; you have been very great to day. How abominable is this, to attribute an enlarged frame, in any respect, to self! How often have I been pleased with flowery words and fluency in prayer, more than spirituality! Again, how often have worldly objects and creature-comforts been set up in the heart; and have not the affections too frequently bowed down to them? or when a near relation, or a beloved prattling child it may be, have been called away by the superior owner, how often has the heart whispered, and the tongue been ready to blab out, You have taken away my gods, and what have I more? What is this but speculative idolatry?

How have pride and covetousness worked themselves into a coach and six; ay, into a palace! Really, Sir, I am ashamed of these inward masquerades. The heart will turn into any shape. Well may it be said to be *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.* This is still a black picture; but in a distant prospect. I sometimes hope at the closing hour, when I shall exchange worlds, Jesus will help me to lay hold of every sinful serpent that has long twisted round my soul, and keeps me company all my pilgrimage; and enable me, by the hand of faith, to hold them up, crying out, Behold the heads of traitors, which shall never come to life again! Oh! what a joyful shout shall I give when I shall feel these vermin drop off!

At times I am ready to hope the gloomy territories of the grave are almost ready for me, that I may lay down this body of sin upon the block for everlasting execution. O! when shall these clogs and fetters be knocked off, and the dark and gloomy walks of this vale of tears turned into bright and peaceful realms!

Dear Sir, these have been black letters for your aspiring soul to read; though I do not question but you have found something of these combats yourself, and therefore can pity and sympathize with a poor, weak, wounded, shall I call myself, *brother* soldier. You have your enemies, I doubt not, and can trample upon them. I congratulate you on your victory (though not yet a *complete* conquest) through the Captain of your salvation. I would fain bear a part in shouting salvation, and honour, glory and power to the conquering Saviour. He rode triumphantly to glory after he had obtained a complete conquest over sin, death, and hell, and dragged the monsters at his chariot wheels: he then gave satan such a blow that he has not recovered since, nor never will.

From hence I fetch all my hope. If ever I am saved, it will be, I am well assured, by mere grace

and almighty all-conquering power. Alas! what has such a depraved, polluted, and corrupted miscreant as I to reckon upon, why mercy and grace should be exerted in my salvation, but free, rich, sovereign grace? This will be the topic of the eternal songs of redeemed souls. And what, Sir, if such a poor, weak, weather-beaten, tossed, tempted, and almost ship-wrecked vessel as I, should, at last, land safely on the shore of everlasting rest? Sure you would strike up a new song to see *me* harbour in the heavenly port—if you are there before me. And what, if such a poor, weak, stripling as I should come off a conqueror; and more than so, over an armada of enemies, from sin, death and hell? And what, if you should meet me in the peaceful realms above, with my robes washed in the blood of the Lamb, and a palm of victory in my hand? Perhaps you may know me by my scars; but even every one of these will be a set-off to the freeness, sovereignty, and unchangeableness of the love of God; the worth and efficacy of the dear Redeemer's merits; and the power and prevalency of the Almighty and ever blessed Spirit. The burthen of my song will be *Grace! Grace!* if ever I reach the heights of Zion.

I bless the Lord since the first essay I wrote to you, I have found some new recruits from the inexhaustible magazine; the brave General has got the field, and is keeping off the enemy, and I trust has given a renewed blow to all the confederate troops that are in league against me; and I firmly believe I shall be an overcomer through the the blood of the Lamb. As I have experienced some special advantage from the study of the old man and all his cursed artillery, with the powers of the infernal kingdom, and this world, with all its bewitching sweets, I would earnestly recommend soul-study, devil-study, and the snares-of-the-world-study to every Christian friend. Commune with your own heart daily; beware of satan's devices;

and be ever on the watch lest you enter into temptation: for though the spirit may be willing, the flesh is weak.

But it may be, dear Sir, while I have been giving you some of the living sorrows of my heart, I have ripped it open (in order to examine the entrails of the soul) with more freedom than you have met with before; but either I have a worse heart than any other, or there are many counterparts in the experience of others. Indeed, I sometimes think I am by myself; and if ever I get to heaven I shall be truly a *wonder* there; I shall be as an eternal monument set up to the honour of divine grace, and the inscription upon me will be this: A black hellish brand plucked out of the burning, now made, through rich mercy, a pillar, to stand for ever in the temple of God.

Wishing you the prosperous gales of the Divine Spirit, and all success in your sacred work, I am dear Sir, sincerely and repeatedly yours, &c.

J. B.

TO THE REV. CORNELIUS WINTER.

(Not dated.)

Dear Sir—Pray frequently, and wait quietly, and the Lord will make your way plain. Jesus trains up all his servants to waiting, and if you are called to the ministry, he will exercise your soul before-hand with sharp conflicts. Joseph must be cast first into a pit by his own brethren, then into a prison by his Master, before he rules the kingdom: and David must be hunted as a flea upon the mountains, before he gets the sceptre. How can you tell what others feel, unless you have felt the the same yourself? How can you sympathize with a prisoner, unless your own feet have been fast in the stocks? How can you comfort those who are cast down, unless you have been often at your wits end? Expect nothing but conflicts day after day to humble and prove you, and teach you to speak

a word in season to one that is weary. This is indeed the high road to the kingdom for all, yet a minister's path is not only narrow and stony like others, but covered also with bushes and brakes; and if you labour to remove them by your own hands, they will quickly tear your flesh and fill your fingers with thorns. Let your Master remove them at your request, and remember it is always his work, as it is ever his delight, to clear our way and lead us on till sin and death are trodden down. Undertake nothing without first seeking direction from the Lord, and when any thing offers, that is plausible and inviting, beg of God to disappoint you if it be not according to his mind. You cannot safely rely on your own judgment, after God has told you, He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool. This advice relates to all important changes in life. Go no where, settle no where, marry no where, without frequent usuage of this prayer.

I find your heart is yet looking towards America; this inclines me to think God will some time send you thither; in the mean while be thankful you have a pulpit in England to preach Jesus Christ in, and health to preach him. Be not in a hurry to go, lest you go without your passport, and then you go on a fool's errand. Do not wish to be any where but where you are, nor any thing but what you are. It is want of communion with God that makes our thoughts run a gadding. Daily beseech the Lord to make your way plain, then leave it to him to direct your steps. Wish not to do good in America next summer, but to do good in England every day you continue there. I am yours, &c.

J. B.

Mr. Winter added—O that I had never swerved from the good advice of this truly apostolical man!

Directions contained in a letter left at Everton Vicarage, for the Honourable and Rev. Walter Shirley, who supplied Mr. Berridge's place during his absence in London.

(Not dated.)

FAMILY.

Prayers at nine in the morning, and nine in the evening; first reading a chapter, and singing a hymn, the hymns always sung standing. On Saturday evenings, the serious people of the parish come to my house about seven. I first sing a hymn, then expound a chapter, then sing another hymn, then pray, and conclude with singing on my knees, Praise God from whom, &c.

DIET.

You must eat what is set before you, and be thankful. I get hot victuals but once a week for myself, viz. on Saturday: but because you are an Honourable man, I have ordered two hot joints to be got each week for you, with a pudding each day at noon, some pies and a cold ham; so that you will fare bravely; much better than your Master with barley bread, and dry fish. There is also ale, port, mountain, and a little madeira to drink: the liquor suits a coronet. Use what I have, just as your own. I make no feasts, but save all I can, to give all I can. I have never yet been worth a groat at the year's end, nor desire it. I hope you will like your expedition: the people are simple-hearted. They want bread, and not venison; and can eat their meat without sauce, or a french cook. The week-day preachings are in the evening at half an hour past six. If you can preach in a house, the method with us, is, first to sing a hymn, then pray, then preach, then sing another hymn, then pray again, then conclude with Praise God from whom, &c.

The Lord bless you, and make your journey prosperous! Your affectionate servant,

J. B.

AN EXTRACT.

The truly pious Mr. Berridge says in a letter written to Mrs. Wilberforce when she was in dying circumstances—

* * * * * * * * *

Live as near to Jesus as you possibly can; and die, die to self. 'Tis a daily work, 'tis hard work. I find self to be like an insurmountable mountain, or a perpendicular rock, that must be overcome. I have not got over it; not half way over. This, this, is my greatest trial! Self is like a mountain; Jesus is the sun, that shines on the other side the mountain; and now and then a sun-beam comes over the top; we get a glimpse, a sort of twilight apprehension of the brightness of the sun; but *self* must be much more subdued in me before I can bask in the sun-beams of the ever blessed Jesus, or say in every thing, Thy will be done.

SION'S SONGS

OR

HYMNS:

COMPOSED

FOR THE USE OF THEM THAT LOVE AND FOLLOW
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY.

SION'S SONGS.

HYMN 1.

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity!" Psal. li. 5.

1 HOW shall I come to thee,
O God, who holy art,
And cannot evil see
But with a loathing heart!
I am defil'd throughout by sin,
And by my very birth unclean.

2 Soon as my heart could beat,
It drank in various woe;
Pride, lust, and self-deceit,
Thro' all its channels flow;
A captive born, a child of earth,
It knows and craves no higher birth.

3 From this polluted spring
All filthy waters rise;
From this diseased thing
I date my maladies:
My heart, a most degenerate root,
Produceth only canker'd fruit.

4 And what can wash me clean
But Jesu's precious blood?
This only purgeth sin,
And bringeth nigh to God;
Lord, wash my sores, and heal them too,
And all my leprosy subdue.

5 Thy heavenly image draw
Upon my earthly heart,
And well engrave thy law
Upon the inward part;
My fallen nature upward raise,
And teach me how to love and praise.

HYMN 2.

"I beheld transgressors, and was grieved." Psal. cxix. 158.

1 JESUS, I long for thee,
And sigh for Canaan's shore,
Thy lovely face to see,
And all my warfare o'er;
Here billows break upon my breast,
And brooding sorrows steal my rest.

2 I mourn to see thy blood
So foully trampled on;
And sinners, daring God,
To swift destruction run;
With heedless heart and simp'ring face,
They dance the hell-ward road apace.

3 Professors, too, in name,
Of Jesus make their boast,
Who put the Lord to shame,
And yet to shame are lost;
Well-skill'd of faith and grace to prate,
And, Judas-like, can kiss and hate.

4 But when thy simple sheep
For forms and shadows fight,
I sit me down, and weep
To see their shallow wit,
Who leave their bread to gnaw the stones,
And fondly break their teeth with bones.

5 Yet chiefly, Lord, I grieve
For my untoward heart;
How full of doubts I live,
Though full of grace thou art;
What poor returns I make to thee
For all the mercy shewn to me!

6 And must I ever smart,
A child of sorrows here?
Yet, Lord, be near my heart,
To sooth each rising tear;
Then at thy bleeding cross I'll stay,
And sweetly weep my life away.

HYMN 3.

"Thou art my hiding-place." Psal. xxxii. 7.

1 WHERE must a sinner fly,
Who feels his guilty load,
And stands condemn'd to die
Out of the mouth of God?
Can any door of hope be found?
Not any, sure, on nature's ground.

2 What if he mend his life,
And pour out floods of tears,
And pray with fervent strife?
These pay no past arrears.
The law with unrelenting breath,
Declares the wage of sin is death.*

3 Who then shall reconcile
Such jarring things as these?
Say, how can justice smile
At mercy on her knees?
Or how can mercy lift her head,
If all the legal debt is paid?

4 Jesus, thy helping hand
Has made the contest cease,
Paid off each law-demand
And bought the blest release;
Stern justice satisfied by thee,
Bids mercy bring the news to me.

5 O tidings sweet of grace
To sinners lost and poor;
Who humbly seek thy face,
And knock at mercy's door;
Who taste the peace thy blood imparts,
And feel the Saviour in their hearts!

6 All hail! we bless thee now,
Who bought us with thy blood;
Our gracious Shepherd, thou,
To bring us home to God!
On earth we sing thy bleeding love,
And long to see thy face above.

HYMN 4.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys." Cant. ii. 1.

1 JESUS, thou art the Rose
That blushest on the thorn;
Thy blood the semblance shews,
When on Mount Calvary torn;
A rugged tree thou hadst indeed!
But roses from a thorn proceed.

2 This Rose has fragrance sweet,
And cheers a conscience well;
Yet pluck it, as it's meet,
Or nothing wilt thou smell;
Its application does impart
The consolation to thy heart.

3 So lilies low and fair,
Which in the valley grow,
With Jesus may compare,
Since it has pleas'd him so;
Like these an humble form he wears,
And on his robe no spot appears.

4 A robe so clean and white
No fuller's art can shew;
Surpassing even light,
And purer far than snow;
Not David's son, on high-days drest
Could ever match this lily-vest.

* Rom. vi. 23.

5 Coupled in song we see
The rose and lily are,
And fancy out to me
My surety's office clear;
One shews his blood to wash me whole,
And one his robe to clothe my soul.

6 Lord, bring the sweet'ning rose
To make my conscience clean;
And give me lily-clothes
To hide my rags within;
So shall thy blood and righteousness
Bring gospel peace and heavenly dress.

7 Completely thus array'd,
And sweetly cheered on,
No danger shall I dread,
No duty shall I shun:
The rose and lily when combin'd,
Afford a peaceful, loving mind.

HYMN 5.

"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Cant. ii. 3.

1 COME hither, weary soul,
And drop thy burden here;
If thou wouldst be made whole,
A blessed tree is near;
Upon the highway-side it grows!
And sweetly healeth human woes.

2 It only suits the soil
Where human hearts abound;
Yet visits every isle
Where gospel-truth is found:
'Tis planted for the health of man,
And by an heavenly husbandman.

3 Upon the road it stands
To catch a pilgrim's eye;
And spreads its leafy hands
To beckon strangers nigh;
Breathes forth a gale of pure delight,
And charms the humble trav'ler's sight.

4 Its friendly arms afford
A screen from heat and blast;
Its branches well are stor'd
With fruits of choicest taste;
And in the leaf kind juices dwell,
Which sore and sickness quickly heal.
Rev. xxii. 2.

5 But stand not gazing on
The branches of the tree,
Go under and *sit* down,
Or sure it helps not thee;
There rest thy feet and aching side,
And in this resting-place *abide*.

6 No sooner art thou sat
Beneath its shadow there,
But all thy scalding heat
And all thy fretful care,

And every pain from thee will drop,
As fruit comes tumbling in thy lap.

7 This is the tree of life
Which first in Eden grew,
But Adam with his wife
Conceal'd it from our view;
Then was it fix'd on Calvary's top,
And is the pillar of my hope.

HYMN 6.

"Draw me, and I will run after thee."
Cant. i. 4.

1 HOW sluggish is my heart
In search of endless life!
How loth with toys to part
Which only bring me grief!
Small riddance in the race I make,
Yet pant for breath each step I take.

2 I cannot well abide
The cross's daily load,
It makes me start aside,
And leave the narrow road:
Like some raw bullock not well broke,
My shoulder frets beneath the yoke.

3 E'erwhile I sit and sigh,
And loathe my folly too;
Then up I get and try
What human might can do,
Lay to mine arm, but all in vain,
No arm of mine can break the chain.

4 Ah, whither must I go,
Since flesh and reason fail!
No help on earth, I know,
Can o'er my heart prevail;
No man can mend my tardy pace
But he, whose name is Truth and Grace.

5 To him I lift mine eyes,
Thou Son of David hear,
And let my feeble cries
Bring thy salvation near;
My froward heart is in thy hand,
And it will move at thy command.

6 If thou, Lord, quicken me,
And draw me with thy voice,
I will run after thee,
And in thy word rejoice:
Refresh me well with manna sweet,
And I will shew thee nimble feet.

HYMN 7.

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Psal. lxxxiv. 2.

1 WITH solemn weekly state
The worldling treads thy court,
Content to see thy gate,
And such as there resort;
But, ah, what is the house to me,
Unless the master I can see.

2 Whilst formalists admire
The pillars, walls, and roof,
Which bring no heav'nly fire,
And are but weather-proof;
I seek a man more choice than gold,
That lovely man, whom Judas sold.

3 Nought will content my heart
But fellowship with him,
And when from him I start,
My life is all a dream;
I seem to eat and take my fill,
But wake and feel my hunger still.
Isai. xxix. 8.

4 In vain I seek for rest
In all created good,
It leaves me yet unblest,
And makes me pant for God;
And restless sure my heart must be,
Till finding all its rest in thee.

5 For thee my flesh will cry,
And send a labouring groan;
For thee my heart will sigh,
And make a pensive moan;
And each for thee will daily pine,
And would be always only thine.

6 Lord, fix me on thy side,
A branch in thy true vine,
Nor let me straggle wide,
But round thee twine and twine;
And clusters bear of heavenly fruit,
By sap receiv'd from thy rich root.

HYMN 8.

"Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." 2 Tim. iii. 5.

1 GOOD doctrines in the head,
Which do not mend the heart,
Are windy food indeed,
And make us proud and pert;
Our cymbal tinkles all day long,
And faith is froth upon the tongue.

2 Some fast by Calvin hold,
And some for Luther fight,
And each is mighty bold,
And seemeth mighty right;
Well, though with Calvin I agree,
Yet Christ is all in all to me.

3 The form of baptism too
A cloud of dust will raise;
Here sprinkling will not do,
And there will only please;
Some wash the child, and some the man,
And some reject the whole as vain.

4 And while such waspish worms
Each other's side devour,
And buried are in forms,
Give me, O Lord, the pow'r,
The pow'r to feast upon thy grace,
And live the life of godliness.

5 May truth direct my tongue,
And grace my heart control,
And Jesus be my song,
While endless ages roll;
To please him well my single aim,
And all my trust in his dear name.

HYMN 9.

"*Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols.*" Hosea xiv. 8.

1 OUR fancy loves to range
In search of earthly good,
And freely would exchange
A pearl for rotten wood,
Snaps at a shadow thin and vain,
Is fool'd and vex'd, yet snaps again.

2 Fain would the heart unite
A Christ with idols base,
And link mid-day with night,
Or mammon foul with grace;
And in one bosom, false as hell,
Would have the ark and Dagon dwell.
1 Sam v. 2, 3.

3 But Christ will not allow,
A rival near his throne;
A jealous God art thou,
And wilt be king alone!
Dagon shall fall before thy face,
Or thy sweet ark will leave the place.

4 Oft have I forc'd the Lamb
To call away his ark,
And restless then I am,
And flutter in the dark;
Some idol rakes my foolish breast,
Beguiles my heart, and breaks my rest.

5 These dagons make me weak,
And damp my cheerful song,
And of them I am sick,
And hate the noisy throng;
No soundness in my flesh appears,
And on my head are found grey hairs.
Hosea vii. 9.

6 Dear Jesus, thou art true,
Though false from thee I slide;
And wilt thou not subdue
And link me to thy side?
I would give all my ramblings o'er;
Speak, Lord, and bid me stray no more.

HYMN 10.

"*My tongue shall speak of thy righteousness, and of thy praise all the day long.*" Psal. xxxv. 28.

1 I Leave the fop to boast
In titles, wealth, and pow'r,
Possest and quickly lost,
Gay phantoms of an hour!
Of Jesus I would make my song,
And love and praise him all day long.

2 In heroes some delight,
And style them stanch and good,
Who sturdy battles fight,
And fill the world with blood;
But of that Hero I will tell,
Who conquer'd sin, and death, and hell.

3 A trumpet oft we hear
Proclaiming charities,
To dry the widow's tear,
And hush the orphan's cries;
But let my tongue a timbrel be,
To sing his love who died for me.

4 Rever'd and much renown'd
The hoary sage appears,
Who travels nature round,
And sups among the stars;
But let me sing that Sage's art, [heart.
Whose tongue can tune and mend my

5 Erewhile some patriot man
Pleads well his country's cause,
Brings right abroad again,
And wins a vast applause;
But in that Patriot I will trust,
Whose righteousness makes sinners just.

6 That hero, patriot, sage,
Is Jesus Christ my Lord,
Whose grace from age to age
Believing souls record:
And some few mites my heart would bring,
To shew its love for Sion's King.

HYMN 11.

"*Thou art my portion, O Lord.*" Psal. cxix. 57.

1 I Seek and hope to find
A portion for my soul,
To heal a feverish mind
And make a bankrupt whole,
A cup of blessing for the poor,
That's free, and full, and flowing o'er.

2 In vain the world invites
Me to its empty feast,
And spreads its gay delights,
But leaves a starved guest;
And sure a soul that feeds on clay
Must sicken, droop, and pine away.

3 No satisfying rest
Earth's fluttering joys impart;
The portion of a beast
Will not content my heart;
The God of spirits only can
Fill up the vast desires of man.

4 Then, Jesus, thou shalt be
My portion and my all;
And I will wait on thee,
A servant in thy hall;
My daily wants thou shalt supply,
And find me food, and bring me joy.

5 Thy blood shall be my peace,
Thy flesh my dainty meat,
Thy robe my wedding-dress,
Thy breast my safe retreat,
Thine eye shall guide me, lest I stray,
Thine arm uphold me day by day.

6 Whate'er I wish or want
Shall come from thee alone,
Thou canst my heart content,
And let thy grace be shewn;
I chuse thee for my portion, Lord,
Supply me well from mercy's board.

HYMN 12.

"Pull me out of the net, which they have laid privily for me, for thou art my strength." Psal. xxxi. 4.

1 A Thousand snares beset
A pilgrim in his walk,
To trap him by the feet,
Or catch him in his talk;
The creature often proves a bait,
And Satan lays his wily net.

2 But sure a pilgrim's heart
Brings all his heavy woes;
It acts a traitor's part,
And lets in all his foes;
If some poor flaunting idol come,
The wanton heart says, "Give it room."

3 It comes with bashful face,
And seems a modest guest;
Yet meeting one embrace,
It seizeth on the breast,
And setting up a wild uproar,
Would turn the Saviour out of door.

4 A stubborn guest is sin,
And makes a rueful rout;
We may let idols in,
But cannot turn them out;
The Saviour's arm is wanted here,
To pluck the sinner from a snare.

5 And if some idol now
Thy foolish heart subdue,
Go, captive sinner, go,
And try what Christ can do;
Pursue him with an earnest cry,
And he will set thy feet on high.

6 What if the tyrant roar,
And of his conquest boast?
The Lord will help the poor,
That in his mercy trust;
And he has gained high renown
In bringing proud Goliahs down.

HYMN 13.

"My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry land, where no water is." Psal. lxiii. 1.

1 WHEN Jesu's gracious hand
Has touch'd our eyes and ears,
Oh! what a dreary land
The wilderness appears!
No healing balm springs from its dust,
No cooling stream to quench the thirst!

2 Yet long I vainly sought
A resting-place below;
And that sweet land forgot
Where living waters flow;
I hunger now for heavenly food,
And my poor heart cries out for God.

3 Lord, enter in my breast,
And with me sup and stay;
Nor prove a hasty guest,
Who tarries but a day;
Upon my bosom fix thy throne,
And pull each saucy idol down.

4 My sorrow thou canst see,
For thou dost read my heart;
It pineth after thee,
And yet from thee will start;
Reclaim thy roving child at last,
And fix my heart, and bind it fast.

5 I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side,
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see its purple tide,
Trace all the wonders of thy death,
And sing thy love in every breath.

HYMN 14.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love." Gal. v. 22.

1 POOR sickly nature wants
A portion here below;
For earthly food she pants,
And what the mines bestow;
No spark of heavenly love is found,
Till grace manures the barren ground.

2 Love is the Spirit's fruit,
Shed in the heart abroad;
And love can only suit
The children born of God;
The father sends the heavenly guest,
To purify the children's breast.

3 Oh, that most precious love,
Which saints and angels know!
It makes their heav'n above,
And makes our heav'n below!
It sparkles in the Saviour's face,
And clasps his heart with keen embrace.

4 It cheers a pilgrim's toil,
And lightens all his load;
And makes him sweetly smile,
And sing along the road;
Love yields him all his vigour meet,
A tuneful heart, and nimble feet.

5 Lord, give me love divine,
And let my cup run o'er;

This is the richest mine,
And yields the choicest store;
It fills the heart with heavenly cheer,
And stamps thine holy image there.

HYMN 15.

"*All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*" 2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 THERE is a godly life,
Built on a worldly plan,
Which brings no scorn or strife
Upon the godly man;
With credit he may fast and pray,
When *self* usurps and bears the sway.

2 His noble will and wit,
And his courageous arm,
Shall guide his trusty feet,
And guard his breast from harm;
And sure of merit such will boast,
For good they seem at their own cost.

3 But he who seeks to live
A godly life in Christ,
And unto Christ will give
The praise from first to last,
Is surely doomed to worldly shame,
And born to bear a scoundrel name.

4 Tho' friendly in his will,
And meek his manners are,
Some persecution still
Attends him every where:
Faith in the cross brings high disdain,
And usage coarse from carnal men.

5 Oh, let the cross's scorn
Be welcome to my heart,
And patiently be borne,
Though bringing daily smart;
Nor let me turn my head aside,
Through dastard fear, or fretful pride.

6 Yea, let me count that pain,
Which Jesu's cross will bring,
As most substantial gain,
A present from the King;
But let the King smile on my face,
When for his name I meet disgrace.

HYMN 16.

"*God be merciful to me, a sinner.*"
Luke xviii. 13.

1 TWO people come to pray,
With different views inclin'd;
One righteous in his way,
And one distrest in mind;
One eyes himself with much delight,
And one laments his guilty plight.

2 One tells the Lord, how good
And how devout he was;
And pertly thanks his God,
It was the very case;
But mercy he forgets to crave,
And mercy says, he none shall have.

3 The lowly publican
Stands with a down-cast eye;
And, like a ruin'd man,
Lifts up a doleful cry;
His pray'r is sound, and would suit thee.
"O God, be merciful to me."

4 To such a contrite soul
The Saviour draweth nigh,
And makes the sinner whole,
And sends him home with joy;
Binds up his bones in ev'ry part,
And bids sweet mercy cheer his heart.

5 So, Lord, I would be fed
While waiting at thy board;
I want no better bread
Than mercy can afford;
No sweeter bread I can receive,
No richer bread my God can give.

6 A pharisee may roost
On his religious face;
I am a sinner lost,
And only saved by grace;
And of my pray'r this is the sum,
Dear Saviour, let thy mercy come.

HYMN 17.

"*All things were created by Jesus, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible: all things were created* by *him and* for *him.*" Coloss. i. 16.

1 ALL things in heav'n above,
And things on earth below,
All living things that move,
And lifeless matter too,
Created were *by* Jesus Christ,
And *for* his glory they subsist.

2 The fairest angel seen
In yonder arched sky,
Owes all his graceful mien
And all his dignity
To Jesu's will and powerful word,
And bows to Jesus as his Lord.

3 The fowls that float the air,
And insects small that creep,
The beasts that hoofed are,
And fish that sail the deep,
Owe all their various kinds of birth
To Jesu's word, which brought them forth.

4 In him we live and move
And have our being here,
Refreshed by his love,
And guarded by his care:
Through him behold his Father's face,
And taste the precious fruits of grace.

5 All glory is thy due,
And everlasting praise;

For holy, just, and true,
Art thou in all thy ways!
The best we can, we do adore,
Yet help us, and we will do more.

HYMN 18.

"*No man can* come *unto me, except the Father, who hath sent me,* draw *him.*" John vi. 44.

1 NO wit or will of man,
Or learning he may boast,
No power of reason can
Draw sinners unto Christ;
So fall'n his nature, such her flaw,
None come, except the Father draw.

2 His Spirit must disclose*
The deadly plague within,†
Uncover all our woes,
And shew the man of sin;
And feeling thus our ruin'd state,
We humbly fall at Jesu's feet.

3 The Comforter must teach
The Saviour's toil and smart,
And with conviction preach
Atonement to the heart;
Then sinners gaze with ravish'd eyes,
And feast upon the sacrifice.

4 The Spirit too must shew
The pow'r of Jesu's arm
To vanquish every foe,
And guard the soul from harm;
Believers then grow strong in faith,
And triumph over sin and death.

5 So let my heart be drawn
To Jesus Christ my Lord,
And learn to feast upon
His person and his word,
Feel sweet redemption thro' his blood,
And give the glory all to God.

HYMN 19.

"*My sheep hear my voice.*" John x. 27.
"*He will speak peace unto his people.*" Psal. lxxxv. 8.

1 THE word of God is read
Too seldom out of choice,
And few see any need
To hear the Shepherd's voice;
A voice the sheep delight to hear,
And Jesus gives the hearing ear.‡

2 They hear his mild command,
And like it mighty well;
His rods they understand,
And can their meaning tell;
His promises they hear, each one,
And listen to their mellow tone.

3 Yet on a choicer thing
The sheep do much attend,
The voice, not of a king,
But of a dying friend,
A whisper given to the heart,
Which bid their sorrows all depart.

4 O thou sweet voice of peace,
For pilgrim hearts design'd,
The pledge of heav'nly bliss,
The day-spring in the mind!
Thy heav'nly joy no heart can feel,
Till Jesus brings the Spirit's seal.

5 My dear and dying friend,
Be near my heart each day,
And some kind whisper send
To cheer me on my way:
Thy voice, like music soft and sweet,
Makes dancing hearts and dancing feet.

HYMN 20.

"*How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only.*" John v. 44.

1 MEN follow after fame,
'Tis nature's fond delight,
And court the world's good name,
And think it mighty right;
But how can such in Christ believe,
Who court this honour and receive?

2 A gracious man can feel
He has no room to boast;
Tho' gracious, empty still,
And fed at Jesu's cost;
Preserv'd alive at mercy's bow'r,
A begging life he lives each hour.

3 When guilt and death appears
Engraven on a crest;
How wildly honour stares,
If perched on such a breast!
All must drop honour in the dust,
Who in another's merit trust.

4 But if a gracious man
This worldly pride rejects,
The fluttering world again
This humble man neglects,
Despise him as a wretch forlorn,
And load his shoulders well with scorn.

5 O Lord, I would be poor
And loathsome in mine eyes;
And lay at mercy's door,
Where no ambition lies;
Abase myself before the Lord,
And muse and feed upon his word.

6 So will my God bestow
A gracious look on me;
And heav'nly honour shew,
The highest that can be;
For sure he dwells in broken hearts,
And there his peace and love imparts.

* John xvi. 8. † 1 Kings viii. 38. ‡ Prov xx. 12.

HYMN 21.

"Jesus said, Some body hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." Luke viii. 46.

1 A Female, much distrest,
For help to Jesus came,
And through the crowd she prest,
And touch'd his garment-hem;
Gave, as she thought, a touch conceal'd,
But gave in faith, and she was heal'd.

2 This female holds a glass
To shew the use of faith;
Recorded is her case,
And much instruction hath;
No virtue comes, no cure is made,
Till hands of faith on Christ are laid.

3 The promises are sweet,
And meant to kindle hope;
Yet promise brings no meat,
Till faith can take it up;
As yet it proves a barren breast,
And yields a weary soul no rest.

4 Oh, let my Lord instruct
Me in this needful thing;
My hand aright conduct
All bosom-plagues to bring,
And feel the virtue streaming forth,
To crush my vipers in their birth.

5 Two gospel-eyes I have,
And couched by thy skill;
A gospel-hand I crave,
Or I am helpless still;
My cure I see, yet sickly stand,
Till thou dost heal my wither'd hand.

HYMN 22.

"Then Jesus opened *their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures."* Luke xxiv. 45.

1 SOME of their reason boast,
And haughty is its sway;
And some in learning trust
To find the gospel-way;
I would not pertly these despise,
Yet want to see with better eyes.

2 Thy reason may judge right
Of worldly things and men,
But spiritual truth and light
Are far beyond thy ken;
Here reason takes her proper road,
When she cries out for help to God.

3 All seem to understand
The gospel mighty well:
And think in gospel-land
No darkness sure can dwell:
Yet gospel-truth no man can find,
Till Jesus opens his dark mind.

4 Light of the world he is,*
And light springs at his word;
Yet men regard not this,
Nor call upon the Lord;
What need to ask for light? they say,
Cannot our eyes direct our way?

5 May Jesus Christ reveal
His truth unto my heart;
And all his gracious will,
As I can bear, impart;
The mists of unbelief remove,
And bring the light of faith and love.

6 The Sun of righteousness
Must guide a pilgrim's feet;
His rays alone can bless
The soul with light and heat:
Then rise, thou heav'nly sun, and shine,
And cheer my heart with light divine.

HYMN 23.

"When I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer." Lam. iii. 8.

1 I Hear a righteous man,
A prophet good and great,
In deep distress complain,
And thus his grief relate;
I call on God, and cry and shout,
But all my pray'r he shutteth out.

2 Ye drooping souls give ear,
Who knock at Jesu's gate,
And no kind word can hear,
Tho' knocking loud and late;
Such was the weeping prophet's case,
A man of God, a child of grace.

3 He cries, and cries again,
And yet no answers come;
He shouts aloud thro' pain,
And still the Lord is dumb;
Like some abandoned wretch he moans,
And Jesus seems to mock his groans.

4 Let every drooping saint
Keep waiting evermore;
And tho' exceeding faint
Knock on at mercy's door;
Still cry and shout till night is past,
And day-light will spring up at last.

5 If Christ do not appear,
When his disciples cry,
He marketh every tear.
And counteth ev'ry sigh,
In all their sorrows bears a part,
Beholds their grief, and feels their smart.

6 He lends an unseen hand,
And gives a secret prop,
Which makes them waiting stand,
Till he complete their hope:

* John viii. 12.

So let me wait upon this Friend,
And trust him till my troubles end.

HYMN 24.

"Satan provoked David to number Israel." 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

1 ONCE David sent to hear
How many men of might
In Israel's tribes appear
Full grown, and fit for fight;
The tale is brought, and brings him pain,
It cost him seventy thousand men.

2 Right harmless was the thing,
Nor seems our censure worth;
Yet God rebukes the king,
And sends his judgments forth;
A pride he view'd in David's heart,
And pride will make a monarch smart.

3 Some caution we shall need
In things that harmless are;
For mischief these may breed,
And prove a woful snare;
Wherever busy pride creeps in,
It surely proves a scourging sin.

4 Here Satan shews his art,
And here his foot will hide;
To harmless things impart
A puff of hellish pride;
Thus David he provok'd before,
And will provoke thee less or more.

5 Whatever God may give,
In providence or grace;
The gift with thanks receive,
And use it in its place:
But trust not in the given store,
Nor count thy treasures o'er and o'er.

6 Raw pilgrims oft relate
Their gifts and gracious walk,
Nor see how Satan's bait
Is laid in such fine talk;
Oh, let my soul be Jesu's guest,
And only on *his* fulness feast.

HYMN 25.

"Jesus wept." John xi. 35.

1 THE heart of Jesus glows
With love divinely fair;
And Jesus only knows
What pity lodgeth there;
Yet babes will prattle of this thing,
And lisp the praises of their King.

2 He wept to see the spoil
Which sin and Satan made,
Yet weeping gives a smile,
And offers man his aid:
Sweet mercy sings, and angels gaze
To see the Lord with human face.

3 A mourner he became,
A man of sorrows made,
Wept o'er the blind and lame,
And o'er the dumb and dead;
A tear he dropt at every grief,
But wept the most at unbelief.

5 Still yearning o'er the earth,
He sees the lost sheep stray,
And sends his shepherds forth
To guide them in the way;
Allures them with a tender cry,
"O Israel's house, why will ye die?"

5 Poor drooping soul attend,
And cast away thy fears;
Call on this weeping Friend,
And he will dry thy tears;
A weeping Saviour well suits thee,
And weeping souls he loves to see.

HYMN 26.

"Let a man become a fool that he may be wise." 1 Cor. iii. 18. *"Except ye become as* little children, ye shall not *enter into the kingdom of heaven."* Matt. xviii. 3.

1 MOST of the learned eyes
Grow dim in Jesu's school,
Where none becometh wise,
Till he becomes a fool;
A doctrine strange enough and new,
Yet Christian scholars find it true.

2 The wisdom of the brain,
Tho' shallow at the best,
Creates a Christian pain,
And keeps him from his rest;
To Jesus none are reconcil'd,
Till they become a little child.

3 Our wisdom findeth cause
To quarrel with the Lord,
To set aside his laws,
Or cavil at his word,
To murmur at his judgments just,
And think his promise worth no trust.

4 This wisdom is the gall
Of Adam's tainted loin,
True blossom of the fall,
And bitter fruit of sin,
It scorneth Jesus, hates control,
And fighteth hard against his rule.

5 To sweet submission bred,
And ignorant of pride,
A child or fool is led,
And love to have a guide,
Believe your word, come at your call,
Weep if they're chid, and run for all.

6 Oh! let me be this child,
Or be the gospel-fool;
For Jesus ever smil'd
Upon a simple soul;

He folds the children in his arms,
And lets the wise ones take their harms.

HYMN 27.

"*It is God, who* worketh *in you both to* will *and to* do, *of his* good pleasure." Phil. ii. 13.

1 HOW sinners vaunt of pow'r
A ruin'd soul to save,
And count the fulsome store
Of worth they seem to have,
And by such visionary props
Build up and bolster sandy hopes!

2 But God must work the *will*
And *pow'r* to run the race;
And both thro' mercy still,
A work of freest grace;
His own *good pleasure*, not our *worth*,
Brings all the will and power forth.

3 Disciples, who are taught
Their helplessness to feel,
Have no desponding thought,
But work with care and skill;
Work with the means, and for this end,
That God the will and pow'r may send.

4 They feel a daily need
Of Jesu's gracious store,
And on his bounty feed,
And yet are always poor;
No manna can they make or keep,
The Lord finds pasture for his sheep.

5 Renew, O Lord, my strength
And vigour ev'ry day,
Or I shall tire at length,
And faint upon the way;
No stock will keep upon my ground,
My all is in thy storehouse found.

HYMN 28.

"*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*" Psal. xxxiv. 18.

1 SAY, is thy heart well broke,
And feels the plague of sin;
And hateth Satan's yoke,
It sweetly once drew in?
Give Christ the praise, he broke thy heart,
And taught thee how to feel the smart.

2 What if Mount Sinai's smoke
Should darken all the skies,
And thy weak stomach choke,
And bring on weeping eyes,
It points the road to Sion's hill,
Where grace and peace for ever dwell.

3 Thick glooms lie in the way
To Jesu's heavenly light;
Before a gospel-day,
He sends a legal night;
And while the legal nights abide,
No Christ is seen, altho' the guide.

4 The Lord is surely near,
When drooping sinners pray;
And lends a gracious ear,
But steals himself away;
Regards their moan with pitying eye,
And brings at length salvation nigh.

5 Oh, let my Lord bestow
That broken heart on me,
Which feeleth well its woe,
And blushing looks to thee,
Amaz'd to see myself so vile,
And Jesus smiling all the while.

HYMN 29.

"*He is altogether lovely.*" Cant. v. 16.

1 JESUS, thou pleasant art,
And excellently fair,
And for a loving heart
None can with thee compare,
Majestic on a throne, yet mild;
A King, yet lowly as a child.

2 The Saviour bows his ear,
When sinners humbly cry;
And true heart-broken pray'r
Is sure to bring supply;
He turns no beggars from his gate,
Come when they will, or soon or late.

3 His hands a sceptre hold,
Which none can grasp but he,
Inlaid with pearls and gold,
A shaft from grace's tree;
With this he rules his subjects well,
And all their inbred foes can quell.

4 His head the fountain is,
Whence heav'nly wisdom flows;
And all things done amiss
Throughout his realm he knows;
If storms are gathering on his friends,
He marks it well, and succour sends.

5 His face is fair and bright,
With blushes here and there,
As mild and soft as light,
And sweet as roses are;
A single smile from Jesus giv'n
Can lift a drooping soul to heav'n.

6 This is the sinner's Friend,
Divinely fair and good;
Whose love can have no end,
When sealed with his blood!
His grace I sing, his name adore,
His person love, and would love more.

HYMN 30.

"*All men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father.*" John v. 23.

1 SOME will no worship pay
To Jesus prince of life,

Reject his god-like sway,
And rail with bitter strife;
And some are fearful to bestow
The honours which are well his due.

2 As God, our Jesus can
Demand eternal praise,
And as our dear God-Man,
He claims it various ways,
By his two natures close combin'd,
And by the Father's strict command.

3 So well his natures blend,
So close the union fram'd,
Blood of the *human* Friend
The blood of *God* is nam'd!
And from this close compacted frame,
The human part will worship claim.

4 Man's carcase, weak and vile,
Whilst to a spirit tied,
Expects a courtly smile,
And high respect beside;
Becoming rev'rence it will crave,
And crave it, till it takes a grave.

5 Soon as the child is giv'n,
And breathes in Judah's air,
All angels haste from heav'n*
To pay him worship there;
The same his own disciples do,
And Jesus takes the homage too.

6 So Thomas glorified
The God-man in the Son,
When first he fairly spied
Both natures link'd in one,
And fixing his adoring eyes,†
My *Lord*, my *God*, with transport cries.

7 May God the Father have
The worship which we owe,
And Jesus Christ receive
Like worship here below;
And where this honour men refrain,
The Father's worship'd all in vain.‡

HYMN 31.

"By the grace of God, I am what I am."
1 Cor. xv. 10.

1 I Hear much lofty talk
Of man's amazing wit
To mend his naughty walk,
And scale the skies outright;
But Paul will tell this lofty race,
Whate'er I am, I am by grace.

2 Converted unto Christ,
A brave apostle too;
Tho' last among the list,
He did them all outdo;
Yet every labour undergone,
By grace was wrought, and grace alone.

3 Whate'er is mean and vile,
Or high and overgrown,
Whatever can defile,
The crop is all our own;
No real good dwells in the heart,
Till grace a savoury cast impart.

4 If thou canst watch and pray,
And dearly love the Lord,
And bless him day by day,
And hang upon his word;
Oh, lay the thanks at mercy's door,
And see thyself exceeding poor.

5 Thou canst not think aright
One single godly thought,
Nor keep thy heart upright,
Unless by Jesus taught;
This teaching thou wilt hourly need,
So helpless thou, so poor indeed!

6 Keep Jesu's grace in sight,
And feed upon it well;
Be strong in Jesu's might,
And thy own weakness feel;
Then sing and boast along with Paul,
I nothing am, and Christ is all.

HYMN 32.

"Shew me a penny: whose image and superscription hath it? They answered and said, Cæsar's." Luke xx. 24.

1 IF thou art Jesu's coin,
Cast in the gospel-mould,
And wrought with faith divine,
More precious far than gold;
A superscription thou wilt bring,
And some sweet likeness of the King.

2 His name thou wilt revere,
And set his titles forth,
And openly declare
His riches and his worth,
Confessing with undaunted face
That all thy trust is in his grace.

3 Such superscription does
To Jesu's coin belong;
And ev'ry penny shews
His likeness, faint or strong;
A likeness stampt in his own mint,
Where Christ is view'd in human print.

4 Now, friend, thy penny shew
With Jesu's image fair,
For sure no coin will go,
Unless his stamp appear;
Some Judas thou or Demas art,
Unless the stamp is on thy heart.

5 O Lord, do thou impress
Thine image fair on me,
My penny then will pass,
And sterling coin shall be;
My coin will spread thy fame abroad,
And shew that I am born of God.

* Heb. i. 6. † John xx. 28. ‡ John v. 23.

HYMN 33.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Psal. xii. 1.

1 SEND help, O Lord, we pray,
And thy own gospel bless;
For godly men decay,
And faithful pastors cease;
The righteous are remov'd from home,
And scorners rise up in their room.

2 While Satan's troops are bold,
And thrive in number too,
The flocks in Jesu's fold
Are growing lank and few,
Old sheep are moving off each year,
And few lambs in the folds appear.

3 Old shepherds too retire,
Who gather'd flocks below,
And young ones catch no fire,
Or worldly-prudent grow;
Few run with trumpets in their hand,
To sound alarms by sea and land.

4 O Lord, stir up thy pow'r
To make the gospel spread;
And thrust out preachers more,
With voice to raise the dead,
With feet to run where thou dost call,
With faith to fight and conquer all.

5 The flocks that long have dwelt
Around fair Sion's hill,
And thy sweet grace have felt,
Uphold and feed 'em still;
But fresh folds build up ev'ry where,
And plenteously thy truth declare.

6 As one Elijah dies,
True prophet of the Lord,
Let some Elisha rise
To blaze the gospel-word;
And fast as sheep to Jesus go,
May lambs recruit his folds below.

[This hymn was occasioned by the death of Mr. Whitefield.]

HYMN 34.

The following ode is designed to vindicate the ways of God in making use of most unlikely means to compass his ends; and chiefly with a view to his sending out unlettered men to preach.

1 WAYS seeming base and weak
A God of might will try,
Such ways his presence speak,
And tell his arm is nigh;
His finger in the work is shewn,
And glory springs to God alone.

2 But witlings of a span
Will think the Lord a fool;
They judge of God from man,
And measure by that rule;
The likely means a man will use,
And such they think a God will chuse.

3 When sons of earth surround
An hostile city strong,
The cannons tear the ground,
And trenches creep along:
But when the Lord attacks a town,
With foolish horns* he blows it down.

4 All preparations great
A feebleness bespeak;
If ten must lift a weight,
It proves each arm is weak;
Yet weaklings love this vast parade,
Nor view the weakness there display'd.

5 From steeples tall I've seen
An human monster fly;
But, oh! what toil has been,
Before the flight drew nigh!
What sweating up the steeple-stair,
To rear a scaffold high in air!

6 What pains to fix aright
The rope, above, below!
What crowds to see the sight
With gaping wonder go!
At length a sky-lark sees him drop,
And, laughing, bids him now fly up.

7 The greater is the mean
That brings about an end,
The more is weakness seen
With drudgery to blend;
The steeple flight a moral brings,
Such pains to fly shews want of wings.

8 Means likely or unlike
With God are just the same;
All wait upon his beck,
Alert to spread his fame;
Yet when he would display the God,
He must forsake the common road.

9 If water he will draw,
Or raise a purling brook,
The spring-head is a jaw,†
The rivulet is a rock:‡
An angel or an ass's mouth§
Shall preach or carry tidings forth.‖

10 But boys will look to ears,
To voice, to coat, and pile,
And what a coarse look wears
With them is counted vile;
Yet nothing vile was ever seen
Around God's works, excepting sin.

11 To us an angel seems
A peerless prince of light,
Yet Jesus such esteems
Grasshoppers in his sight,

* Joshua vi. 5, 6. † Judges xv. 19. ‡ Numb. xx. 11. § Luke ii. 10. ‖ Numb. xxii. 28.

Will bid 'em fly and fly apace,
And send 'em as he sends his ass.

12 Where sundry servants wait
In some capacious hall,
On various matters meet
The master useth all,
Sometimes the chaplain will employ,
But oft'ner calls the stable-boy.

13 Why may not Jesus too
Send servants at his will?
And servants high or low,
His pleasure best fulfil;
An angel's wing or ass's tongue
Alarm the giddy flirting throng.

14 When serpents bit the crowd,
And Israel murmuring died,
Had Moses spoke aloud,
"Let unguents be applied;"
The cure with salves had failed not,
But God in med'cine lain forgot.

15 Now when they see a snake
Fix'd on a simple pole,
And no rich balsam take,
Nor drug to make them whole,
When with a look the wound is cur'd,
They must confess, it is the Lord.

16 If thunders shake the ground,
Who wonders at the shock?
A weighty cause is found,
And we no further look;
But if a feather shook the earth,
The feather sets Jehovah forth.

17 The ass's jaw,* and tongue,†
The salt,‡ and snake§ to heal,
The ram's-horn‖ sounding long,
The pitcher,¶ stick,†† and meal,‡‡
With one harmonious voice declare,
The God of all the earth is near.

HYMN 35.

"*Wine, which cheereth God and man.*"
Judges ix. 13.

1 A Wondrous wine there is,
None can with it compare,
Creating most exalted bliss,
Which God and man will cheer.

2 This most enchanting wine
To mortals is convey'd
From noble grapes of one true vine
At humble Nazareth bred.

3 It is the wine of love,
That precious love divine,
Which knits and cheers all hearts above,
And makes their faces shine.

4 Believers know its taste,
And can its virtues tell,
Oft when their hearts are sinking fast,
One sip has made them well.

5 A single taste on earth
Much heav'nly vigour brings;
The saint in rapture speaks its worth,
And claps his hand and sings.

6 It is the cordial true;
Lord, cheer me with it still,
Till at thy seat I drink it new,
And take my hearty fill.

* Judges xv. 19. † Numb. xxii. 28. ‡ 2 Kings ii. 21.
§ Numb. xxi. 8. ‖ Joshua vi. 5. ¶ Judges vii. 16.
†† 2 Kings vi. 6. ‡‡ 2 Kings iv. 41.

HYMN 36.

"*Arise, my love, and come away.*"
Cant. ii. 13.

1 IF Jesus kindly say,
And with a whisp'ring word,
"Arise, my love, and come away;"
I run to meet my Lord.

2 My soul is in mine ear,
My heart is all on flame,
My eyes are sweetly drown'd in tear,
And melted is my frame.

3 My raptur'd soul will rise,
And give a cheerful spring,
And dart thro' all the lofty skies,
To visit Sion's King.

4 He meets me with a kiss,
And with a smiling face!
I taste the dear enchanting bliss,
And wonder at his grace!

5 The world now drops its charms,
My idols all depart;
Soon as I reach the Saviour's arms,
I give him all my heart.

6 A soft and tender sigh
Now heaves my hallow'd breast;
I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest.

HYMN 37.

"*No man can tame the tongue; it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison.*" James iii. 8.

1 O Thou unruly tongue,
The sinner's pride and shame!
A member small, yet far too strong
For mortal men to tame!

2 The serpent marr'd thy worth,
His venom on thee fell;
Thy flaming sparks, that issue forth,
Are lighted up from hell!

3 With mischief thou art fraught,
And with a fierce desire
To cast thy burning brands about,
And set the world on fire.

4 Who shall deliver me
From all its deadly woe?

No man has might to set me free,
None, but the Lord, I know.

5 Lord Jesu, shew thy pow'r,
And make this tiger calm;
Bar up his passage, bolt the door,
And screen the mouth from harm.

6 My tongue is apt to start,
And hasty words let slip;
Oh, bid thy love command my heart,
And that will guard my lip.

HYMN 38.

"*Saw ye him, whom my soul loveth.*"
Cant. iii. 3.

1 AND have ye seen the Lord,
The lovely Prince of peace?
With open'd eye beheld his word,
And tasted of his grace?

2 Then you can hear and feel
What I shall now relate;
Our kindred hearts, like flint and steel,
Some sparks of fire may get.

3 From Jesus I did rove,
Nor ought of Jesus knew,
Until he taught me how to love;
I wish all lov'd him too.

4 The darling of my heart!
The balm for all my woe!
I would not with my Jesus part
For thousand worlds below!

5 Nor health nor friends afford
My heart substantial rest,
Nor plenty on my table stor'd,
If Christ is not my guest.

6 Yet oft my Lord I grieve,
And seem without concern;
But when he takes a hasty leave,
I sigh for his return.

7 For thee my heart will pine,
Tho' much from thee it roam;
And sure I would be only thine,
And keep with thee at home.

HYMN 39.

"*If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.*" Matt. vi. 22.

1 TO Canaan art thou bound?
Walk on in Jesu's might;
But mark, the way is holy ground,
And needs a heart upright.

2 Make Jesus all thy peace,
And make him all thine arm,
Rely *alone* upon his grace
To guard from *ev'ry* harm.

3 To Jesus some will pray,
Yet not with *single* eye,
They squint and peep another way,
Some creature-help to spy.

4 In darkness such are held,
And bound in legal fear;
A *double* eye is in the child,
The heart is not sincere.

5 Such find no gospel-rest,
But into bondage fall;
The Lord will not uphold thy breast,
Till he is *all* in *all*.

6 Lord, give me single sight,
And make it strong and clear,
So will my soul be full of light,
And feel the Saviour near.

HYMN 40.

"*Ye Pharisees make the outside of the cup clean, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.*" Luke xi. 39.

1 THE man that trusts his heart,
Trusts in a slippery guide;
It bids him wash the outer part,
And leave a foul inside.

2 Be sober, just, and fair,
And somewhat bounteous too,
And unto Sunday-church repair,
And then the man will do.

3 Be sure his heart is foul,
And feeds upon the earth;
And tempers fierce enflame his soul,
And shew their hellish birth.

4 The breast is all unclean,
Where wanton fancies lay,
And brood and hatch up secret sin,
And revel night and day.

5 O Lord, thine holy eye
Inspects my heart throughout,
And will not pass an evil by,
Tho' lurking in my thought.

6 Send down thy holy fire
To consecrate my breast,
A temple fill'd with pure desire,
And with thy presence blest.

HYMN 41.

"*Fools make a mock at sin.*" Prov. xiv. 9.

1 FOOLS make a mock at sin,
And with destruction sport;
But death will stop their simple grin,
And cut their laughter short.

2 Bethink, O thoughtless man,
What mis'ry sin brings forth;
All sorrow, sickness, want, and pain,
From sin receives its birth.

3 On angels sin has cast
Destruction without end;

Thro' sin the heavenly form they lost,
And sunk into a fiend!

4 The sin thou lovest well,
At last will make thee mourn;
It has blown up a fire in hell,
Which will for ever burn.

5 Sin bringeth ghastly woe,
Yet comes with leering face!
Regard it as thy deadly foe,
And fly its foul embrace.

6 Lord, give me godly fear,
And *keep* me watchful too,
Else I may sit in scorner's chair,
And mock as scorners do.

HYMN 42.

"*To be spiritually minded is life and peace.*" Rom. viii. 6.

1 MUCH longs a spiritual mind,
On spiritual things to dwell;
It pants for joys which are refin'd,
And keep their relish well.

2 Access it seeks to God,
And is divinely taught
To soar along the heav'nly road
With much delighted thought.

3 In Jesus sweetly blest,
It tracks him to the skies,
And finds by faith his peaceful rest,
And life that never dies.

4 It views with high disdain
The pomp of earthly things,
Looks on the vain parade with pain,
And pities courts and kings.

5 Such mind I now implore,
A truly spiritual wing,
Which, like the lark, will upward soar,
And as it soars, will sing.

HYMN 43.

"*We are (planted) in Jesus Christ; who is the true God, and eternal life.*" 1 John v. 20.

1 AS branches from the vine
Their birth and growth receive,
And round the stem in friendship twine,
And by their *union* live.

2 In Christ so Christians dwell,
And life from him derive,
His root makes all the clusters swell,
And all the branches thrive.

3 In sweetest union join'd,
Emmanuel's name they know,†
And view the God with man combin'd,
And feel his virtue too.

4 Eternal life is giv'n
To all his saints below;

† Matt. i. 2, 3.

A taste he sends them of his heav'n,
While in the vale of woe.

5 This makes them love their King,
And lift his name on high;
And when with lusty praise they sing,
Amen, amen, say I.

HYMN 44.

"*He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.*" Prov. x. 4.

1 ALAS, what mean those fears,
That dry and wither'd look;
That head besprinkled with grey hairs,
And hands with palsy shook?

2 Thy heart once all a flame,
Fed well on Jesu's store,
But starved now, and sick, and lame,
Thou seemest sadly poor.

3 Besure, thou hast been slack,
And settling on thy lees,
The bible cast behind thy back,
And seldom on thy knees.

4 To Jesus thou art grown
A stranger once again;
No wonder he has made thee moan,
And look like any Cain.

5 Come, lift the feeble hand,
And shake the drowsy mind,
Gird up thy loins for Canaan's land,
And fast thy sandals bind.

6 To Jesus yet return,
And Jesus will receive;
Awhile he makes the rambler mourn,
And then his peace will give.

HYMN 45.

"*He that hath mercy on the poor, blessed is he.*" Prov. xiv. 21; Psal. xli. 1, 2, 3.

1 MUCH blessing he will find,
Who much regards the poor,
And with sweet look and bowels kind
Deals out his friendly store.

2 So Jesus Christ is blest
By all his chosen seed,
Because he hears them, when distrest,
And helps at ev'ry need.

3 Compassion much he shews
To sinners when they sigh;
And loves to heal up heavy woes,
And wipe a weeping eye!

4 Such mercy melts the heart,
And tunes the tongue for praise,
And whilst he acts the Saviour's part,
A heavenly song they raise.

5 How sweet is Jesus then!
Each bosom feels him dear,

Each face with sparkling love is seen,
Each eye with gracious tear!

6 On mercy, Lord, I live,
And mercy I would shew,
Free alms incline my heart to give,
And forgive ev'ry foe.

HYMN 46.

"*In the light of the King's countenance is life, and his favour is as the cloud of latter rain.*" Prov. xvi. 15.

1 THE sick, with frequent sighs,
Pass many a tedious night;
But when the morning suns arise,
How cheering is the light!

2 So when sad sinners pass
A legal night of fears,
And see the Sun of righteousness;
How sweet his light appears!

3 It bids their guilt depart,
A heav'n in view it brings;
The peace of God revives the heart,
And life eternal springs.

4 The seed, in sorrow sown,
Springs up and thrives apace;
New verdure on the field is grown,
And wears a smiling face.

5 Yet grain, of kindly birth,
Will sigh for help again,
Nor can be foster'd by the earth,
Without a latter rain.

6 The gospel-fields must call
Upon the Gospel-King;
And when he bids his showers fall,
Oh, how they laugh and sing.

HYMN 47.

"*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*" Rom. viii. 14.

1 AN earthly heart I have,
And earthly made by sin!
No good, but sensual, it will crave,
And sweetly drinks it in.

2 No joy it finds in God:
And when my tongue would pray,
My heart will take a different road,
And start and prance away.

3 No converse can we find
With him, our God, we call;
No will or pow'r lodg'd in the mind
To walk with God at all.

4 Such is man's nature now,
Sunk and bemir'd in earth!
And what can raise his fallen brow,
And give him heav'nly birth?

5 Who can the spirit turn,
And unto God unite,
And make the heart with fervour burn,
And in its God delight?

6 Thou, holy Spirit, must
The mighty work perform,
Awake the sleeper from his dust,
And wing the groveling worm.

7 Oh, let thy breath inspire
All needful power and will,
And make my soul to God aspire,
And with his presence fill.

HYMN 48.

"*I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what (good) does it?*" Eccles. ii. 2.

1 NO wonder worldly mirth,
Should suit a worldly mind,
No joy they taste of heavenly birth,
So take the best they find.

2 Their laughter sure is mad,
Their mirth a crackling noise!
The giggling heart is left more sad
By all its tittering joys.

3 As some poor blazing thorn
Will cast its sparks about,
And in a moment cease to burn;
So is their mirth soon out.

4 But, O thou man of God,
This empty mirth beware;
March off and quit the giggling road;
No food for pilgrims there.

5 It checks the Spirit's aid,
And leaves the heart forlorn,
And makes thee look as Sampson did,
When all his locks were shorn.

6 May Jesus be my peace,
And make up all my joy;
His love can yield me serious bliss,
And bliss that will not cloy.

HYMN 49.

"*Evil pursueth sinners.*" Prov. xiii. 21.

1 WHERE, sinner, canst thou flee,
Where God will not pursue?
Thy secret sins the Lord can see,
And will repay them too.

2 The evils, thou hast done,
Will hunt thee ev'ry where,
And track thy footsteps, one by one,
As hounds will track the hare.

3 The sins thou hast forgot,
Or fain would overlook,
The Lord with careful hand has wrote
Them in his dooms-day book.

4 Tho' numerous years are past,
Thou surely wilt be caught,
Thy sin will find thee out at last,
And vengeance will be sought.

5 Destruction hasteth nigh,
And hems thy feet around;
O lift up now a fervent cry,
While mercy may be found.

6 Delay not, lest he shut
And bar up mercy's door;
If once the thread of life is cut
Sweet mercy pleads no more.

HYMN 50.

"*The sons of God are born, not from blood (or descent) nor from the* will *of the flesh, nor from the* will *of man, but of God.*" John i. 12, 13.

1 A Child of God is made
Not from the parent's blood,
No worth the father has convey'd
To make his infant good.

2 Nor may the *will* of man
Convert a sinful heart,
Nor *sense* nor mighty *reason* can
A spark of help impart.

3 No man has found the skill
To make a child of God;
It soars above the human will,
And out of nature's road.

4 Without the Spirit's aid,
An earthly worm I am;
Conceiv'd in sin, my soul is dead,
My worship blind and lame.

5 O Lord, afford relief,
And quick'ning pow'r convey;
Or sure mine ear remaineth deaf,
And sure my feet will stray.

6 Create my heart anew,
And breathe the life divine,
And fan it with fresh vigour too,
Or soon it will decline.

HYMN 51.

"*Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.*" Rom. viii. 15; Gal. iv. 6.

1 WELL, canst thou read thine heart,
And feel the plague of sin?
Does Sinai's thunder make thee start,
And conscience roar within?

2 Expect to find no balm
On nature's barren ground;
All human medicines will do harm,
They only skin the wound.

3 To Jesus Christ repair,
And knock at mercy's gate;
His blood *alone* can wash thee fair,
And make thy conscience sweet.

4 In season due he seals
A pardon on the breast;
The wounds of sin his Spirit heals,
And brings the gospel-rest.

5 So comes the peace of God,
Which cheers a conscience well;
And love shed in the heart abroad,
More sweet than we can tell.

6 Adopted sons perceive
Their kindred to the sky;
The Father's pardoning love receive,
And, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 52.

"*Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*" Mark x. 47.

1 I Stand at mercy's door,
O Lord, look on me now,
A beggar knocks, exceeding poor,
And none can help but thou.

2 Thro' sin born dark I was,
Nor cared for the light,
All knowledge of thy truth and grace
Was banish'd from my sight.

3 Exceeding lame beside,
A cripple from my birth,
And need a crutch as well as guide
To help my ankles forth.

4 A ragged soul I am,
My breast and shoulders bare,
And nothing left to hide my shame
But fig-leaves here and there.

5 With sore disease I smart,
From pain am seldom free,
It is the *evil* in my heart,
My father gave it me.

6 Lord, I have told my case,
Well known to thee before,
Let Jesus shew his lovely face,
And heal up every sore.

7 Mine eyes with salve anoint,
That I may see thy light;
And strengthen every tottering joint,
That I may walk upright.

8 My naked soul array
In thy own righteousness;
And let thy precious blood convey
The pledge of heavenly peace.

9 My *evil*, thou dost know,
Torments my bosom much,
But let the *King* of Israel shew,
He cures it with a *touch*.

10 Some manna also bring
To feast my pilgrim days,
And thou shalt hear a beggar sing,
And shout forth Jesu's praise.

HYMN 53.

"When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, Live." Ezek. xvi. 8.

1 POLLUTED in my blood,
And filthy from my birth,
My froward heart averse to good,
All evil bringeth forth!

2 Sunk in the mire of sin,
And in my sin perverse!
Rebellious nature ruled within,
And well I lik'd its course!

3 But Jesus passing by,
Beheld my woful case,
He call'd the wretched rambler nigh,
And seiz'd me by his grace.

4 He said unto me, Live,
And life his word convey'd;
The dead his quick'ning voice perceive,
And living souls are made.

5 Henceforth my whole concern
Must be to shew his praise,
And in the school of grace to learn
Obedience all my days.

6 But let my Lord renew
His quick'ning word each hour,
And bring my worthlessness in view,
To keep my spirit poor.

HYMN 54.

"O Lord, thou art my refuge." Ps. cxlii. 5.

1 NO help in self I find,
And yet have sought it well;
The native treasure of my mind
Is sin and death and hell.

2 To Christ for help I fly,
The friend of sinners lost,
A refuge sweet and sure and nigh,
And there is all my trust.

3 All other refuge fails,
And leaves my heart distrest;
But this eternally prevails
To give a sinner rest.

4 Lord, grant me free access
Unto thy pierced side,
For there I seek my dwelling-place,
And there my guilt would hide.

5 In ev'ry time of need
My helpless soul defend,
And save me from all evil deed,
And save me to the end.

6 And when the hour is near,
That flesh and heart will fail,
Do thou in all thy grace appear,
And bid my faith prevail.

HYMN 55.

"Come up to me into the mount, and be there." Exod. xxiv. 12.

1 MY foolish heart would find
A portion here below;
Yet soon a rough and blasting wind
Nips every comfort through.

2 Befool'd and vexed oft,
I would no longer rove,
But lift my weary eyes aloft
To Jesu's mount above.

3 He kindly bids me come,
Nor linger longer here,
But make his happy mount my home,
And feast upon his cheer.

4 I would mount up on high,
Above all earthly things;
Yet well thou know'st I cannot fly,
Unless thou lend me wings.

5 Good wings of faith impart,
And I shall reach thy seat;
Good wings to cheer a drooping heart,
And brace up tardy feet.

6 And tho' an earthly cell
My carcase still embrace,
My spirit on the mount shall dwell,
And feel thy perfect peace.

HYMN 56.

"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good." 1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 POOR angry bosom, hush,
Nor discontented grow;
But at thy own sad folly blush,
Which breedeth all thy woe.

2 If sick, or lame, or poor,
Or by the world abhorr'd,
Whatever cross lays at thy door,
It cometh from the Lord.

3 The lions will not tear,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace shall not singe thy hair,
Till Jesus give them leave.

4 The lord is just and true,
And upright in his way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we run astray.

5 With caution we should tread;
For as we sow we reap,
And oft bring mischief on our head
By some unwary step.

6 Lord, plant a godly fear
Before my roving eyes,
Lest some hid snake or wily snare
My heedless feet surprise.

7 Or should I start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But weep and kiss the rod.

HYMN 57.

"*While one saith, I am of Paul; and another saith, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal?*" 1 Cor. iii. 4.

1 SOON as the gospel sound
Was published all abroad,
The din of party echoes round,
And clogs the gospel-road.

2 One cries, I am for Paul;
And one Apollos takes;
Each thinks his leader all in all,
And wild dissension makes.

3 If carnal feuds appear,
Where gospel truth is taught,
Sweet love is quickly banish'd there,
And Jesus Christ forgot.

4 The gospel suffers harm,
And infidels blaspheme,
When fierce disciples lift their arm,
And raise a party flame.

5 Yet oft, full oft we see
Much unbecoming strife;
Nor sheep nor shepherds can agree
To lead a peaceful life.

6 From thy disciples, Lord,
Such carnal strife remove,
Subdue them by thy gracious word,
And teach 'em how to love.

HYMN 58.

"*Preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.*" Ephes. iii. 8.

1 I Try and try again
To publish Jesu's worth,
And fain I would, but never can
Set half his riches forth.

2 The love his bosom feels,
His tongue can only tell;
And till the Lord his love reveals,
No one admires it well.

3 'Tis deep unfathom'd love,
And charms the hosts on high;
Yet will in man no wonder move,
Without an opened eye.

4 His blood so freely spilt
Is loud proclaim'd to all;
Rich balm to heal the deepest guilt!
Yet few regard the call.

5 Sweet health his grace imparts,
And grace divinely free;
Rich grace to cleanse the foulest hearts!
Yet few say, Give it me.

6 Some footsteps of thy grace
My tutor'd heart can find;
And view some beauties of thy face,
And yet at best am blind.

7 Our dear Redeemer is
An endless wealthy store;
And when we taste his offer'd bliss,
We bless, and ask for more.

HYMN 59.

"*Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations.*" Ezek. viii. 6, 13, 15.

1 THAT image-chamber foul,
Which met Ezekiel's eye,
Points out the breast of every soul,
Where lurking idols lie.

2 When God the *vision* gives,
A man his heart can read;
Abominations he perceives,
And finds it bad indeed!

3 Yet ask for further light,
And turn to see thy woe,
And God will clear thy misty sight,
And deeper visions shew.

4 As we the light can bear
To break upon our eyes,
Still deeper idols shall appear,
And more will after rise.

5 Thus pride is broken down,
And humbled in the dust;
We view our vileness and must own
The Lord is all our trust.

6 May Jesus Christ disclose
The plagues within my heart,
And as my soul more humbled grows,
A brighter faith impart.

HYMN 60.

"*Look unto me and be saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and none else.*" Isa. xlv. 22.

1 TO Christian, Jew, and Greek,
The Prince of Israel saith,
All sinners, who salvation seek,
Look unto me by faith.

2 Almighty pow'r I have,
Am God, and nothing less;
And surely none but God can save,
So deep is your distress.

3 How welcome is the light,
Which Jesu's word has giv'n!
For much I sought with human might
To force my way to heav'n.

4 My vapouring arm was weak,
Yet would be counted bold;
And in the fight my heart would sneak,
And could no weapon hold.

5 Now, Lord, I look to thee,
To make the battle good,
To fight and give me victory,
And pardon thro' thy blood.

6 My heart is naughty still,
And ugly things would do;
But he, who quells the winds at will,
Can quell my bosom too.

7 Oh, bid my foot stand fast
Upon thy faithful word;
And sweetly teach me how to cast
All burdens on the Lord.

HYMN 61.

"*In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.*" Isai. xlv. 25.

1 THE sons of earth delight
To spread their fame abroad,
To glory in their worth and might;
But such are not of God.

2 The heavenly word declares,
And faithful is the word,
That Israel's seed, the royal heirs,
Shall glory in the Lord.

3 In Jesus they shall trust,
From first to last, each one;
Thro' Jesus shall be counted just,
And boast in him *alone*.

4 Amen, the word is good,
My trust is in his name;
I have redemption thro' his blood,
And I will shout his fame.

5 He hears my sad complaints,
And heals old wounds and new;
Hosannah to the King of saints,
His ways are just and true!*

6 His worth I love to tell,
And wish the world to know;
And where the Son is honour'd well,
The Father's honour'd too.†

HYMN 62.

"*Lead me to the rock, that is higher than I.*" Psal. lxi. 2. "*And this rock is Christ.*" 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 A Rock salutes mine eye,
Which faith alone has trod;
It lifts a pilgrim near the sky,
And brings the heart to God!

2 I held a flattering hope,
And thought, as some think yet,
This rock may sure be scrambled up,
By human hands and feet.

3 But now amaz'd, I cry,
As David did before,
The rock is higher much than I,
And help I must implore.

4 Upon it I would dwell,
But help is wanting here;
Except the Father draw me well,*
I never shall get there.

5 Oh, lead me to this rock,
And keep me on it too;
For on this rock, thy favour'd flock
The promis'd land can view.

6 Upon this happy hill
I would employ my days,
Till thou shalt call me higher still,
To sing eternal praise.

HYMN 63.

"*Jesus saith, I am the* way; *no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.*" John xiv. 6.

1 A New and pleasant door,
A friendly *way* to God,
Is open'd for the gospel-poor,
Thro' Jesu's precious blood.

2 Here mercy smiling sits
The famish'd poor to feed,
Bestows a kiss on all she meets,
And deals out heavenly bread.

3 But sinners are so blind,
From mercy they will stray;
Or lifted with a lofty mind,
They will despise the *way*.

4 I was a rover too,
And roving found no rest;
But now at length the *way* I view,
And here I build my nest.

5 Of Christ I chirp and sing,
And when he casts an eye,
I flutter up with brisker wing,
And warble in the sky.

6 Such is my pleasant task,
To sing of this sweet road:
And if the cause a stranger ask;
It is my *way* to God.

HYMN 64.

"*Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father.*" 1 John ii. 23.

1 A Base and proud neglect
Of Jesus Christ is shewn;
His honours impious men reject,
And scandalize the Son.

2 But scorners pert and wise
May from the Father know,
That all, who dare the Son despise,
Reject the Father too.

* Rev. xv. 3. † John v. 23.

* John vi. 44.

3 His Godhead who denies,
Or his atoning death,
Shall fall himself a sacrifice,
And feel the Father's wrath.

4 All, who in him believe,
And seek his offer'd grace,
A joyful pardon shall receive,
And see the Father's face.

5 O my sweet Prince of peace,
Who bought me with thy blood,
Thy person and thy love I bless,
And hail thee as my God.

HYMN 65.

"*Jesus is ordained to be the Judge of quick and dead.*" Acts x. 42.

1 LET wanton men beware,
How Jesus they despise;
In awful pomp he will appear,
Descending from the skies!

2 His trumpet will proclaim
"The Judge, the Judge is near!"
And earth will melt with fervent flame,
And seas dry up with fear!

3 A shouting heav'nly host*
Around him will be rang'd!
The dead will hear and start up first,
And then the quick be chang'd!

4 Ye wise and favour'd few,
Who lodge at mercy's gate,
Oh, keep the Saviour well in view,
And for his coming wait.

5 And hear, ye foolish men,
Who talk with impious breath,
And glory in a life unclean;
Such mirth will end in death.

6 Your bitter sad remorse
No tongue can truly tell,
If Jesus once pronounce his curse,
And sink you down to hell.

7 O thoughtless men, be wise,
Before it be too late,
From sleep awake, from sin arise,
And knock at mercy's gate.

HYMN 66.

"*Faith without works is dead.*" James ii. 20.

1 FRIEND, if thy tree is good,
And faith lay at the root,
It gathers life from Jesu's blood,
And beareth goodly fruit.

2 Assent is earthly weed,
And brings no profit forth;
But gospel-faith is noble seed,
And claims an heavenly birth.†

3 It surely works by love,
And acts a kindly part;
It draweth pardon from above,
And purifies the heart.

4 Tho' baffled o'er and o'er,
Faith will prevail at length,
Because it fights in Jesu's pow'r,
And not in human strength.

5 If faith work peace within,
And worketh merit out,
And beareth fruit, and conquer sin,
'Tis sterling faith, no doubt.

6 Such faith, Lord, give to me,
As yields its blossoms fair,
And sheweth fruit upon the tree,
And all its fruit will rear.

HYMN 67.

"*If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*" John viii. 36.

1 TO free myself I strove,
But feeble was my pow'r,
My galling guilt would not remove,
And sin prevailed more.

2 At length I weary was,
And unto Jesus came,
And told him all my helpless case,
How weak I was and lame.

3 A smile he cast on me,
And said, I know thy need;
But if the Son shall make you free,
You will be free indeed.

4 Salvation would you have?
Upon me cast your cares;
None but the Saviour sure can save,
As well his name declares.

5 Lord, let me know thy name,
That I may rescu'd be
From sin's dominion, guilt, and shame,
And thy salvation see.

6 I would have free access,
When unto God I cry;
And nourish'd with the word of grace,
Thy free-man live and die.

HYMN 68.

"*Unto the* Son *he saith, Thy throne,* O God, *is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.*" Heb. i. 8.

1 THO' scorners thee defy,
And proud blasphemers roar,
Thy throne, O Jesus, God most high,
Endureth evermore!

2 Thine hands a sceptre hold,
Which only God can grasp,
Which wisdom sway'd all times of old,
And truth and mercy clasp.

* 1 Thess. iv. 16. † Ephes. ii. 8.

3 Thou lovest righteousness,
And wilt uphold its seat,
And daring sinners, great or less,
Shall perish at thy feet.

4 Thy subject I would be,
And willing made by grace,
A servant waiting here on thee,
Till call'd to see thy face.

HYMN 69.

To the Trinity.

1 OUR Father who dost lead
The children of thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
Throughout the wilderness!

2 Thy providential care
In dangers past we own,
And beg thine arm may still be near,
And still thy love be shewn.

3 Dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Our lovely dying friend!
Reveal the virtue of thy blood,
And truth and mercy send.

4 Thou art a master kind,
With voice and person sweet,
Bestow on us a loving mind,
And keep us at thy feet.

5 Thou, holy Spirit, art
Of gospel-truth the seal,
Convincing pow'r thou dost impart,
And Jesu's grace reveal.

6 Oh, breathe thy quick'ning breath,
And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
And glorify the Lord.

HYMN 70.

"*Blessed is the man, that watcheth daily at my gates, and waiteth at the posts of my doors.*" Prov. viii. 34.

1 MY bus'ness lays at Jesu's gate,
Where many a Lazar comes,
And here I sue, and here I wait
For mercy's falling crumbs.

2 My rags and wounds my wants pro-
And help from *him* implore; [claim,
The wounds do witness I am lame,
The rags that I am poor.

3 My Lord, I hear, the hungry feeds,
And cheereth souls distrest;
He loves to bind up broken reeds,
And heal a bleeding breast.

4 His name is Jesus, full of grace,
Which draws me to his door;
And will not Jesus shew his face,
And bring his gospel-store?

5 Supplies of every grace I want,
And each day want supply,
And if no grace the Lord will grant,
I must lay down and die.

6 But oh! my Lord, such news shall ne'er
Be told in Sion's street,
That some poor soul fell in despair,
And died at Jesu's feet.

HYMN 71.

"*Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in* thy sight *shall* no man *living be justified.*" Psal. cxliii. 2.

1 WHERE must a burden'd con-
To find a sure relief? [science go
Nor tears, nor alms a balm bestow
To heal a sinner's grief?

2 No help on nature's ground appears,
Sin has such noisome breath;
A solemn voice from God declares,
The wage of sin is death.

3 With man thy conduct may be fair,
Thy dealings all upright;
With God the best much faulty are,
And guilty in his sight.

4 Forbear to ease thine aching heart
By merits of thine own,
Or God will mark thy strict desert,
And judgment weigh thee down.

5 Thy sinful debts to Jesus bring,
His payment makes thee just;
And of thy surety think and sing,
And only in him trust.

6 Yet ask him for a full receipt,
And lock it in thy breast;
This makes obedience free and sweet,
And sets the heart at rest.

HYMN 72.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.*" Gal. v. 22, 23.

1 THAT man alone is truly blest,
Who dwells in love divine,
Who finds the Saviour's joyful rest,
And keeps his peace within.

2 He bears the wrongs that others bring,
Unmoved all the while;
His bounty bids the cripple sing,
And makes the widow smile.

3 By faith he acts a Christian part,
Much savoury in his talk,
Child-like and lowly in his heart,
And temperate in his walk.

4 And can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soil as mine?

Yes, if thy quick'ning Spirit blow,
They spring and open fine.

5 A fallow ground if Jesus till,
Tho' weeds were only there,
The fallows quickly own his skill,
And precious fruit will bear.

6 Come then, my Lord, thy grace impart,
Thy Spirit breathe on me;
Plant all its fruit within my heart,
And make me all like thee.

HYMN 73.

"He shall let go my captives, not for price nor reward." Isai. xlv. 13.

1 ART thou by sin a captive led,
And sin thy daily grief?
The man, who brake the serpent's head,
Can bring thee sweet relief,

2 His name is Jesus, for he saves,
And setteth captives free;
His office is to purchase slaves,
And give them liberty.

3 No money for thy ransom take,
But mercy much intreat;
Go with the chains about thy neck,
And fall before his feet.

4 Tell how thy bosom tyrants lash,
And rage without control;
Shew where the fetters gall thy flesh,
And bruise thine inmost soul.

5 The sight will melt his piteous heart,
Soon touch'd with human woe;
And healing up thy guilty smart,
His freed-man thou shalt go.

HYMN 74.

"Carry them in thy bosom, as a nurse beareth the sucking child." Numb. xi. 12.

1 O Lord, how lovely is thy name,
How faithful is thine heart!
To-day and yesterday the same,
And always kind thou art!

2 No change of mind our Jesus knows,
A true and constant friend!
Where once the Lord his love bestows,
He loves unto the end!

3 He well remembers we are flesh,
At best a bruised reed;
And fainting souls he will refresh,
And gently rear their head.

4 Full breasts of milk, that cannot cloy,
He, like a nurse, will bring;
And when he draws the promise nigh,
Oh, how we suck and sing!

5 No danger can thy soul await,
While resting on this rock;
The winds may blow, and waves may beat,
But he sustains the shock.

6 Dear Jesus, let me lay and rest
Within thy arms divine;
Thy daily care, to make me blest;
To love and and praise thee, mine.

HYMN 75.

"I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Zech. iii. 4.

1 DRESS uniform the soldiers wear,
When duty calls abroad,
Not purchased at their cost or care,
But by the prince bestow'd.

2 Christ's soldiers too, if Christ-like bred,
Have regimental dress,
'Tis linen white and fac'd with red,
'Tis Christ's own righteousness.

3 A rich and sightly robe it is,
And to the soldiers dear;
No rose can learn to blush like this,
Nor lily look so fair.

4 No wit of man could weave this robe,
'Tis of such texture fine;
Nor could the wealth of all the globe
By purchase make it mine.

5 The robe was wrought by Jesu's hand,
And died in his own blood;
And all the cherubs gazing stand
To view this robe of God.

6 Tho' worn, it never waxeth old,
No spots upon it fall,
It makes a soldier brisk and bold,
And dutiful withal.

7 Array me in this robe complete,
For this will hide my shame,
And make me sing, and make me fight,
And bless my captain's name.

HYMN 76.

"Though he tarry, wait for him." Hab. ii. 3.

1 IF guilt pursue thee with its cry,
And would to prison hale;
To Jesus Christ, the surety, fly,
And he will offer bail.

2 If hellish foes beset thee round,
And grin and dodging stand;
On Jesus call and keep thy ground,
And he will help command.

3 If hope, that us'd thy soul to cheer,
Now leaves thee dark as night,
And neither sun nor stars appear;
Yet wait for morning-light.

4 Still look to Christ with longing eyes,
Tho' both begin to fail;
Still follow with thy feeble cries,
And mercy will prevail.

5 What, if he drop no gracious smile,
Or bid thee leave his door;
Yet if thou knock, and wait awhile,
He must relieve the poor.

6 He tarries oft, till men are faint,
And comes at evening late;
He hears and will relieve complaint,
But we must pray and wait.

HYMN 77.

"*So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he* believed *in his God.*" Dan. vi. 23.

1 EACH human breast is Daniel's den,
Where lusts, like lions, lay,
And yell and rend unfaithful men,
Who fall an easy prey.

2 But he, who in the Lord believes,
Has lions at his will;
The pow'r, which stilled winds and waves,
A roaring lust can still.

3 Yet if the monsters round thy head
Lay harmless down, like sheep;
Ah, never once surmise them dead,
They are but dropt asleep.

4 While unbelief makes midnight skies,
For prey the lions roar;
But soon as faith bid's morning rise,
They lay them down and snore.†

5 O Jesus, thou the tamer art,
Faith rests upon thy pow'r,
Faith calls, and thou dost help impart
In every needful hour.

6 All dens to thee are just the same,
Where thou art, there is rest;
Then give me Daniel's faith to tame
The lions in my breast.

HYMN 78.

"*My heart is smitten, and withered like grass.*" Psal. cii. 4.

1 ALAS! poor soul, what ails thee now,
So feeble and so faint?
Why hangs a cloud upon thy brow?
Come, tell thy sad complaint.

2 "No wither'd stick is half so dry,
"No flint so hard is found,
"Like some dead dog I lumpish lie,
"And putrify the ground."

3 Well, Jesus shews thee, what thou art,
How naked, blind, and poor!
Discloses all thy wretched heart,
To make thee prize him more.

4 Lay down submissive at his feet,
And meekly tell thy pain,
And with a sigh his love entreat
To send a gracious rain.

5 But when he brings a cheering gleam,
And brooks gush from the rock;
Boast in your fountain, not the stream,
For human cisterns leak.

6 The streams may take a various turn,
Run ebb, or muddy flow,
Or dry up ere to-morrow's morn,
But not the fountain so.

7 The fountain always full and clear
Flows on serenely still,
Is free and open all the year,
For whosoever will.

8 Oh, may this rock afford me rest,
This brook still follow me;
To quench my thirst, and wash my breast,
Till Canaan's land I see.

† Psal. civ, 20, 22.

HYMN 79.

"*In my prosperity I said, I thall never be moved; my mountain standeth strong; but thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.*" Psal. xxx. 6, 7.

1 WHEN I can sit at Jesu's feet,
And he anoints my head,
Such peace ensues, so calm and sweet,
I think my foes all dead.

2 My simple heart then fondly dreams,
It shall see war no more;
Too firm to shrink my mountain seems,
And every storm blown o'er.

3 While thus a queen in state I sit,
Self hunts about for praise,
Talks much of frames and victories great,
That you may hear and gaze.

4 Then Jesus sends a trying hour,
This lurking pride to quell;
My dead foes rise with dreadful pow'r,
And drag me down to hell.

5 Now faints my heart within me quite,
My mountain disappears,
All grace is vanish'd from my sight,
And faith seems lost in fears.

6 At length my Lord with sweet surprise
Returns to loose my bands,
Brings kind compassions in his eyes,
And pardons in his hands.

7 I drop my vile head in the dust,
And at my Lord's feet fall;
His grace is now my song and boast,
And Christ my all in all.

HYMN 80.

"*I kill and I make alive; I wound and I heal.*" Deut. xxxii. 39.

1 THE Saviour empties whom he fills,
And quickens whom he slays;

Our legal hope he kindly kills,
To teach us gospel-praise.

2 He wraps in frowns, as well as smiles,
Some tokens of his love;
And if he wounds, or if he heals,
In both his grace we prove.

3 His simple flock are often slack,
And make the Lord retire;
But when he frowns and turns his back,
It is to draw them nigh'r.

4 No sooner we begin to mourn,
And feel a broken heart,
But Jesus cries, Return, return,
And let me heal thy smart.

5 The starv'd and wounded may receive,
Refreshments at his door;
Good bread and balm he loves to give
To sinners sick and poor.

6 My legal self may Jesus kill,
And make my heart alive;
My guilty wounds may Jesus heal,
And make my spirit thrive.

HYMN 81.

"Christ is precious unto you who believe."
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 EXCEEDING precious is my Lord,
His love divinely free!
And sure his name does health afford
To sickly souls, like me.

2 It cheers a debtor's gloomy face,
And breaks his prison door;
It brings amazing stores of grace
To feed the gospel-poor.

3 And if with lively faith we view
His dying toil and smart,
And hear him say, it was for you,
This breaks the stony heart.

4 An heavenly joy his words convey,
The bowels strangely move,
We blush and melt, and faint away,
O'erwhelmed with his love.

5 In such sweet posture let me lie,
And wet thy feet with tears,
Till join'd with saints above the sky,
I tune my harp with *theirs*.

HYMN 82.

"My soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and barren land, where no water is." Psal. lxiii. 1.

1 WHERE must a weary sinner go,
But to the sinner's friend?
He only can relieve my woe,
And bid my sorrows end.

2 Thou art, O Lord, my resting-place;
The promis'd land I see,
And long to live upon thy grace,
And lose myself in thee.

3 A glimpse of thee, and thy sweet store
Thou dost to me impart;
But kindly shew me more and more,
Till thou dost fill my heart.

4 The wilderness I cannot bear,
So far from thee to stand;
Nor yet from Pisgah's top to stare
Upon the promis'd land.

5 I want to eat and drink my fill
Of Canaan's milk and wine;
Let Moses die upon the hill,
And soon I shall be thine.

6 'Tis self, that legal thing and base,
Which keeps me from my rest,
Me from myself let Christ release,
And soon I shall be blest.

HYMN 83.

"I will raise up for them a plant of renown."
Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

1 THY glory, Jesus, fills the skies,
Plant of renown thou art,
A tree desir'd to make one wise,
And cheer a drooping heart!

2 Thou bearest ripe and goodly fruit,
Fresh blooming all the year,
Which every famish'd soul will suit,
And withering health repair.

3 Upon this fruit whoever feeds,
No want or care he knows,
None other food he seeks or needs,
This healeth all his woes.

4 No tree like this among the wood!
It grows on Calvary,
And, water'd well with Jesu's blood,
Bears choicest fruit for me.

5 The fruit is righteousness divine,
To cleanse and clothe my soul;
And all, who on the fruit can dine,
Are made completely whole.

6 Not like the tree of knowledge fair,
Yet treacherous to the eye!
Whoever comes to banquet here,
Shall eat and never die.

7 Too long, O Lord, my soul has fed
On graces, duties, frames,
Yet these are not my heavenly bread,
Tho' lovely things and names.

8 *Thou* art my gospel bread and food,
Thou art my joyous feast;
To eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood,
Is gospel-health and rest.

9 Thy life and death are my repast,
The precious fruit of grace;
And when this dainty food I taste,
I live, and love, and bless.

HYMN 84.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7.

1 DOES conscience lay a guilty charge,
And Moses much condemn,
And bring in bills exceeding large?
Let Jesus answer them.

2 He paid thy ransom with his hand,
And ev'ry score did quit;
And Moses never can demand
Two payments of one debt.

3 Now justice smiles on mercy sweet,
And looks well reconcil'd,
Join'd hand in hand they go to meet,
And kiss a weeping child.

4 But ask the Lord for his receipt,
To shew the payment good,
Deliver'd from the mercy-seat,
And sprinkled with his blood.

5 The law thy feet will not enlarge,
Nor give thy conscience rest,
Till thou canst find a full discharge
Lock'd up within thy breast.

6 The sight of this will melt thine heart,
And make thine eyes run o'er;
An happy pardon'd child thou art,
And heav'n is at thy door.

HYMN 85.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness." Eccles. ii. 14.

1 THE Lord proclaims that man a fool,
Who does in darkness walk;
And tho' untaught in Jesu's school,
Will of salvation talk.

2 No peace he feels from Jesu's blood,
No work of grace begun,
Yet vainly hopes his path is good,
And walks in darkness on.

3 No gospel way-post can he find,
To prove his road is right;
Yet flattering hopes beguile his mind,
And mists deceive his sight.

4 A wise man's eyes are in his *head*,
And Christ his head is found;
And while the head the members lead,
They keep on gospel-ground.

5 Lord, let my light come down from thee,
Thy head direct my feet;
For only in thy light I see
The gospel clear and sweet.

HYMN 86.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." John x. 14.

1 WITH tender heart, and gentle hand,
And eyes that never sleep,
Our Shepherd leads to Canaan's land
His bleating helpless sheep.

2 Of him they love to sing each day,
Of him they love to learn,
And when he talketh by the way,
Oh, how their bosoms burn!

3 A word from Jesus fires their heart,
And sweetly tunes their tongue,
Bids every anxious care depart,
And helps their feet along.

4 He knows his sheep, and tells their names,
And will not lose his own,*
The bleating ewes, and dancing lambs,
Are marked every one.

5 And Jesu's sheep their shepherd know,
And follow out of choice;
They will not after strangers go,
Nor heed an hireling's voice.

HYMN 87.

"I determined to know nothing, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 SOME wise men of opinions boast,
And sleep on doctrines sound;
But, Lord, let not my soul be lost
On such enchanted ground.

2 Good doctrines can do me no good,
While floating in the brain;
Unless they yield my heart some food,
They bring no real gain.

3 Oh, may my single aim be now
To live on him that died,
And nought on earth desire to know
But Jesus crucified.

4 Disputings only gender strife,
And gall a tender mind;
But godliness in all its life
At Jesu's cross we find.

5 Lord, let thy wondrous cross employ
My musings all day long,
Till in the realms of purest joy
I make it all my song.

HYMN 88.

"Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them." 2 Cor. vi. 16.

1 GOD'S living temple wouldst thou be,
Devoted to his fear?
To Christ thy bosom open free,
And he will enter there.

2 There he reveals his secrets deep,
And sheds his love abroad,
And there he teacheth us to keep
Sweet fellowship with God.

* John xviii. 9.

3 What if thy bosom is a den,
Where gangs of robbers sleep,
Or some foul cage of birds unclean,
The stable Christ can sweep.

4 If he but shew his awful face,
The wanton birds will fly,
And thievish gangs march off apace,
To shun his piercing eye.

5 Lord Jesus, consecrate my breast,
An house for God below;
And wash it sweet, and keep it chaste,
Thy blood can make it so.

HYMN 89.

"*Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.*" Psal. xxx. 7.

1 IF but a single moment's space
My Lord himself withdraws,
Dark clouds and storms come on apace,
And debts and broken laws.

2 My heart reveals its dross and dung,
And loathsome is my breath,
My harp is on the willows hung,
And Esau vows my death.

3 Mine eyes refuse to lend a tear,
My throat is hoarse and dry,
I lisp and faulter in my prayer,
And sick and faint am I.

4 If Jesus loves the gospel-poor,
That broken-hearted be,
A mourner waiteth at thy door,
Who wants a sight of thee.

5 Look from the windows of thy grace,
And cheer a drooping heart;
A single smile from thy sweet face
Will bid my griefs depart.

6 Thou art the life of all my joys,
Thy presence makes my heav'n;
Whatever else my Lord denies,
Thy presence, Lord, be giv'n.

HYMN 90.

"*They, that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength, and mount up with wings as eagles.*" Isai. xl. 31. "*And I will bring the blind by a way they knew not.*" Isai. xlii. 16.

1 ART thou a weakling poor and faint,
And sorrowful each hour,
Exceeding full of sad complaint,
Lest Satan thee devour?

2 Right welcome tidings Jesus brings
To feeble hearts like thine;
He will bear up the weak with wings,
And cheer the faint with wine.

3 In darkness dost thou pensive go,
Nor any path canst find?
Thy Jesus still can bring thee thro',
And loves to lead the blind.

4 Tho' blind, step on and fear no ill,
The Lord is near at hand,
And safe thro' fire and water will
Lead to the promis'd land.

5 But ask for light, and patient look,
Till Christ himself reveals,
Till water issuing from his rock
Thy empty cistern fills.

6 Then walk with him, as loving friends,
Nor from his side depart;
And till your painful journey ends,
Oh, keep him in your heart.

HYMN 91.

"*Surely the land of Canaan floweth with milk and honey, and this cluster of grapes is the fruit of it.*" Numb. xiii. 27.

1 TOO long, alas! I vainly sought
For happiness below,
But earthly comforts, dearly bought,
No solid good bestow.

2 If blest with plenty, still my mind
Sick and consumptive grew;
I fed on ashes, drank the wind;*
And what can such food do?

3 My carcase may be fitly fed
With what this earth supplies;
My spirit needs some better bread,
Or sick it grows and dies.

4 At length thro' Jesu's grace I found
The good and promis'd land,
Where milk and honey much abound,
And grapes in clusters stand.

5 My soul has tasted of the grapes,
And now it longs to go,
Where my dear Lord his vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow.

6 Upon the true and living vine
My famish'd soul would feast,
And banquet on the fruit divine,
An everlasting guest.

7 And wouldst thou feed on Canaan's store,
When all thy days are past?
Then taste it on this earthly shore,
Or thou wilt never taste.

HYMN 92.

"*A man shall be an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.*" Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 A Man, with meek and lowly form,
Can hide thee from the wind,
And from the rattling thunder storm,
Which frights a guilty mind.

* Isai. xliv. 20; Hosea xii. 1.

2 His name is Jesus mighty dear
To them that know his name;
It charms away a sinner's fear,
And sets his heart on flame.

3 This *man* of meekness dost thou know,
And can his Godhead trace?
And fearless to him wouldst thou go?
Look on his *human* face.

4 The tender husband, brother, friend,
Meet in this lovely *man*,
And these are charms to recommend,
Or surely nothing can.

5 Approach him, as they did of old,
In Juda whilst he dwelt;
Thy griefs to this dear man unfold,
And his kind heart will melt.

6 A *man* of sorrows much he was,
Well versed in human woe,
And he can grieve at thy sad case,
And needful help bestow.

7 Upon the *man* thine eyes may gaze,
And feel no guilty dread;
His excellence will not amaze,*
When wrapt in human shade.

8 Behold *the man!* his wounds, his smart!†
See how he lov'd and died!
The sight will melt thy stony heart,
And crucify thy pride.

HYMN 93.

"*Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears.*" Isa. xliii. 8.

1 A Dark and empty shade is man,
Yet full of fancied light!
But all his penetration can
Obtain no gospel-sight.

2 If heavenly truth is blaz'd abroad,
His heart rejects the call;
If gospel newsmen shew the road,
He will grope for the wall.

3 Perhaps he stands to hear the sound,
But deaf his ears remain;
No meaning in the word is found,
It raiseth mirth or pain.

4 O Lord, thine holy arm make bare,
For thou the help must find;
Afford the deaf an hearing ear,
And heal the brain-sick mind.

5 Behold, how unconcern'd they dwell,
Tho' dark and deaf they be,
And think they hear and see right well,
And need no help from thee.

6 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice,
The blind their sight receive;
And both shall in thy name rejoice,
And to thy glory live.

* Job xiii. 11, 21. † John xix. 5.

HYMN 94.

"*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*" Rev. xxii. 17.

1 OF cistern-waters art thou sick,
And loathe the mire they bring?
Then hither stretch thy thirsty neck,
And taste a living spring.

2 A spring, that issues from a rock,
Where purest waters flow;
And rocky hearts, by Moses struck,†
May to these waters go.

3 No spring will quench a thirst like this!
It makes a conscience whole,
Inspires the heart with heav'nly bliss,
And purifies the soul.

4 Whoe'er can truly say, I thirst,
May come and take his fill,
'Tis free for good, and bad, and worst,
For whosoever will.

5 Come when thou wilt, or soon or late,
It stands inviting thee;
And will admit no market-rate,
It is divinely free.

6 Its owner is an heavenly king,
And by his winning ways,
He draws the thirsty to his spring,
Who drink and sing his praise.

7 Lord, draw me by thy secret touch,
Or backward I shall start;
For sure I want entreating much,
So fearful is my heart.

HYMN 95.

"*We glory in tribulations, knowing that tribulation worketh patience.*" Rom. v. 3.

1 HOW simple are thy children, Lord,
Unskill'd in what they pray!‡
Full oft they lift an hearty word,
Yet know not what they say.

2 For patience when I rais'd a cry,
Fresh burdens made me roar;
My foolish heart would then reply,
For patience pray no more.

3 So much my Master seem'd to blame,
I thought to leave his school;
But now I learn to blush for shame,
And see myself a fool.

4 I fancied patience would be brought
Before my troubles rose;
And by such granted help I thought
To triumph o'er my woes.

5 But Paul has clear'd my misty sight,
And taught by him I find,
That tribulations, working right,
Produce a patient mind.

† Exod. xvii. 6. ‡ Mark x. 38.

6 When our dear Master would bestow
Much patience on his friends,
He loads their shoulders well with woe,
And thus obtains his ends.

7 I must expect a daily cross,
Lord, sanctify the pain;
Bid every furnace purge my dross,
And yield some patient gain.

HYMN 96.

"*When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind; and thou shalt be blessed.*" Luke xiv. 13, 14.

1 A Feast of fat things Jesus makes,
With store of choicest wine,
And starved souls he calls and takes
To sit with him and dine.

2 Come all ye poor, who cannot buy,
Yet long for living bread;
The Saviour will your wants supply,
And make you rich indeed.

3 Come every sick and bruised soul,
Who sigh with guilty smart;
This feast will make the maimed whole,
And heal a bleeding heart.

4 Come all ye lame and crippled throng,
Who limp in Jesu's ways;
His table-food will make you strong,
And dance, and sing his praise.

5 Come all ye blind, who inly pine
For faith's reviving light;
A cup of Jesu's precious wine
Will clear your cloudy sight.

6 The poor and maimed, blind and lame,
May come to Jesu's feast;
And all that come will bless his name,
When of his cheer they taste.

HYMN 97.

"*Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm.*" Solom. Song viii. 6.

1 I Ask my dying Saviour dear
To set me on his heart;
And if my Jesus fix me there,
Nor life, nor death shall part.

2 As Aaron bore upon his breast†
The names of Jacob's sons,
So bear my name among the rest
Of thy dear chosen ones.‡

3 Yea, set me as a precious seal
Of covenant grace divine,
Which may the covenant-love reveal,
And mark me truly thine.

4 And let the seal be stamped clear,
With holiness in view,
That I may bear thine image fair,
And others read it too.

† Exod. xxviii. 9, &c. ‡ John xv. 16.

5 But seal me also on thine arm,
Or yet I am not right;
I need thy love to ward off harm,
And need thy shoulder's might.

6 This double seal makes all things sure,
And keeps me safe and well;
Thy heart and shoulder will secure
From all the host of hell.

HYMN 98.

"*Break up your fallow-ground, and sow not among thorns.*" Jer. iv. 3.

1 UNTILL'D by grace, the human heart
Resembles fallow-ground,
Unbroken, churlish, proud, and pert,
And weeds in plenty found.

2 If gospel-seed is sown thereon,
It takes no kindly root,
Is quickly picked up and gone,
Or choked if it shoot.

3 Then let the Lord my fallows till,
And plough them every year,
For sure my heart is churlish still,
And loathsome weeds are there.

4 Root up the thorns of worldly grief,
And sprigs of self-conceit,
That monster too of unbelief
O'erturn, o'erturn him quite.

5 If thus my heart is broken small
With Jesu's gospel-plough,
And harrow'd till the clumpers fall,
The gospel-seed will grow.

6 But water too the springing-crop,
Or yet it springs in vain;
Refresh my faith, and love, and hope,
With gracious dew and rain.

7 So will my soul become a child,
And lean on Jesu's breast,
Be simple, loving, meek, and mild,
And find his promis'd rest.

HYMN 99.

"*Little children, abide in him.*"
1 John ii. 28.

1 OH, let my Jesus teach me how
I may in him abide;
From wand'ring save my foolish heart,
And keep it near thy side.

2 Thy side is all the tow'r I have
To screen me from my foes,
And in that side a fountain is,
Which healeth human woes.

3 When at this fountain-side I keep,
All things go wondrous well;
But if I take a wand'ring step,
I meet with death and hell.

4 Put round my heart thy cord of love,
It hath a kindly sway,
But bind me fast, and draw me still,
Still nearer every day.

5 No more I would from thee depart,
No more thy spirit grieve,
But love and follow like a child,
And like a child believe.

6 United as the groom and bride,
Or as the branch and vine,
Yet so, that death should not divide,
But make thee ever mine.

HYMN 100.

"*Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he will strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.*" Psal. xxvii. 14.

1 AND does thy heart for Jesus pine,
And make its pensive moan?
He understands a sigh divine,
And marks a secret groan.

2 These pinings prove a Christ is near,
And testify his grace;
Call on him with unceasing pray'r,
And he will shew his face.

3 Tho' much dismay'd, take courage still,
And knock at mercy's door;
A loving Saviour surely will
Relieve his praying poor.

4 He knows how weak and faint thou art,
And must appear at length;
A look from him will cheer thine heart,
And bring renewed strength.

5 These holy hung'rings in thy breast,
Are not for mockery meant;
He has prepar'd a royal feast
To give thy soul content.

6 Then wait, I say, upon the Lord,
Believe and ask again;
Thou hast his kind and faithful word
That none shall ask in vain.

HYMN 101.

To the Trinity.

1 ETERNAL Father, Lord of all,
By heav'n and earth ador'd!
Regard a guilty creature's call,
"Who much reveres thy word."†

2 Thou askest for my worthless heart;‡
Be it thine earthly throne;
And there a father's love impart,
And make thy mercy known.

3 Lord Jesus, Son of God, most high,
Of all the rightful heir;
Ador'd by hosts above the sky,
And by the faithful here!

† Isa. lxvi. 2. ‡ Prov. xxiii. 26.

4 Thee, Saviour of the world we own,
Incarnate Lord and God!
Refresh us now, and send us down
The blessings of thy blood.

5 Thou, Holy Ghost, who dost reveal,
The secret things of grace,
And knowest well the Father's will,
And his deep mind can trace:†

6 Disclose the heavenly mysteries,
And bring the gospel-feast;
Give gracious hearts, and opened eyes,
That we may see and taste.

HYMN 102.

The hundredth Psalm paraphrased.

1 LET all the nations of the earth
Be joyful in the Lord,
With pleasant songs and godly mirth
The Saviour's name record.

2 The *Lord*, we know, is God indeed,
Emmanuel is his name;
A helping God lost sinners need,
And Jesus helping came.

3 His *word* brings every creature forth,
No help we could afford;
His *grace* gives sinners heavenly birth,
And be his grace ador'd.

4 To sin and Satan we were sold,
And long in bondage were;
But Jesus call'd us to his fold,
And keeps us by his care.

5 Our Shepherd we have cause to bless,
And bless we will his name,
Frequent his courts, and sing his grace,
And loud his love proclaim.

6 A gracious Lord! whose mercy still
Remaineth ever sure;
Whose truth and faithful promise will
From age to age endure.

HYMN 103.

"Buy *and eat without money.*" Isa. lv. 1.

1 GOLD or spices have I none,
For a present to my King,
All my livelihood is gone,
Only rags and wounds I bring.

2 But I'll traffic, Lord, with thee,
For thy market suits me well;
All my blessings must be free,
And I know thou wilt not sell.

3 Yet my Jesus bids me *buy*,
Something sure he would receive;
Well, to please him I will try,
And my something I will give.

† 1 Cor. ii. 10.

4 Take my burdens for thy rest,
Take my death for thy life giv'n,
Take my rags for thy rich vest,
Take my hell for thy sweet heav'n.

5 Now the sale I understand,
Know what Jesu's market is;
Much he asketh of my hand,
All my woe to *buy* his bliss.

HYMN 104.

"*My soul is even as a weaned child.*"
Psal. cxxxi. 2.

1 JESUS, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only thee to know.

2 Weaned from my lordly self,
Weaned from the miser's pelf,
Weaned from the scorner's ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.

3 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside,
Bid my will to thine submit,
Lay me humbly at thy feet.

4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoil'd,
Seeing only in thy light,
Walking only in thy might.

5 Leaning on thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from thy precious blood.

6 In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry.

HYMN 105.

"*I Jesus am the bright and morning star.*"
Rev. xxii. 16.

1 "MORNING Star," I wait for thee,
Let thy welcome light appear,
Thou my guide in trav'ling be,
And no danger need I fear.

2 "Star of good old Jacob's loin,"†
Who the God of Israel art!
On thy drooping pilgrims shine,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Guard me, "day-spring," from all ill,‡
Guard my heart, and mend my pace,
Till I come to Sion's hill,
And adore thee face to face.

4 Thou the wise men well didst lead§
By a star-light from the east;
Shew me also where to tread,
Else I rove, and miss my rest.

† Numb. xxiv. 17. ‡ Luke i. 78. § Matt. ii. 1, 2.

5 Go before me in the way,
Shine upon me sweet and clear,
Sparkle brighter ev'ry day,
Till my star "a sun appear."†

HYMN 106.

"*He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, I will arise and go to my father.*"
Luke xv. 16, 17, 18.

1 PINCH'D with want, and full of sores,
Craving husks, and them denied,
Spent are all my living stores,
Nothing left besides my pride!

2 Dig I cannot, and to beg
Much my heart ashamed is,
Loth to stoop and make my leg,
Loth to tell my grievances.

3 But I am in woful case,
Perish must without relief,
And there is an house of grace,
Where one Jesus is the chief.

4 Mighty kind he is, they say,
Rich as any king and more,
Listens hard when beggars pray,
Pleas'd to see 'em at his door.

5 Others, bringing their complaints,
To this friend of strangers go;
I will tell him too my wants,
Who can tell what he may do?

6 Jesus, on a stranger look,
Much afflicted have I been,
Poor and wretched here I knock,
Breadless, friendless am I seen.

7 Lame I limp without a shoe;
Only rags around my breast,
These are sadly filthy too;
Canst thou harbour such a guest?

8 "Yes," he cries, "I feel thy woe,
"And will wash thy filth away,
"Clothe thee well from top to toe,
"Feed thee well from day to day.

9 "As a brother thee receive,
"Make thee mine adopted heir,
"Riches, honours freely give,
"Let thee in my kingdom share."

10 "This is *grace* of Sion's King,
"Canst thou take it, and adore?"
Yes, my Lord, this is the thing,
Well it suits the gospel poor.

11 Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Sinners, beggars, hither come,
Sick or poor, and blind or lame,
Jesus Christ will find you room.

† Mal. iv. 2.

HYMN 107.

"*God is the rock of my salvation.*"
Psal. lxxxix. 26.

1 SELF-CONDEMNED and abhorr'd,
How shall I approach the Lord?
Hard my heart, and cold, and faint,
Full of ev'ry sad complaint.

2 What can soften hearts of stone?
Nothing but *the Rock* alone.
Thou *the Rock*, my Jesus, art;
Lay the Rock upon my heart.

3 This would bruise my bosom well,
Press my fulsome pride to hell,
Squeeze my idols from my breast,
Bring the blessed gospel-rest.

4 Oh, the rock, which Moses struck,
Soon would make my heart a brook!
Only this can make me feel!
Bring it with thy burial-seal.

5 With its oil my limbs anoint,†
That will supple ev'ry joint;
Of its honey let me eat,
That will make my temper sweet.

HYMN 108.

"*My beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand.*" Solom. Song v. 10.

1 SOON as faith the Lord can see
Bleeding on a cross for me,
Quick my idols all depart,
Jesus gets and fills my heart.

2 None among the sons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,
Can with Jesus then compare,
None so sweet, and none so fair!

3 Then my tongue would fain express
All his love and loveliness,
But I lisp and falter forth
Broken words, not half his worth.

4 Vex'd, I try and try again;
Still my efforts all are vain:
Living tongues are dumb at best,
We must die to speak of Christ.

5 Blessed is the upper saint,
Who can praise and never faint,
Gazing on thee evermore,
And with flaming heart adore.

6 Let the Lord a smile bestow
On his lisping babes below;
That will keep their infant-tongue
Prattling of him all day long.

HYMN 109.

"*Why gaddest thou about so much.*"
Jer. ii. 36.

1 LIGHT and fickle is my mind,
Veers about with every wind!
Jesus, mighty to subdue,
Take my heart, and keep it too.

2 Sure it would be thine alone,
Yet it leaves the corner-stone,
Rambles from its resting place,
Not cemented well with grace.

3 Like the dove from Noah sent,
Wand'ring, but without content;
Thus I rove, and would be blest,
Rove and find no settled rest.

4 Let me covet nothing here,
Only reckon Jesus dear;
Leaving all the world behind;
Only to my Jesus join'd.

5 Dearly love him evermore,
And his dying love adore;
Taste and see that he is good,
Live upon him as my food.

6 Let the King a look bestow,
That will fix my eyes, I know;
Let the King his love impart,
That will stay my gadding heart.

† Deut. xxxii. 13.

HYMN 110.

"*Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of* me, *seeing I am a stranger?*" Ruth ii. 10.

1 LONG, O Lord, I went astray,
Wand'ring from the gospel-way,
Down a steep destructive road,
Far from peace, and far from God.

2 Earthly good was all my aim,
Worldly pastime, wealth, and fame;
In the paths of death I trod
With the giddy multitude.

3 But my Jesus pitying saw,
Check'd me with an holy awe,
Dropt his collar on my neck,
Turn'd me round and drew me back.

4 Now I stand amaz'd to see,
Why the Lord should look on me,
Since I was a stranger poor,
And had slighted him before!

5 Well; to him be all the praise,
What I am, I am by grace!
Might I live as Enoch long,
Mercy shall be all my song.

6 Thou hast fetch'd me back from hell;
Let me love and praise thee well;
Lead me safe to Canaan's shore,
There to love and praise thee more.

HYMN 111.

"*I will satisfy her poor with bread.*"
Psal. cxxxii. 15.

1 MOST are fair in their own eyes,
Beautiful, and strong, and wise,

Prattling of their virtuous store:
Lord, I am, and would be poor.

2 Poor in spirit, meek and small,
Of my brethren least of all,
Fast abiding at thy gate,
Knocking early, knocking late.

3 Finding no supplies at home,
Poor and destitute I come,
Seeking to the church's head;
Give me, Lord, the church's bread.

4 Gospel-bread the poor may eat,
And I want no better meat;
This my soul will satisfy,
Give it, Lord, or I must die.

5 Should I perish at thy door,
How the Philistines would roar,
Shall this tale be told of thee?
No, my Lord, it cannot be.

6 Sure I must believe thee kind,
And may look some help to find;
Let me, Lord, not ask in vain,
Feed me, and I'll come again.

HYMN 112.

"I dwell with him that is of a broken and humble spirit." Isai. lvii. 15.

1 WELL; at length I plainly see,
Ev'ry man is vanity,*
In his best and brightest form,
But a shadow or a worm.

2 Such a shade I am in view,
Empty, dark, and fleeting too;
Such a worm, of nothing worth,
Crawling out and in the earth.

3 Very foolish, very base,
Notwithstanding Jesu's grace!
Murmuring oft for gospel-bread,
Growing wanton, when full fed!

4 Brisk and dull in half an hour,
Hot and cold, and sweet and sour!
Sometimes grave at Jesu's school,
Sometimes light, and play the fool!

5 What a motly wretch am I,
Full of inconsistency?
Sure the plague is in my heart,†
Else I could not act this part.

6 Let me come unto my Lord,
Self-condemned and abhorr'd,
Take the sinner's safe retreat,
Lay and blush at Jesu's feet.

7 If my heart is broken well,
God will surely with me dwell;
Yet amazed I would be,
How the Lord should dwell with me!

* Psal. xxxix. 5. † 1 Kings viii. 38.

HYMN 113.

To the Trinity.

1 HOLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Always meet to be ador'd!
At thy gracious throne I bow,
Universal Parent thou!

2 Fall'n I am, and yet I cry,
Dwell with me, O thou Most High!
Bless a poor returning child,
Shew the Father reconcil'd.

3 Son of God, the Father's love,
Worshipped by all above,
Worshipped by saints below,
Trusted and beloved too!

4 Bare thine arm, and shew thy face,
Spread the gospel of thy grace,
Teach the earth thy praise to sing,
Yielding honours to its king.

5 Holy Ghost, who didst inspire
Mortals with prophetic fire,
Thee divine we own and bless,
"Spirit of glory, truth, and grace!"*

6 Breathe upon my languid soul,
"Stir the waters in the pool,"†
Life, and love, and peace impart,
Bringing Jesus to my heart.

HYMN 114.

"Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Matt. ix. 13.

1 ALL, that seek the Lord, beware
How ye come to Jesu's door,
Bring no sacrifices there,
None of your own gracious store.

2 Kind acceptance would ye find?
Only bring your present woe;
Leave your righteous self behind,
Christ will only mercy shew.

3 If the guilty bosom smart,
And a thousand fears arise,
Go to Jesus, as thou art,
"Mercy I will have," he cries.

4 Seems thy prayer mighty flat,
And thy heart like any stone?
What of this, or what of that?
Ask, and mercy will be shewn.

5 Mercy dost thou no more need,
Seeming in thyself complete?
Jesus loathes thy pride indeed,
And will spurn thee from his feet.

6 I would love and well obey,
Yet be found in spirit poor,
All my trust on Jesus lay,
Seeking mercy evermore.

* 1 Pet. iv. 14; John xiv. 17; Heb. x. 29.
† John v. 3, 4.

7 As commanded by the Lord,
Well to know his will I crave,
Learn the meaning of that word,
"Mercy, mercy I will have."

HYMN 115.

"*Abraham said of Sarah his wife, She is my sister: and Abimelech, king of Gerar, sent and took Sarah.*" Gen. xx. 2.

1 MAN at best is only man,
Floating up and down thro' life!
Who would think that Abra'm can
Thro' a fright deny his wife?

2 See how craftily he treads,
Tells his artful story well,
Falls into the pit he dreads!
Oh! remark how Abra'm fell.

3 Had he sought to God *alone*,
Resting on his mighty arm,
Sarah still had been his own,
He had felt no sin or harm.

4 Twice dissembling he was caught,*
Yet of faithful souls the first!
Thus the best of men are taught,
Strength and safety lay in Christ.

5 Know thy weakness, O my soul,
Take the Saviour for thy guard;
If the wisest play the fool,
What is human watch and ward?

6 Jesus, make my heart upright,
Full of sweet simplicity,
Trusting only in thy might,
Casting all my care on thee.

HYMN 116.

"*Abimelech said, In the integrity of my heart, and the innocence of my hands, I have done this. And God said unto him, I know thou didst this in* the integrity *of thy heart, for* I withheld *thee from sinning against me.*" Gen. xx. 4, 5, 6.

1 LORD, how wonderful thou art,
Working with a gentle hand,
Acting on the human heart,
Drawing it to thy command.

2 While we fancy reason's aid
Turns our feet aside from ill,
And no thanks to grace are paid,
'Tis the Lord directs us still.

3 Secretly his pow'r is shew'n,
Overrules without constraint,
And we think the deed our own,
And we make ourselves the saint.

4 Thus Abimelech replies,
Sure my hands and heart are clean;
True, the God of spirits cries,
For I kept thee back from sin.

5 Know, it was my secret arm
Curbed in thy rampant neck,
And the woman saved from harm,
For my servant Abra'm's sake.

6 Here my Master teacheth me,
What restrains my giddy feet;
Lord, the thanks are due to thee,
Take them as thy tribute meet.

7 When my will is well inclin'd,
It obeys the call of grace,
Tho' my ear no voice can find,
Nor my heart thy finger trace.

8 Not my wisdom, or my might,
Makes a gracious walk, I know;
God creates the heart upright,†
Working both to *will* and *do*.‡

HYMN 117.

"*The Lord said unto Joshua—Israel hath sinned—therefore they could not stand before their enemies—An accursed thing is in the midst of thee.*" Josh. vii. 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 IS the Christian soldier beat,
Can he feel no Saviour nigh,
Does he pray, and yet retreat,
Turn his back, and wounded fly?

2 Surely some accursed foe
Lodgeth lurking in his breast,
Makes him weak, and brings him low,
Fearful keeps him, and distrest.

3 In the battle we are foil'd,
If we cherish idols base,
Either Achan's wedge of gold,
Or some Babylonish dress.

4 Till the bosom is sincere,
Till the camp is purged well,
That no favour'd lust be there,
We shall fight, but not excel.

5 Jesus, take my roving heart,
Make it willing to be thine,
Freely with its idols part,
All the world for thee resign.

6 If a traitor lodge within,
Lust, or pride, or mammon's hoard,
And the serpent lurk unseen,
Shew it, and expel it, Lord.

HYMN 118.

"*A troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at last.*" Gen. xlix. 19.

1 TROOPS a feeble saint engage,
Armed with relentless rage,
Troops within and troops without,
Hard beset him round about.

2 Satan is the leader chief,
Bringing pride and unbelief,

* Gen. xii. 13.

† Psal. li. 10. ‡ Philip. ii. 13.

Stubborn wills and tempers vile,
Wanton lusts that will defile.

3 Troops assault him from the earth,
Mammon base and gaudy mirth;
Troops beside of Esau's race,
Taught to make a mock of grace.

4 While a pilgrim yet is weak,
Mighty apt he is to sneak,
Then the troopers thrust him home,
Wound him oft, and oft o'ercome.

5 But the promise standeth sure,
Will from age to age endure,
Tho' the pilgrim oft is cast,
He shall overcome at last.

6 Keep the promise well in sight,
Trust in Jesu's word and might,
Pray and fight, and pray again,
Faith will overcome and reign.

HYMN 119.

"*He, that hath a bountiful eye, shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor.*" Prov. xxii. 9.

1 JESUS hath a bounteous eye,
Calls the sick and needy nigh,
Seeks the friendless as they roam,
Brings the wretched outcast home.

2 Gathers crowds around his door,
Looks and smiles upon the poor,
Gives the bread for which they cry,
Bread, which princes cannot buy!

3 Pleas'd to help 'em in their need,
Pleas'd, if hungry they can feed,
Pleas'd to hear 'em tell their case,
Pleas'd to cheer 'em with his grace.

4 All that hunger for his bread
May and will be kindly fed;
He will pass no beggar by,
You may eat, and so may I.

5 Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Let the poor exalt his name,
Raise your voice, as angels raise,
Sing, and give him lusty praise.

6 Jesus, with thy bread, impart
Something of thy bounteous heart;
I would learn to copy thee,
Feed the poor, as thou dost *me*.

HYMN 120.

"*Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.*" Prov. xxii. 15.

1 FOLLY in a child is found,
Round about his heart is bound,
Bred and born with it, no doubt,
But a rod shall drive it out.

2 Mark the promise made to you,
God is wise, and God is true;
Rods applied with faith and pray'r,
Make the folly disappear.

3 Much indulgence spoils a child,
Makes him masterful and wild,
But correction makes him wise,
Silencing his froward cries.

4 And art thou a child of God?
Then expect to feel his rod;
Adam dwelleth in thee still,
And has got a saucy will.

5 Yet the plague is in thy heart,
And with folly loth to part!
This a gracious Father knows,
And his loving stripes bestows.

6 Oft he brings an heavy cross,
Biting pain or nipping loss;
Thus the children steady grow,
Meek and rulable by woe.

7 Father, sanctify the rod,
Dip it in the Saviour's blood,
Let the stripes my folly heal,
And a father's love reveal.

HYMN 121.

"*Praise is comely for the upright.*"
Psal. xxxiii. 1.

1 NEIGHBOUR, is thy heart upright,
Dost thou walk in Jesu's light?
If thy faith his glory see,
Come and sing along with me.

2 Praise is comely sure for such;
We should love and bless him much,
Cheerful sing his works and ways,
Give him everlasting praise.

3 Lost we were, and roam'd about,
Till his pity sought us out,
And reveal'd his lovely face;
Oh! the riches of his grace!

4 We were wholly dead in sin,
Hateful, wretched, and unclean,
Till he brought us home to God;
Oh, the virtue of his blood!

5 We were open rebels quite,
Acting treason in his sight;
Yet he drew us from above,
Oh, the sweetness of his love!

6 We are sometimes slack and cold,
Sometimes mighty pert, and bold,
But he chides and loves his friends,
Oh, his mercy never ends!

7 Sweet and gentle is the Lamb!
Let us love and bless his name,
Live and feed upon his store,
Feed and bless him evermore.

HYMN 122.

"*Let not thine heart be glad when thine enemy stumbleth or falleth; lest the Lord see it, and it displease him, and he turn away his wrath from him (to thee).*" Prov. xxiv. 17, 18.

1 LORD, how evil is my heart,
Much corrupt in ev'ry part!
Most unkindly it will stray
From the friendly gospel-way.

2 If some harm befel my foe;
How I danced at his woe!
If he stumbled into sin;
How refresh'd my heart has been.

3 Had he perish'd by a fall,
Sure I had not car'd at all;
Had he pin'd away in want,
Truly I had been content.

4 What a sorry wretch am I!
Justice says, I ought to die: [head,
Vengeance might have reach'd my
Spar'd the foe, and struck me dead.

5 May the mercy I have found,
Ever in my bowels sound;
Mercy yet I daily want,
Mercy let me freely grant.

6 Jesus, teach me how to live,
Always ready to forgive;
Teach me also how to pray
For offenders night and day.

7 Holy skill I now desire,
How to cast sweet mercy's fire
On a spiteful neighbour's crown,
Not to burn, but melt him down.

HYMN 123.

"*He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread.*" Prov. xxviii. 19.

1 PINEST thou for Jesu's bread,
And with plenty wouldst be fed?
Learn to work with godly skill,
And the ground unwearied till.

2 Ground I mean of thy own heart,
Churlish sure in ev'ry part,
Most unhealthy, barren ground,
Such as no where else is found.

3 Get it broken up by grace,
Else it weareth legal face;
Sow it well with Bible-seed,
Else it bringeth only weed.

4 Dung the ground with many pray'rs,
Mellow it with gracious tears,
Drench it too with Jesu's blood,
Then the ground is sweet and good.

5 Watch the swine, a filthy train,
Swinish lusts will eat the grain;
Hoe up all the ragged thorn,
Worldly cares will choke the corn.

6 Muse upon the gospel-word,
Seek direction from the Lord,
Trust the Lord to give it thee,
And a blessing thou shalt see.

7 He will cram the barn with store,
Make the wine-press trickle o'er,
Bless thee now, and bless thee still,
Thou shalt eat, and have thy fill.

HYMN 124.

"*He, that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool.*" Prov. xxviii. 26.

1 HE, that trusteth in his heart,
Acts a raw and foolish part,
Base it is, and full of guile,
Brooding mischief in a smile.

2 Does it boast of love within?
So it may, and yet may sin:
Peter lov'd his Master well,
Yet a loving Peter fell.

3 Does it feel a melting frame?
David also felt the same;
Yet he made a woful trip,
And perceiv'd his mountain slip.

4 Does it talk of faith and boast?
Abram had as much as most;
Yet beguil'd by unbelief,
Twice he durst deny his wife.†

5 Trust in no received store,
Else thou wilt be quickly poor;
Manna kept, as Moses tells,
Breedeth worms, and quickly smells.

6 I will thank my loving Lord
For the grace he does afford,
Yet on nothing I receive
Would I rest, or can I live.

7 Every prop will first or last,
Sink and fail, but Jesus Christ:
On this sure foundation-stone
Let me build and rest *alone*.

HYMN 125.

"*Christ is all in all, or all in every thing.*" Col. iii. 11.

1 LOFTY sinners love to talk
Of their wisdom and their walk,
Of their merit and their might,
Till they weary patience quite.

2 From the word of God I know,
Man is weak and worthless too,
Man is obstinately blind,
Till the light of Christ he find.

3 Something once I seem'd to have,
And to Jesus something gave;

† Gen. xii. 13, and xx. 2.

Now I tell to great and small,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

4 *All* my wisdom to direct,
All my power to protect,
All the merit I can claim,
All my hope is in his name.

5 Bountiful is Sion's King,
All he is in every thing,
Giveth eyes to see my way,
Will and pow'r to watch and pray.

6 Will and pow'r to love the Lord,
Will and pow'r to trust his word,
Will and pow'r to run the race;
Glory be unto his grace.

HYMN 126.

"*David departed to the cave, Adullam, and every one in distress, or in debt, or discontented, gathered themselves unto David, and he became a captain over them.*" 1 Sam. xxii. 1, 2.

1 ALL in debt or in distress,
Discontented much or less,
All that would protection have,
Post away to David's cave.

2 What a base and motly crew
In this royal band I view!
Yet the Son of David takes
Scoundrels such, and such like rakes.

3 All, who find their sinful debt,
Deep and deeper growing yet;
All who have been Satan's tool;
Much his madman or his fool.

4 All who discontented are,
Full of guilt and full of fear;
Ev'ry soul, who would not die,
Unto Jesu's *cave* must fly.

5 Jesus all your debts will pay,
Chace your legal duns away,
Ev'ry foe he will subdue,
World and flesh, and devil too.

6 Haste and seek the Saviour's face,
Rise and bless him for his grace,
To his scorned *cave* repair,
He will wash and feast you there.

HYMN 127.

"*Who am I? and what is my life? or what is my father's family? that I should be son-in-law to the king.*" 1 Sam. xviii. 18, 23.

1 WHO *am I*, that I should be
Rais'd to royal dignity!
Made a child of heaven's King,
Call him Father, as I sing!

2 From the dust I had my birth,
And shall soon return to earth;
Stript of all my comely form,
Sin has sunk me to a worm!

3 What has been my *former life?*
Full of vain or noisy strife,
Making light of Jesu's blood,
Rambling in a way not good!

4 What has been my *father's house?*
Nothing in it good or choice,
Base and proud enough they were,
Just as all the children are!

5 O my Father, now I see,
Why such love is shewn to me,
Sinner of a sinful race;
All is owing to thy grace!

6 Mercy, mercy thou wilt have!
Freely, freely thou wilt save!
Raise a beggar from his dust!
Love and bless thee sure I must!

7 Make me thy obedient child,
Simple, tractable, and mild;
Acting now a thankful part,
Loving thee with all my heart.

HYMN 128.

"*Adam, where art thou?*" Gen. iii. 9.

1 FATHER Adam, *where art thou?*
Much asham'd I see thee now;
All thy righteousness is gone,
Holy raiment thou hast none.

2 Why alarm'd with ghastly fear?
Sure some horrid guilt is there.
Why the leaves around thy waist?
Sorry screen for filthy lust.

3 Why afraid of Jesu's voice;
Christ is no more Adam's choice;
Sure I hear thy rebel-heart
Saying unto God, "Depart."

4 Why so hid behind a tree?
What! has God no eyes to see?
Yes; but Adam waxeth blind,
Sin has darken'd all his mind.

5 Why of Eve this idle tale,
As if made to work thy fall?
Adam must thy trade begin,
Teach us how to cover sin.

6 Why amaz'd at Abel slain?
In thy likeness born was Cain!
Well he wears the father's face!
Thou hast murder'd all thy race!

7 Here I stand a guilty soul!
Adam, thou hast made me foul,
Brought a curse upon my name,
Fill'd my heart with sin and shame.

8 Second Adam, spring of hope!
Help a fallen sinner up;
O thou blessed woman's seed,
Rise and bruise the serpent's head.

HYMN 129.

"*I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, while my glory passeth by.*" Exod. xxxiii. 22.

1 WOULD thy ravish'd eyes behold
Glory better felt than told?
Wouldst thou hear the Lord proclaim
All the glory of his name?

2 He must lead thee to the rock,
Which his servant Moses struck;
Rock to build his mercy on,
While eternal ages run!

3 In the rock is found a cleft,
Which in Herod's time was reft
By a wanton soldier's spear;
And the Lord must put thee there.

4 There the Lord reveals his face,
Passeth by in love and grace,
Bids the mountain-guilt depart,
And bestows a loving heart.

5 Blessed Rock! for ever blest!
Bringing weary pilgrims rest;
Here they sing and joyful stand,
Gazing on the promis'd land.

6 On the Rock I would abide,
In the cleft my head would hide;
Long a rambler I have been,
Reach thy hand, and put me in.

HYMN 130.

"*The spirit that dwelleth in us, lusteth to envy.*" James iv. 5.

1 ENVY, source of pining woes,
From a cursed parent rose!
Satan first the child begat,
Then impos'd on Eve the brat.

2 She with much unkindly care,
Made each rising child her heir;
Now 'tis in each bosom pent,
Nurs'd by pride and discontent.

3 Nature wallows in this mire,
Pining much with base desire,
Sick'ning at a neighbour's health,
Famish'd by a neighbour's wealth!

4 Gracious men the poison know,
And are often pining too
At a brother's gifts or grace,
And would soil a brother's face.

5 Jesus, let me not repine
At a better lot than mine;
From my heart this hell remove,
Quench it by a flood of love.

6 Take this envy from my breast,
Making up a devil's feast;
Give me love, which thinks no ill,
Bearing all a pure good-will.

7 Pleased with their health and store,
Though I should be sick and poor;
Pleased with their honour'd name,
Though it darken all my fame.

HYMN 131.

"*My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.*" Matt. xxvi. 38.

1 WHAT a doleful voice I hear!
What a garden-scene is there!
What a frightful ghastly flood!
Jesus welt'ring in his blood!

2 Groaning on the ground he lies,
Seems a slaughter'd sacrifice!
Tells me with a feeble breath,
"Sorrowful, yea unto death!"

3 How his eyes astonish'd are;
Sure they witness huge despair!
On his face what sadness dwells!
Sure he feels a thousand hells!

4 O my Jesus, let me know
What has brought this heavy woe?
Swords are piercing through thy heart;
Whence arose the tort'ring smart?

5 "Sinner, thou hast done the deed,
"Thou hast made the Saviour bleed,
"Justice drew its sword on me,
"Pierc'd my heart, to pass by thee.

6 "Now I take thy deadly cup,
"All its dregs am drinking up;
"Read my anguish in my gore,
"Look and pierce my heart no more."

7 O thou bleeding Love divine!
What are other loves to thine?
Theirs a drop, and thine a sea,
Ever full, and ever free!

8 If I lov'd my Lord before,
I would love him ten times more;
Drop into his sea outright,
Lose myself in Jesus quite.

HYMN 132.

"*The wages of sin is death.*" Rom. vi. 23.

1 AWFUL is thy threat'ning, Lord!
Let me mark the solemn word,
What the righteous Ruler saith,
"Wages due to sin is death."

2 Then I stand condem'd to die,
By the mouth of God most High!
Sins I have, a thousand too,
And a thousand deaths are due.

3 Should I spend my life in pray'rs,
Water all my couch with tears,
Turn from every evil past,
Still I am condemn'd and cast.

4 Could I run no more in debt?
Old arrears are standing yet;

Still the law remains in force,
Breathing out its deadly curse.

5 Lord, I own the sentence just,
Drop my head into the dust,
If my soul is cast to hell,
Thou, O Lord, art righteous still.

6 In myself I have no hope,
Justice ev'ry plea will stop;
Yet for mercy I may plead,
Springing from the church's Head.

7 Knock I may at Jesu's door,
Mercy for his sake implore,
Mercy, such as thou wilt give,
Shew it, Lord, and let me live.

HYMN 133.

"*Eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" Rom. vi. 23.

1 LIFE eternal is bestow'd
Not for thy good service done,
'Tis a precious gift of God,
Freely granted thro' his Son.

2 Gift alone from first to last;
God in Christ is all in all,
Seeking up the poor outcast,
Granting him a gracious call.

3 Working sorrow for his sin,
With a godly hatred too,
Bringing peace and love within,
With an heart created new;

4 Salting well his table-talk,
Daily helping to believe,
Teaching how with God to walk,
And in sweet communion live.

5 But the saint's a sinner still,
Soil will cleave unto his feet,
All his best works ever will
Want a bleeding Saviour yet.

6 God will hold his mercy fast,
Give what sinners cannot claim,
Grace at first, and glory last;
Hallelujah for the same!

HYMN 134.

To the Trinity.

"*Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.*" Rev. iv. 8; Isai. vi. 3.

1 HOLY Father, God most high,
Thron'd in awful majesty!
Just and true in all thy ways,
Worthy of eternal praise!

2 Plant thy grace within my heart,
Peace and righteousness impart,
Thy fair image on me seal,
And thy love in Christ reveal.

3 *Holy* Jesus, Lamb of God!
Send thy healing word abroad,
Shew how strong and kind thou art,
Lift thine arm, and bare thy heart.

4 Tend the flocks in ev'ry fold,
Make them lusty grow and bold,
Sing thy praises and adore,
Love and trust thee evermore.

5 *Holy* Spirit, quick'ning breath
Raising sinners dead from death,
Working faith, inspiring peace,
And creating holiness!

6 Breathe upon us from above,
Teach us truth, and give us love;
All that feel thy quick'ning flame
Will adore and bless thy name.

7 *Holy, Holy, Holy* Three!
Each in peerless might agree;
Each in one eternal home,
Was, and is, and is to come!

HYMN 135.

"*A fountain open'd for sin.*" Zech. xiii. 1.

1 A Fountain! cries the man of God,
A fountain with a purple flood!
A fountain open'd for the poor,
Where sickly souls may find a cure!

2 It softens well the heart of stone,
And kindly knits a broken bone,
Restoring hearing, speech, and sight,
And puts all guilty fears to flight.

3 It heals the soul of feverish heat,
And helps a pulse with grace to beat;
The fretful look, the wanton eye,
And lordly self before it fly.

4 No spring, like this, makes lepers whole;
Not that renown'd Bethesda's pool,†
Nor Siloam's‡ stream, nor Jordan's§
Were altogether half so good. [flood,

5 Come hither souls, defil'd with sin,
And wash the heart, and make it clean;
Ah! do not pass it loathing by,
Or you must wash, or you must die.

6 Fast by this fountain let me stay,
And drink and wash my sores away;
If but a moment I depart,
Sick is my head, and faint my heart.

HYMN 136.

"*Come unto Me.*" Matt. xi. 28.

1 WHAT pleasant voice is this I hear?
It whispers softly in mine ear,
Come hither, stranger, and be blest,
Come unto Me, and take my rest.

2 I like the sweet inviting word,
And sure the voice is from the Lord;

† John v. 2. ‡ John ix. 7. § 2 Kings v. 2.

But tell me, Jesus, how to come,
And guide a wand'ring sinner home.

3 Come laden well with guilty woe,
And come in rags as vagrants do;
No apron bring thy shame to hide,
But cast thy fig-leaves all aside.

4 Come weary of the world's pursuit,
Its empty trash, and griping fruit;
Come loathing of thyself and sin,
And Jesus Christ will take thee in.

5 Cast all thy burdens on my back,
And put my collar round thy neck,
And lay thy soul at mercy's door,
The friendly gate for sick and poor.

6 O Lord, I view the friendly gate,
But find a lameness in my feet;
They stumble in this narrow path;
Instruct me how to come in faith.

HYMN 137.

"Abide in me." John xv. 4.

1 REMARK, my soul, the gracious word,
A second message from the Lord;
"Come to Me," sinner, first he cried;
And now he says, "In Me abide."

2 Abide in *me*, thou roving heart,
Nor from my pierced side depart;
Keep in the haven of my breast,
And there enjoy the gospel-rest.

3 Nor canst thou walk, if left alone,
Nor shew thy face before the throne;
Thy Aaron must his mitre bring
To hallow every holy thing.†

4 Thy heart, if wand'ring far from me,
A dry and wither'd stick will be,
No fruit or blossom fair can bring,
No will to work, or pray, or sing.

5 I keep my lepers mighty poor,
Allow no month or weekly store,
But feed them daily, soon and late,
And thus retain them at my gate.

6 Enough, my Lord, I see it meet
To lay, like Mary, at thy feet;
I would not leave thy pierced side,
But in that pleasant cave abide.

HYMN 138.

"If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke ix. 23.

1 AFFLICTIONS are the lot of saints,
And Jesus sends a needful crop;
But naughty children make complaints,
Nor care to take the crosses up.

† Exod. xxviii. 36, &c.

2 If inward conflicts press me sore,
And pain me much, and bow me quite,
Still let me rest on Jesu's pow'r
To put these bosom foes to flight.

3 In darkness when I pensive go,
And see no sun or star appear,
Instruct me how to trust thee so,
And wait till day-light draweth near.

4 If household friends against me rise,
Or taunting neighbours round me dwell,
Yet let me give no tart replies,
But bear the sad unkindness well.

5 Should famine cast a meagre stare,
And thrust his head within my door;
Still let me trust in Jesu's care
To feed and clothe his helpless poor.

6 Should pain o'er my weak flesh prevail,
And fevers boil within my breast,
And heart, and strength, and reason
Be yet my soul on Jesus cast. [fail,

7 In every trial let me be
Supplied with all-sufficient grace,
My spirit calmly stay'd on thee,
And sweetly kept in perfect peace.

HYMN 139.

"Let not the water-flood overflow me." Psal. lxix. 15.

1 THE roaring waves and ruffling blasts,
Like pirates, keep my soul in chace;
They break my anchor, sails, and masts,
And yield me no reposing place.

2 Temptations come, like hasty floods,
And plunge me in the deep outright;
My heav'n is oft o'ercast with clouds,
And sheds an awful low'ring light.

3 Storm after storm is black with ill,
And thunders rattling make me start;
Wave after wave come dashing still,
And burst their foam upon my heart.

4 Oh! that my ship was safe on shore,
Lodg'd in the port, where Jesus is;
Where neither winds nor waters roar,
And all the tides are tides of bliss.

5 But while my ship is doom'd to ride,
And beat on life's tempestuous sea,
My floating ark may Jesus guide,
And pilot and sheet-anchor be.

HYMN 140.

"Zaccheus, make haste, and come down." Luke xix. 5.

1 ZACCHEUS mounts himself on high
To seek, O Lord, a sight of thee;
And thus we hope to scale the sky,
By perching on a legal tree.

2 But lofty branches soonest break,
And breaking, bring a fatal shock,
Trust not a leafy arm so weak,
Come down, and rest upon the Rock.

3 *Make haste*, and quit thine airy seat,
Thou art above the gospel terms;
Relinquish every high conceit,
And meekly sink into my arms.

4 This day salvation Jesus brings,
And brings it freely to thy home,
A present from the King of Kings,
Incline thine ear, and quickly come.

5 To publicans the grace I give,
Which scorners think below their care,
And all, that would my gifts receive,
May with Zaccheus take a share.

6 Then Jesus, since thy gifts are free,
A share or two of them impart;
I come a publican to thee,
And ask a loving, lowly heart.

HYMN 141.

"*Make thy face to shine upan thy servant, and teach me thy statutes.*" Psal. cxix. 135.

1 JESUS, thou dearest, sweetest friend,
The Joy of all thy feeble train!
Some tokens of thy presence send,
Or we shall sing and pray in vain.

2 Reveal thyself, and shew thy face,
And make thy tender mercies known;
Breathe on our souls a breath of grace,
And send the Holy Spirit down.

3 Thy gracious coming here we wait,
And long to view thee, as thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid thee welcome to our heart.

4 Our broken walls and gates repair,
And water well thy Sion's hill;
The feeble hearts with kind words cheer,
And famish'd souls with good things fill.

5 Make darkness vanish by thy light,
And make our rugged tempers plain,
Lead on thy soldiers to the fight,
Till unbelief and death are slain.

6 Refresh us in the wilderness,
And when to Jordan's bank we come,
Bid those rough waves asunder pass,
And bring the pilgrims dry-shod home.

HYMN 142.

"*Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*" Ezek. xviii. 31.

1 THE fearful debt of endless woe,
Which sinners unto justice owe,
Was by the heav'nly surety paid,
And blood for blood the ransom made.

2 He freely took our deadly cup,
Beheld the dregs, and drank them up,
And having brought salvation nigh,
His heart complains, "Why will ye die?"

3 O *Israel's house* to Christ repair,
His blood will wash the foulest fair,
His arms, like rainbows, open stand,
And pardons seal'd are in his hand.

4 Free love and mercy truth and grace,
The sun-beams are of Jesu's face,
Sweet beams to thaw a frozen heart,
And make the gloom of hell depart.

5 Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes,
And view the Lord, your sacrifice;
His gaping side cries, "Here is room,
"Drop all your guilt within this tomb."

6 Go, sinners go, approach him near;
When Christ invites, you need not fear;
He calls you to his bleeding breast,
The seat of love and gospel-rest.

HYMN 143.

"*At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.*" Psal. xvi. 11.

1 O Happy saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An open'd cage to let 'em fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

3 And now they range the heav'nly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

4 They gaze upon his beauteous face,
His lovely mind and charming grace,
And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
His form they catch, and taste his joys.

5 He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

6 Ah! Lord with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

HYMN 144.

"*I will feed my flock, saith the Lord God; I will seek the lost, and bring again the scattered, and bind up the broken, and strengthen the sick.*" Ezek. xxxiv. 15, 16.

1 WITH watchful eye and wisdom deep,
Our gentle Shepherd tends his flock,

Leads on and guards the helpless sheep,
And grounds them on himself, the Rock.

2 He seeks the lost with tender care,
And finds them in the wilderness,
Conducts them to his pastures fair,
And feeds them with his word of grace.

3 Some from his fold are forc'd away
By howling wolves a rav'nous train,
And these he follows when they stray,
And brings them to his fold again.

4 He lends his shoulder to the weak,
And bears the lambkins in his arms,
And all the broken and the sick,
Are healed by his Calvary balms.

5 And while they walk in humble love,
His pleasant heritage are they,
And he defends them from above,
And guides them in the gospel-way.

6 So guide and guard us, dearest Lord,
As children walking, hand in hand,
And many a gracious look afford,
To cheer us thro' this barren land.

HYMN 145.

"*Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; why standest thou without? And he came in, and unladed his camels.*" Gen. xxiv. 31, 32.

1 COME in, come in, thou heav'nly guest,
Why stands my Lord without the door?
Thou seek'st a lodging in my breast,
And I would keep thee out no more.

2 Thy camels bring embroidery
To garnish out a homely bride;
And brides are waiting here for thee,
And wish the marriage-knot was tied.

3 Rebeccas, looking for the Lord,
With eager expectation stand,
And only wait his asking word,
To give the cheerful wedding-hand.

4 Yet, Lord, we need a wedding-suit,
A robe of righteousness divine,
Of thy sweet love the costly fruit,
A robe to make the virgins fine!

5 Supply us too with fervent pray'r,
And praises flaming up above,
Bedeck each eye with gracious tear,
And ev'ry heart with bridal love.

6 And tho' be found no wealth or wit,
Nor merit in thy freckled maid,
Yet sure she looks and stands complete,
When in thy righteousness array'd.

HYMN 146.

"*What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? He is altogether lovely.*" Song of Sol. v. 9, 16.

1 IF gazing strangers want to know
What makes me sing of Jesus so;
I love his name, 'tis very dear,
And would his loveliness declare.

2 His head abounds in wisdom deep,
No secret can his notice slip;
And sweet instruction he conveys,
To mend my heart, and guide my ways.

3 No sinful taint his bosom knows,
But with amazing kindness glows;
He wrought a righteousness divine;
And bids me take and call it mine.

4 His eyes are full of melting love,
More soft and sparkling than the dove;
A single smile, from Jesus giv'n,
Will lift a drooping soul to heav'n.

5 His open arms, like rainbows, stand,
And circle round a guilty land;
And in his side is dug a cave,
Where all my guilt may find a grave.

6 His mercies, like himself, endure,
And like his love, are ever sure;
And when your eye his worth can view,
Your heart, like mine, will love him too.

HYMN 147.

"*And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it on a pole, and it came to pass, if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.*" Numb. xxi. 9.

1 WHEN Jacob's tribes, with travel faint,
Had utter'd rash and pert complaint,
Some fiery serpents nip their pride,
And much were stung, and many died.

2 Right humbly now they raise a cry,
And see a serpent rear'd on high,
A snake of brass upon a pole,
And all, who give a look, are whole.

3 A most mysterious cure is wrought,
Like what the cross of Christ has
A look of faith in both we find, [brought,
One heals the flesh, and one the mind.

4 While scorners turn the face aside,
And such mysterious cure deride,
Revile it as an hope forlorn,
And laugh and perish in their scorn.

5 Here would I fix adoring eyes,
And look and gaze with sweet surprise;
For sure each look of faith imparts
Renewed health to contrite hearts.

6 Oh, let me bless the Saviour's name,
And glory in the cross's shame!
My life is bound up in his death,
And comes convey'd by looks of faith.

HYMN 148.

"*My son, give me thine heart.*"
Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 AND will the Lord accept my heart,
Most freely with it I would part;
Much daily plague it gives me, sure,
And nought on earth can find it cure.

2 It proves a churlish piece of stuff,
Rebellious, waspish, proud enough;
A stubborn foe to gospel-light,
And full of guile, and full of spite!

3 Here Jesus once set up his throne,
And lov'd and call'd the house his own;
But soon it turn'd Apollyon's inn,*
A pest-house for the man of sin.

4 This vile polluted heart I bring,
And yield up to its ancient King;
Re-enter, Jesus, with thy grace,
And hallow this unholy place.

5 Thy gentle arm beneath it keep,
Or when I wake, or when I sleep;
And near thy bosom let it dwell,
And it will love thee dearly well.

6 It is exceeding prone to stray,
And wilder than a beast of prey;
No human fetter can it bind,
But thou canst tame and make it kind.

HYMN 149.

"*A great multitude stood before the throne clothed in white robes.*" Rev. vii. 9.

1 WHITE robes the gospel-warehouse brings
For Jesu's chosen priests and kings;
White robes of righteousness divine,
The wedding-robes of linen fine!

2 Faith eyes the rich embroider'd suit,
Of Jesu's glorious toil the fruit;
And finds the royal robe will hide
All rags, and warm the breast beside.

3 It brings the wearer tempers sweet,
A loving heart, and nimble feet;
And now to court he may repair,
And see no angel look so fair.

4 Some of the robe can lightly talk,
But shew they want it by their walk;
The world a welcome guest within,
The robe a goodly cloak for sin!

* Rev. ix. 11.

5 Yet let me not the coat despise,
Nor cast it off with loathing eyes;
It surely claims a seat above,
And fills the heart with humble love.

6 When Jacob unto Isaac goes,
Equipp'd in Esau's Sunday-cloaths;
The father pores upon the vest,
He felt and smelt, then kist and blest.*

HYMN 150.

"*The law is not of (the same nature with) faith.*" Gal. iii. 12.

1 THE law demands a weighty debt,
And not a single mite will bate;
But gospel sings of Jesu's blood,
And says it made the payment good.

2 The law provokes men oft to ill,
And churlish hearts makes harder still;
But gospel acts a kindly part,
And melts a most obdurate heart.

3 Run, John, and work, the law commands,
Yet finds me neither feet nor hands;
But sweeter news the gospel brings,
It bids me fly, and lends me wings.

4 Such needful wings, O Lord, impart,
To brace my feet, and brace my heart:
Good wings of faith, and wings of love,
Will make a cripple sprightly move.

5 With these a lumpish soul may fly,
And soar aloft, and reach the sky;
Nor faint nor faulter in the race,
But cheerly work, and sing of grace.

HYMN 151.

"*In Christ dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.*" Col. ii. 9.

1 HOW glorious is thy human frame,
Divine Redeemer, true God-man!
No seraph's tongue can reach thy fame,
Yet babes will prattle, as they can.

2 A temple is thine earthly case,
Where true substantial Godhead dwells;
And wisdom, goodness, pow'r, & grace,
The man with all their fulness fills.

3 Tho' veil'd on earth thy glory was,
The *God* shone out to human view;
And all who could discern thy face,
Beheld the Father's image too.†

4 All human gifts and heav'nly stores
In Jesu's wondrous person meet;
The Godhead fills him with its pow'rs,
And forms the Saviour all-complete!

* Gen. xxvii. 27. † John xiv. 9.

5 His person soareth out of sight,
A myst'ry, magnified by Paul! †
A child, and yet the God of might,‡
A worm, and yet the Lord of all! §

6 The *man*, believers worship now,
As eastern sages did the *child*;‖
And all before the *man* must bow,¶
Saints, seraphs, fiends, and scorners wild.

HYMN 152.

"*Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, because thou hast wrought all our works in us.*" Isa. xxvi. 12.

1 VAIN are the hopes that sinners build
On works which their own hands have wrought;
The cistern is no sooner fill'd,
But leaks its miry waters out.

2 Our arm no spiritual store can bring,
No joy in God, or heavenly peace,
No loyal heart to Christ our king,
No faith that works and sings of grace.

3 Unless the Lord work on my heart,
Whate'er I seem, I nothing am,
Defiled still in ev'ry part,
And foul as from the womb I came.

4 Then, O my God, thy help bestow,
And send the holy Spirit down;
Work in me both to *will* and *do*,
And let almighty grace be shewn.

5 A nature give me, new and kind,
A broken spirit, meek and poor,
A lovely, child-like, waiting mind,
Which taps and calls at Jesu's door.

6 The work of faith in me fulfil,
And daily send some gracious rain;
Conduct my soul to Calvary's hill,
And peace for me thou wilt ordain.

HYMN 153.

"*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*" Matt. v. 3.

1 IN darkness born, I went astray,
And wander'd from the gospel-way;
And since the Saviour gave me sight;
I cannot see without his light.

2 My limping feet are apt to trip,
And need a prop at every step;
If Jesus once let go his arm,
I fall and get some woful harm.

3 I cannot walk without his might;
I cannot see without his light;
I can have no access to God
But thro' the merit of his blood.

4 So poor, and blind, and lame I am,
My all is bound up in the Lamb;
And blessed am I, when I see
My spirit's inmost poverty.

5 It makes me feel my ruin'd state;
It lays my soul at mercy's gate;
And Jesus smiles at such a guest,
And cheers him with an heav'nly feast.

HYMN 154.

"*Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace.*" Job xxii. 21.

1 AND does my Maker condescend
To ask a worm to be his friend?
Will God forgive a rebel wild,
And make the hateful wretch his child?

2 O height of grace, and depth of love!
Sure angels stand amaz'd above!
Amaz'd, that God with man should dwell,
A slave of sin, a child of hell!

3 Oh, take this worthless heart, my God,
And rinse it in the Saviour's blood,
From earthly idols set it free,
And keep my breast entire for thee.

4 In holy silence let me wait,
A daily watchman at thy gate,
And feel thy gracious presence near,
And all thy loving counsels hear.

5 Much heart-acquaintance carry on,
Till life its hourly sands has run;
Then call me up to see thy face,
And sing eternal songs of grace.

HYMN 155.

"*While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*" Song of Sol i. 12.

1 THE King of saints a table spreads
For servants in his courts below,
And while with them he sits and feeds,
Not one distressing thought they know.

2 His look enlivens every guest,
Makes budding grace in blossom rise,
Re-kindles love in every breast,
And lifts the heart above the skies.

3 As morning suns refresh the earth,
And make the blossoms open fair,
And draw the balmy fragrance forth,
And scatter odours thro' the air.

4 So when the Sun of righteousness
Ariseth on the plants of grace,
They spring up into beauteous dress,
And with their songs perfume the place.

5 O dearest, sweetest, heavenly Friend,
The spring of life and heav'nly joys,
Some look afford, or message send,
Or all devotion quickly dies.

† 1 Tim. iii. 16 ‡ Isa. ix. 6. § Ps. xxii 6.
‖ Matt. n. 11. ¶ Philip. ii. 10.

6 No fragrance riseth with our pray'r,
No spices in our praises found,
Unless the King himself appear,
And then the harp in tune is found.

HYMN 156.

"*When pride cometh, then cometh shame.*" Prov. xi. 2.

1 IN heav'n no hateful pride appears,
It cannot breathe on holy ground,
But covets damp unwholesome airs,
And in polluted breasts is found.

2 The plague on angels first began,
And thrust 'em quickly down to hell:
Then stole upon aspiring man,
And pierc'd his soul, and down he fell.

3 Let Jesu's simple flock beware,
Nor once surmise the danger o'er;
This deadly fruit is dazzling fair,
And hides its canker in its core.

4 If once thy bosom catcheth fire,
Delighted with its gifts or grace,
The Saviour drops thee in the mire,
And fastens shame upon thy face.

5 O Jesus, save me from this foe,
A fiend with most enchanting smile,
Who stabs my bosom thro' and thro',
Yet can delight me all the while.

HYMN 157.

"*Thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.*" Song of Sol. i. 3.

1 JESUS, how lovely is thy name,
To virgin-hearts betroth'd to thee,
To all the poor, and sick, and lame,
Who thy salvation taste and see.

2 Like precious ointment poured forth,
Thy name perfumes a faithful soul;
And by its rich and fragrant worth
Revives and makes a sinner whole.

3 It brings the hungry soul a feast,
Where all delightful dainties meet;
And when the royal cheer we taste,
Oh! then thy name is charming sweet!

4 No harmony so heals the heart,
No music so delights the ear,
No concert can such joy impart,
As thy melodious name to hear.

5 It proves our daily joy and boast,
Our rock of hope and bulwark strong,
Our anchor when the ship is tost,
And will be our eternal song.

6 Thy name, like vernal mornings, will
Seem always pleasant, always new,
And groweth dear and dearer still,
As we can take a closer view.

HYMN 158.

"*The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute.*" Prov. xii. 24.

1 YE followers of the Lamb give ear,
And keep this counsel in your heart,
A diligent hand the rule shall bear,
And slothful under tribute smart.

2 The man, who walks with jealous care,
And fix'd on Jesus keeps his eye,
And watcheth daily unto pray'r,
Shall find the Lord's help ever nigh.

3 His inbred foes with rage may rise,
And kindle war within his breast,
But Jesus Christ will send supplies,
And make him rule and give him rest.

4 But lazy souls that live at large,
And lounge along with pray'rless pace,
Unmindful of the Saviour's charge,
Will find no help from Jesu's grace.

5 Much gospel-truth may crowd the head,
No gospel-grace their hearts controul,
But under tribute they are laid,
And tyrant-lusts oppress the soul.

6 O Lord, arouse my dronish heart,
And make me fight and make me rule;
Else I shall act a sluggard's part,
And prove at last a gospel-fool.

HYMN 159.

"*Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you.*" Luke vi. 26.

1 AN awful truth the Lord declares,
And meant to startle worldly ears,
A woe on such good people lays,
Whom all the world agree to praise.

2 An earthly man seeks earthly fame,
Ambitious of the world's good name,
And much presumeth on his cause,
If it procures the world's applause.

3 Yet if thy heart is right with God,
And finds its peace from Jesu's blood,
If dead to pleasure thou shalt be,
The world will take offence at thee.

4 They love the men that decent are,
The tombs that shew a whitewash fair,
With such they walk and kindly prate,
But hearts renew'd by grace they hate.

5 Lord, make me dead to all below,
Content to have the world my foe,
Content to hear 'em blast my name,
Nor turn my head aside from shame.

6 Keep worldly prudence from mine eyes,
And let me only Jesus prize,
Tread in the track by Jesus giv'n,
Pursu'd by scorn quite up to heav'n.

HYMN 160.

"*Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God.*" Rom. x. 3. "*Even the righteousness of God which is (received) by faith in Jesus Christ, (imputed) unto all that believe.*" Rom. iii. 22. "*Even as David describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputed righteousness without works.*" Rom. iv. 6. "*And as Abraham is the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised, that righteousness might be imputed to them also.*" Rom. iv. 11. "*So by the obedience of* one *shall many be made righteous.*" Rom. v. 19. "*And that* one *is Jesus, whose name is, the Lord our righteousness.*" Jer. xxiii. 6. "*Wherefore believers sing this song, In the Lord have I righteousness: and in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory.*" Isa. xlv. 24, 25. "*And David leads up the chorus with his harp, saying, I will make mention of thy righteousness, and of thine* only *(to justify me.)*" Psal. lxxi. 16.

1 IMPUTED righteousness is strange,
Nor will with human fancies range;
We guess the lurking motive well,
And Paul the hateful truth shall tell.

2 The lofty heart cannot *submit*†
To cast itself at Jesu's feet;
It scorns in borrow'd robes to shine,
Tho' weav'd with righteousness divine.

3 Proud nature cries, with loathing eyes,
This imputation I despise;
And from it she will pertly start,
Till grace has broken down her heart.

4 Oh, give me, Lord, thy righteousness
To be my peace and wedding-dress;
My sores it heals, my rags it hides,
And makes me dutiful besides.

HYMN 161.

"*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*" Heb. xii. 14.

1 A Sinner's claim to heavenly bliss,
Rests on the Lord's own righteousness;
Our legal debts he came to clear,
And make a *title* full and fair.

2 Yet holiness the heart must grace,
A *meetness* for his dwelling-place;
No filthy souls in heav'n appear,
They cannot breathe in holy air.

3 The faith that feels the Saviour's blood,
And finds in Christ a title good,
Rebellious lusts will conquer too,‡
And build the soul divinely new.

† Rom. x. 3. ‡ 1 John v. 4.

4 And where no work of grace is wrought,
Nor holiness with hunger sought,
Such barren souls, with all their boast,
Are sinners dead, and sinners lost.

5 May Jesu's grace to me convey
Much pow'r to watch, and will to pray,
Much seeking of the things above,
Much store of faith, and fruits of love.

6 More broken hearted let me be,
And more devoted unto thee;
More sweet communion with thee find,
And more of all thy heavenly mind.

HYMN 162.

"*Lest we should* offend *them, go thou to the sea and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money; that take, and give unto them for me and thee.*" Matt. xvii. 27.

1 NO tax on Jesus might be laid,
Who was the Lord of earth and skies,
Yet needless tribute Jesus paid,
And paid lest some *offence* should rise.

2 Here, Christian brother, pause a while,
And on thy lovely pattern look;
Good soldiers march in rank and file,
And take the step their captain took.

3 Be guided by the Saviour's light,
And act with grace and gospel-sense;
Insist not on a meagre right,
For fear thou give the world offence.

4 Where self prevails, and nature reigns,
The hand will grasp its own till death;
But gracious men forego some gains,
To shew and recommend their faith.

5 In Jesu's footsteps let me tread,
And not on depend on gospel-talk;
But by his loving Spirit led,
Adorn the gospel by my walk.

6 May heav'nly truth enlarge my mind,
And heav'nly love inspire my heart,
To make me gentle, meek, and kind,
And with a small right freely part.

HYMN 163.

"All things *are delivered unto me by my Father* —— *(therefore) come unto me.*" Matt. xi. 27, 28.

1 ALL *things* a sinner wants below,
All things the saints above receive;
All things the Father can bestow,
Are lodg'd in Jesu's hand to give.

2 Supreme in heav'n the Man appears,
And rules with universal sway,
Guides all events thro' circling years,
And holds up all without decay.

3 He calls and wakes the dead in sin,†
And gives repentance unto life ;‡
He brings the peace of God within,§
And trains the bride-maid for his wife.

4 The Saviour calls, Come unto Me,
And rest your souls upon the Lord ;
All things are ready now for thee ;
Eternal life is in my word.

5 I come, O Lord, or perish must,
And thank thee for thy loving call ;
My soul rejects all other trust,
And takes thee as my God, my all.

6 Of thee I love to muse and sing,
And thou wilt hear me when I pray ;
My heart says, Jesus is its King,
And seeks and loves his gentle sway.

7 Lord, guide the stewards how to speak
Of thy sweet person, and thy grace ;
And draw the people, wise or weak,
To trust in thee, and seek thy face.

HYMN 164.

"*What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" Mark xi. 24.

1 YE poor afflicted souls give ear,
Who seek the Lord, but fear his frown ;
What things ye ask in fervent pray'r,
Believe, and Christ will send 'em down.

2 If sin is loathsome to thine heart,
And shews a most ill-favour'd face ;
If guilt affords thee fearful smart,
It flows from Jesu's love and grace.

3 A feast is now prepar'd for thee ;
Reject it not by unbelief ;
A feast of mercy sweetly free
For sinners, and the sinners' chief.

4 No guilt contracted by long years,
His tender mercies shall confine ;
No bar but unbelief appears ; [thine.
The pray'r of faith makes all things

5 Take courage then, ask and believe,
Expecting mercy from the Lord ;
The promise runs, Ask and receive,
And Christ is faithful to his word.

6 O Lord, increase my feeble faith,
And give my straiten'd bosom room
To credit what thy promise saith,
And wait till thy salvation come.

HYMN 165.

"*Blessed be the Lord, my strength, who teacheth my hands to war.—Thou art my shield, in whom I trust.*" Psal. cxliv. 1, 2.

1 BESET I am with crafty foes,
Which stir up war against my soul,
And hourly break my sweet repose,
Nor can mine arm their rage control.

2 My feebleness I clearly see,
And see my help on Jesus laid ;
And much I long to trust in thee,
But feel my heart is oft afraid.

3 I rest not wholly on thine arm,
But heave my shoulder to the fight ;
And then I surely meet some harm,
My foes fall on, and slay me quite.

4 Thine armour teach me how to wield,
To brandish well the Spirit's sword,†
To lift up faith's victorious shield,
And cast my burdens on the Lord.

5 On thee be fix'd my asking eye,
On thee be stay'd my helpless heart ;
And let the Lord attend my cry,
And help, in time of need, impart.

HYMN 166.

"*Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life.*" John vi. 54.

1 TOO long, O Lord, my soul has fed
On earthly trash, on froth, and air,
And famish'd by this husky bread,
My heart cries out for better cheer.

2 No more the world allures my sight,
I bid its starving feast adieu ;
No more my best works give delight,
I quit their flattering merit too.

3 Nor on the earth, nor in myself,
I find a single meal of good ;
Then reach my Bible from the shelf,
For there I find substantial food.

4 The Saviour is a sumptuous mess ;
His flesh, or living work supplies
A naked soul with legal dress,
And gives him title to the skies.

5 The garden-sweat, and stripes he bore,
The cross's wounds, and groans, and
Revive the gospel sick and poor, [blood,
And feast 'em with the peace of God.

6 Upon this banquet let me feed,
And find eternal life is mine ;
For sure thy flesh is meat indeed,
And sure thy blood is heav'nly wine.

HYMN 167.

"*Unite my heart, to fear thy name.*"
Psal. lxxxvi. 11.

1 HOW long, my Saviour, must I find,
A gadding heart, and roving eye?
Hast thou no charms my heart to bind,
To draw it near, and keep it nigh?

2 E'er while I muse upon thy love,
And find it excellently sweet ;
Yet soon my thoughts begin to rove
On some gay object that I meet.

† John v. 25. ‡ Acts v. 35. § John xiv. 27.

† Eph. vi. 17.

3 Of all I meet I weary grow,
Each roving step creates me pain;
Then turning unto thee I go,
But quickly start aside again.

4 O Lord, unite my soul to thee,
A grafted branch in thy true Vine,
Nor let the branch a straggler be,
But round thy lovely person twine.

5 With faithful claspers arm my heart,
And every lofty shoot retrench,
And to my clasping soul impart
Thy heav'nly sap to feed my branch.

6 Thus nourish'd from thy kindly root,
And cleaving closely to thy stem,
My branch will bend with clust'ring [fruit,
And glorify *thy gracious* name.

HYMN 168.

To the Trinity.

1 FATHER, to thee we lift our voice,
Supremely wise, and just, and good,
Whose mercy makes our hearts rejoice,
Whose bounty fills our mouths with food.

2 When rebel man was doom'd to die,
Thy love reliev'd his ruin'd race,
And sent a Saviour from the sky,
To build a glorious throne of grace.

3 Our Jesus is that heav'nly *word*,
Which all things form'd, and richly
The life in him did life afford [drest,
To angels, insects, man, and beast.

4 He tends us with a shepherd's care,
And paid our ransom with his blood;
In him we live, and move, and are
Hosanna to the Son of God!

5 Spirit of wisdom, grace and pow'r!
Our comforter, and quick'ning spring!
With Father, Son, thee saints adore,
And holy, holy, holy sing!

6 Breathe on our souls the breath of grace,
And feed the lamp of love within,
Reveal the Father's smiling face,
And quicken sinners dead in sin.

HYMN 169.

"*Mark the upright man, for the end of that man is peace.*" Psal. xxxvii. 37.

1 HOW sinners pass their life away!
A short and mirthful time it seems,
In riot spent, or childish play;
But death will end their pleasant dreams!
And late, too late they learn to mourn,
When bound in bundles up to burn.

2 But upright men the Lord obey,
And walk distinguish'd from the crowd;
And if a storm perplex the day,
Their sun shall set without a cloud;
Behold they die in Jesu's peace!
Sweet earnest of eternal bliss!

3 Then give me, Lord, this *upright* heart,
Well nurtur'd with a godly fear,
Which from thy precepts will not start,
When clouds and threat'ning storms appear,
But march along with even pace,
Refresh'd and fortified by grace.

4 Let active faith inspire my breast,
And love constrain me by its pow'r,
And, Jesus, let me find thy rest
In every sharp afflicting hour,
And sing thy love with fervent breath,
When passing thro' the vale of death.

HYMN 170.

"*In chains they shall come after thee (Jesus), and shall fall down, and make supplication unto thee, saying,* Surely God is in thee." Isa. xlv. 14.

1 WHILE sinners wander far from peace,
And feel no deadly harm in sin,
Deaf ears they turn to calls of grace,
And wallow on in works unclean,
To Jesus Christ they make no moan,
And his true Godhead oft disown.

2 But if the Lord give heav'nly light,
A sinner learns to fear and feel;
He sees in sin a loathsome sight,
And knows its damning nature well;
And finds himself so fast a slave,
That nothing less than God can save.

3 He comes a captive bound in chains,
And humbly falls at Jesu's feet,
And of his heart and guilt complains,
And peeps upon the mercy-seat,
Beholds the Lord with open'd eye,
And in the man his God can spy.

4 At length the sprinkled blood appears,
Which in the heart sheds love abroad,
And sweetly bringing gracious tears,
He cries, it is the *blood* of *God!* †
I feel its virtue, and I know,
That *God is surely in thee* now.

HYMN 171.

"*O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.*" Isa. ii. 5.

1 VAIN mortals seek no better sight
Than what their own dim eyes afford;
They blow up sparks to give them light,
Regardless of the *written word;*
But such in sorrow shall lay down,‡
And find their sparks extinguish'd soon.

† Acts xx. 28. ‡ Isa. l. 11.

2 But, *O ye House of Jacob come,*
And in the light of Jesus walk ;
His heav'nly sun must guide you home,
And you of him should think and talk ;
His word, with pray'r devoutly read,
Will plant new eyes within your head.

3 Come, let us seek more light of faith,
To cheer the heart, and guide the feet,
To keep us from the shades of death,
And open wide the mercy-seat :
Each act of faith will faith increase,
And kindle up a brighter peace.

4 Lord, warm us well with holy fire,
And sweetly thaw the frozen breast ;
Bid every heart approach thee nigh'r,
And daily seek and find thy rest ;
Walk in the light of Jesu's face,
And sweetly feast upon his grace.

HYMN 172.

" *When he (the Spirit of truth)* is come, *he will convince the world of sin, because they* believe not *on Me.*" John xvi. 8, 9.

1 NO awful sense we find of sin,
The sinful *life* and sinful *heart ;*
No loathing of the plague within,
Until the Lord that feel impart ;
But when the Spirit of truth *is come,*
A sinner trembles at his doom.

2 Convinc'd and pierced thro' and thro',
He thinks himself the sinner chief ;
And conscious of his mighty woe,
Perceives at length his *unbelief ;*
Good creeds may stock his head around,
But in his heart no faith is found.

3 No pow'r his nature can afford
To change his heart, or purge his guilt ;
No help is found but in the Lord,
No balm but in the blood he spilt ;
A ruin'd soul, condemn'd he stands,
And unto Jesus lifts his hands.

4 So lift I up my hands and eyes,
And all my help in Jesus seek ;
Lord, bring thy purging sacrifice
To wash me white, and make me meek ;
And give me more enlarged faith,
To view the wonders of thy death.

HYMN 173.

" *When the Spirit of Truth is come, he will convince the world of (my) righteousness, because I go to the Father, and ye* see me no more." John xvi. 8, 10.

1 A Righteous garment much we want,
To clothe and beautify the soul ;
Not rent and patch'd, or light & scant,
But one full piece, and fair and whole ;
The *perfect law* such coat demands,
And on the coat our *title* stands.

2 Such coat our Jesus wove for us,
To hide a naked sinner's shame ;
Up from the cradle to the cross
He toiled only in our name ;
And wrought the garment rich & good,
And dying dipt it in his blood.

3 No more on earth the Lord comes down,
A proof the robe was made complete ;
And me must have the Lord's coat on,
Or much asham'd the Lord shall meet :
Yet till the Spirit shews our case,
We loathe *imputed* righteousness.

4 Put on me, Lord, thy goodly robe
To hide my rags and naked breast ;
Not all the worth of all the globe,
Can make me fair without thy vest :
In Jesu's righteousness I trust,
And *his obedience* makes me *just.**

HYMN 174.

" *When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will convince the world of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.*" John xvi. 8, 11.

1 NO man with all his wit can know
How poor and wretched is his case ;
He neither feels his inbred woe,
Nor sees a need of Jesu's grace :
The Holy Spirit must impart
Such truth, and seal it on his heart.

2 In Sunday church, and outward deeds
The most of man's religion lays ;
He will not seek, or think he needs
A bosom fill'd with love and praise :
A tyrant foul his heart obeys,
And much approves the tyrant's ways.

3 But when the Spirit of Truth is come,
And shews the serpent in his breast ;
The lawless lusts that wanton roam,
And tempers fierce that break his rest ;
With lifted hands and earnest eyes,
Create my heart anew, he cries.

4 So prays my heart to thee, O God ;
The serpent's wicked seat pull down,
And sprinkle it with Jesu's blood,
And there erect thy gracious throne :
An holy heart for heav'n is meet,
Thro' Christ my title is complete.

HYMN 175.

" *The mixt multitude fell a lusting ; and the children of Israel also wept, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat ? Our soul is now dried away, and there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes.*" Numb. xi. 4, 6.

1 WHEN tidings new of gospel-grace
First strike upon a list'ning crowd,

* Rom. v. 19.

With tears and sighs the guilty race
Cry out aloud for Jesu's blood;
They hunger much for heav'nly bread,
And sweet the manna seems indeed!

2 But if the gospel-seed is sown
In stony or in thorny ground,
The heavenly cry is quickly gone,
When storms begin to gather round;
The bread is dry, they now complain,
And pine for Egypt's leeks again.

3 Such lustings oft the children taint,
And make them fretful, sick, and weak;
A softer preaching now they want,
And ramble far to find a leek;
Or trench themselves in doctrines deep,
Lay down their arms, and fall asleep.

4 From all such lusting save me, Lord,
And wholesome appetite create;
Thy manna in much love afford,
And make me find it dainty meat;
No more for Egypt's garlic pine,
But sweetly on thy manna dine.

HYMN 176.

"*A rod for a fool's back.*" Prov. xxvi. 3.

1 I Wonder not, if giddy men,
Run roving all the world about,
Pursuing folly with much pain,
And wearied oft, yet give not out;
The world must be their fluttering aim,
Who see no charm in Jesu's name.

2 Yet none so foolish are and base,
As they who felt the legal lash,
And having tasted gospel-grace,
Good manna leave for earthly trash:
When such from wisdom's teaching start,
A rod shall make their shoulders smart.

3 In vain they seek the world's relief,
The Lord will weary them with woe,
And lash them well with grief on grief,
With rods and stinging scorpions too:
They drink of ev'ry bitter cup,
Till sick, they cast their idols up.

4 My heart too after idols sought,
And roved from the gospel-track;
And by such rovings I have brought
A thousand stripes upon my back;
Lord, take my foolish heart at last,
And guide it right, and hold it fast.

HYMN 177.

"*Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.*" Cant. vi. 5.

1 THOU poor, afflicted, tempted soul,
With fears and doubts, and tempests
What if the billows rise and roll, [tost,
nd dash thy ship, it is not lost:
The winds and waves, and fiends may roar,
But Christ will bring thee safe on shore.

2 What ail those eyes bedew'd with tears,
Those labouring sighs that heave thy breast,
Those oft repeated broken pray'rs?
Dost thou not long for Jesu's rest?
And can the Lord pass heedless by,
And see a mourning sinner die?

3 Alas, thou art a stranger yet
To Jesu's sympathizing heart;
When sinners mourn and clasp his feet,
In all their grief he bears a part;
His bowels melt at ev'ry cry,
And while they groan, he gives a sigh.

4 If once the wound is ripe to heal,
A balm shall make thy heart rejoice,
The Saviour will thy pardon seal,
And whisper with enchanting voice,
"Oh, turn away those weeping eyes,
"Thou hast o'ercome me with thy cries."

HYMN 178.

"*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*" Matt. vi. 24.

1 THE heart by nature earthly is,
And from the earth its comfort draws,
No taste it has for heav'nly bliss,
No love for Jesus and his cause;
To church the man may saunt'ring come,
But leaves his carnal heart at home.

2 As well may heat with coldness dwell,
And light with darkness come abroad,
As soon may heaven unite with hell,
As man may serve the world and God:
Until the heart's created new,
It shrinks from God, and hates him too.

3 And where the salt of grace appears,
To season all the inward part,
If wanton mirth, or thorny cares,
Or idols base beguile the heart,
A lumpish frame the pilgrim feels,
And drives without his chariot-wheels.

4 From sordid Mammon, save me, Lord,
Its pining cares, and gaudy mirth,
From all the traps it can afford,
And all the baseness it brings forth;
From all its idols set me free,
And make my heart entire for thee.

HYMN 179.

"*The companions hearken to thy voice; cause me to hear it.*" Cant. viii. 13.

1 MY heart would quickly weary be
Of him, who should no answer make,

Nor cast a cheerful look on me;
Such silence must communion break:
Nor could my heart in Christ rejoice,
Unless it heard his cheering voice.

2 No wonder sinners weary grow
Of praying to an *unknown* God,
Such heartless pray'r is all dumb show,
And makes them listless, yawn, and nod;
The voice of God they cannot hear,
Till Jesus gives the *waken'd* ear.*

3 Such waken'd ear the sheep receive,
Despised flock of Jesu's fold,
His voice they hear and well perceive,†
And sweet communion with him hold;
Yet all *communion* is absurd,
If God is neither felt nor heard.

4 This voice the scorners much deride,
And pass it off as godly cant;
Yet let me hear no voice beside,
'Tis all I wish, and all I want;
It sure creates my present peace,
And brings a pledge of future bliss.

HYMN 180.

"*The carnal mind is enmity against God.*" Rom. viii. 7.

1 THE natural man with carnal mind
Seeks only from the world his food;
What earthly joy, his heart can find,
He takes, and makes his sov'reign good,
Delights in pleasure, wealth, and fame,
And wonders all do not the same.

2 Possest with such self-seeking view,
The carnal mind abhors restraint,
Will tread on law and gospel too,
And loathe the very sound of saint;
Yet oft he fears a scourging rod,
Which makes him hate the holy God.

3 Devotion puts their heart in pain;
How can they pray to one they hate?
Yet think, oh think, ye foolish men,
An hated God how can ye meet?
No carnal heart with God can dwell,
It makes a sinner ripe for hell.

4 O Lord, a spiritual mind impart,
To lift my thoughts to things above,
To give new relish to my heart,
And light the lamp of heavenly love,
To make my soul with thee unite,
And in thy holy law delight.

* Isa. l 4, 5. † John x. 27.

HYMN 181.

"*Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, against the man that is my* fellow *(my equal) saith the Lord of Hosts.*" Zech. xiii. 7.

1 AWAKE, O sword, with vengeance wake,
Against the man, my *fellow* found;
Rush on him, make his bowels quake,
And gash him well with ghastly wound;
Assault his hands, his feet, and head,
Then pierce his heart, and strike him dead.

2 My fellow is that wondrous man,
In whom is found my awful name,†
Eternal with a mortal span,
Almighty with a feeble frame!‡
The man can bleed, the God atone,
And both shall build my gracious throne.

3 O Lord of Hosts, and God of love!
We bless thee for this act of grace:
Amazing mercy sure we prove
Towards a lost rebellious race,
Which bid the sword awake and smite
Thine only Son, thy heart's delight.

4 And, O thou bleeding Love divine!
What tender pity fill'd thy breast,
To take my hell and make it thine,
And toil thro' death to bring me rest!
Eternal praise to thee be giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN 182.

"*My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.*" 2 Tim. ii. 1.

1 A Child of earth, untaught of God,
Would fain be strong in nature's might,
And learn to walk the heav'nly road
By human strength and human light,
And vainly thinks a wither'd arm
May well defend his breast from harm.

2 A new born child to God will cry,
Of all his earthly props bereav'd,
And seeks from heav'n a rich supply,
Yet lives at first on grace *receiv'd*,
Is happy when his comforts dawn,
But faints when sunshine is withdrawn.

3 At length the child is better taught,
And lives not on its gracious hoard,
But, with more heav'nly wisdom fraught,
Lives on the grace in Jesus stor'd;
Looks up to Jesus every hour,
And rests upon his love and pow'r.

4 So let my soul on Jesus rest,
And with his comforts be supplied;

† Exod. xxiii, 21. ‡ Isa. ix. 6.

And while his love constrains by breast,
Lean on the man that lov'd and died;
Not resting on a comfort-prop,
But on the Lord my strength and hope.

HYMN 183.

"*If a man strive for the mastery, yet is he not crowned, except he strive* lawfully." 2 Tim. ii. 5.

1 MUCH hapless pains some mortals take
To build their house upon the sand;
With fruitless struggling strive to make
The heart submit to God's command;
And by some saucy merit find
A balm to heal the troubled mind!

2 If man may wash the blackmoor white,
Or make the leopard change his spots,
Then he may plant his heart upright,
And cleanse the conscience from its blots:
Such buildings make Apollyon smile,
And mock the foolish builder's toil.

3 In *lawful* way the soul must build,
And Christ the *lawful way* is found;
His precious blood on Calvary spill'd,
Alone can heal a guilty wound;
His Spirit turns the tempers right,
And makes the heart in God delight.

4 The lawful way I learn to prize,
And well I may, 'tis rich with gain:
Here let me walk with stedfast eyes,
And gather ease from Jesu's pain;
Still look to him to mend my heart,
And feel he acts a Saviour's part.

HYMN 184.

"*God hath exalted this (man) Jesus, to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to* give repentance *to Israel, and* remission *of sins.*" Acts v. 31; Luke xxiv. 47.

1 HOW oft we hear vain sinners talk
Of mighty things their hands can do,
To change the heart, and guide the walk,
And give themselves repentance too;
And by such works of human might
Atonement make for sin outright.

2 A lean repentance sinners find,
Which their own will and wisdom breed;
It cannot break the sturdy mind,
And will a fresh repentance need;
This humbling grace we must *receive*,
And Jesus must repentance *give*.

3 A gift it is, which none can earn!
A gift, which Jesus must bestow!
And Jesus makes a mourner learn
That all things from his bounty flow;
Then *grants forgiveness* thro' his blood,
And makes salvation understood.

4 What human strength cannot procure,
Of Jesus Christ I must entreat,
An heart well broken, meek and poor,
Which lays and fawns upon his feet;
But let my Lord his peace impart,
To warm and cheer the broken heart.

HYMN 185.

"*Thus saith the Lord thy* Redeemer, *I am the Lord* thy God, *who teacheth thee to profit.*" Isa. xlviii. 17.

1 AN able teacher much I need,
Who sweetly can allure my heart,
And in the path of duty lead,
Or fetch me back, if I should start:
Much human teachers I have tried,
And find I want an abler guide.

2 Rough storms arise within my breast,
And beat all human counsel down;
And only he can give me rest,
Who stills them with a word or frown;
Then sure to Jesus I must look,
For storms are still, at his rebuke.

3 His voice divine can rouse the dead,
And such a voice would suit me well;
For oft I drop my drowsy head,
And not a spark of life can feel;
And when the spiritual feel is gone,
My earthly heart can give me none.

4 His voice will help the blind to see,
The lame to leap, the deaf to hear!
Then only Jesus Christ for me;
None other can with him compare!
His teaching will revive my heart,
And eyes, and ears, and feet impart.

HYMN 186.

"*If the prophets had caused my people to hear* my words, *then they should have* turned *the people from their* evil way." Jer. xxiii. 21, 22.

1 HEAR, O ye priests of Aaron's house,
This message sure is meant for you;
To Jesu's word be true and close,
Or you shall toil and nothing do;
Shall much exhort, rebuke, and pray,
Yet none forsakes his evil way.

2 The strictest morals you may teach,
And wet your sermon-case with tear,
Yet nothing will the conscience reach,
And no good fruit will yet appear;
The listless flocks will doze around,
Unless they hear a gospel-sound.

3 If much your heart has been perplext,
To find the Sunday-teaching vain;

And at the flock's supineness vext,
Have felt a tender Shepherd's pain;
Then take good counsel from the Lord,
"Your sermon suits not with *his word*."

4 Lift up your voice and cry aloud,
And shew to Jacob's house their sin;
Proclaim to all the yawning crowd,
Your hearts and lives are all unclean;
And tell with stoutest look and breath,
The wages due to sin is death.

5 When sin and guilt are understood,
To Jesus Christ direct their eye;
And preach a pardon thro' his blood,
And bid them on his grace rely,
And bid them ask in earnest pray'r
For peace, and love, and godly fear.

6 So will the Lord your labours own,
And dig and dung the fallow-ground;
From gospel-seed, when truly sown,
Some heavenly crop will sure be found;
Good morals will spring up and shoot,
When grafted on a gospel-root.

HYMN 187.

"*Our Father, who art in heaven!*" Matt. vi. 9.

1 THOU great and good, and wise and true,
The first and last, and Lord of all,
A God majestic we can view,
Yet him a tender parent call;
With kind affection taught to say,
"Our Father," when we kneel to pray.

2 Our Father's throne is on the sky,
And heavenly hosts around him dwell,
And he beholds with piercing eye,
All things on earth, and things in hell,
Beholds with sharp and awful ken
The workings in the hearts of men!

3 *O Father*, give me love to thee,
And love to all thy children dear,
And thy free love reveal to me,
Attested by thy Spirit clear,
Thro' Jesus take me for thy child,
And make me lowly, meek, and mild.

4 *Our Father*, who in heaven art!
Direct my eyes up to thy throne,
And bless me with a praying heart,
And lively faith in thy dear Son:
A stranger make me here on earth,
To shew the world my heavenly birth.

HYMN 188.

"*Hallowed be thy name.*" Matt. vi. 9.

1 O Father, tell the world thy fame,
And shew them what Jehovah is,
A God, unchangeably the same,
Of perfect truth and righteousness,
Who built up all things at his will,
And reigneth on his heavenly hill.

2 Behold! the heathen still adore
A carved god of wood and stone!
Arise, Jehovah, and restore
The worship due to thee alone;
Be jealous for thy own renown,
And cast the breathless idols nown.

3 But Christians act a baser part,
Who much a carved god disdain,
Yet rear up idols in their heart,
And take thine awful name in vain!
Plant in their breast a godly fear,
And make thy name be honour'd there.

4 Jehovah, send thy Spirit forth,
And light and saving health impart,
That all the ends of all the earth
May know how great and good thou art,
Thy lofty name with reverence treat,
And learn to worship at thy feet.

HYMN 189.

"*Thy kingdom come.*" Matt. vi. 10.

1 O Father, let thy kingdom come,
Thy kingdom built on love and grace,
In every province give it room,
In every heart afford it place;
The earth is thine, set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's horrid darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn the check of fear,
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where Jesu's messengers appear!
We pray that Christ may rise and bless
The world with truth and righteousness.

3 Bid war and wild ambition cease,
And man no more a monster prove;
Fill up his breast with heavenly peace,
And warm it well with heavenly love,
To Jesus bid the people go,
And Satan's kingdom overthrow.

4 More labourers in the vineyard send,
And pour thine unction on them all;
Give them a voice to shake and bend
The mountains high, and cedars tall,
That flocks of sinners, young and old,
May shelter seek in Jesu's fold.

HYMN 190.

"*Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.*" Matt. vi. 10.

1 O Father, where thy truth is spread,
And brings the light of gospel-day,
Thy holy Spirit richly shed,
And sweet transforming grace convey;
New cast the heart in gospel-mould,
And stamp thine image fair and bold.

2 Root out the carnal selfish mind,
Averse to thee and thy command,

And plant a will and temper kind,
A ready foot and liberal hand,
With mind alert, and waiting still
To hear and do thy holy will.

3 As angels in thy courts above
Pay suit and service to their King,
And all thy pleasure hear and love,
And execute with rapid wing;
So may we move, so may we feel,
Pick up their wing, and catch their zeal.

4 When burdens sore of pain or loss
Are on the feeble shoulder thrown,
Instruct us how to bear the cross
Without a peevish look or groan;
And in the furnace while we lay,
Let all our dross be purg'd away.

HYMN 191.

"Give *us this day our daily bread.*" Matt. vi. 11.

1 OUR Father, unto thee we cry,
Give us this day our daily bread,
And with a gracious hand supply
Whate'er thy helpless children need;
With daily wants beset we are,
And need thy providential care.

2 If hungry ravens, when they croak,
And ravenous lions, when they roar,
Do find their food by thee bespoke,
And are replenish'd from thy store!
He, who for birds and beasts will carve,
Can never let his children starve.

3 We only ask for *this* day's food;
And ask for bread, not dainty meat;
But fare that homely is and good,
Such as the hungry child may eat;
Nor dare we ask it thro' desert,
But as a *gift*, the bread impart.

4 And if the carcase has its meal,
The lamp within of heavenly fire,
Some daily feeding needeth still,
Or quickly must the lamp expire;
Refresh the lamp, to make it shine,
And feed the soul with bread divine.

HYMN 192.

"*Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*" Matt. vi. 12.

1 O Father, much we are in debt,
Much failing in obedience due,
And daily running deeper yet;
Past follies multiplied by new!
Nor compensation can we bring,
For all we have, we owe the King.

2 The wages due to sin is death;
A deep and ghastly debt to pay!
And yet we sin with daily breath;
O Lord, our God, what shall we say?
Forgive the vast and deadly sum,
Nor let the threaten'd vengeance come.

3 If awful justice draw the sword,
And aim it at my guilty breast,
Let smiling mercy help afford,
And interpose to make me blest,
And mercy wins, if she entreat,
For Jesus is my mercy-seat.

4 With gracious heart I would forgive,
When debtors have no mite to pay,
Nor drag them in a gaol to live,
But send the bankrupts clear away;
So let my Father deal with me,
And strike my debts off full and free.

HYMN 193.

"*And* lead *us not into temptation, but deliver us from* evil." Matt. vi. 13.

1 O Father, save me from the snares
Which would to sure temptation *lead*,
From wealthy pride, or hungry cares,
And with the food convenient feed;
Lest I be rich, and thee blaspheme,
Or needy, and distrust thy name.

2 I find a much rebellious will,
And selfish tempers most unkind;
A load of unbelief I feel,
And pride before me and behind;
Much evil in my heart I see,
Lord, from its plague deliver me.

3 Allurements in the world are found,
To court me from the gospel-road;
And evil men, in pleasure drown'd,
Would draw or drive my heart from God:
With subtile baits the world is strown,
Lord, save me from its smile and frown.

4 A wicked tempter too unseen
Will craftily besiege mine ear,
And with a gay or frightful mein
Would breed presumption or despair;
All human mischief he has done;
Lord, save me from this evil one.

HYMN 194.

"*For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.*" Matt. vi. 13.

1 O Father, cast a gracious eye
Upon thy children, as they pray;
In mercy all our wants supply,
And all our sins put far away:
Our sins and wants are not a few;
Yet what will not a Father do?

2 We have been Satan's subjects true,
His tempers shewn and ugly face,
But now we seek a kingdom new,
Of mercy, peace, and righteousness;

Thine is the kingdom, which we crave,
And what is thine a child may have.

3 But not the hand of human might
Can rear this kingdom in my heart,
Nor can the head of human wit
A single gem or pearl impart;
Thine is the pow'r to set it up,
Nor can it fail with such a prop.

4 The kingdom is thy work and care;
Thine is the glory, thine alone!
Which raiseth hope in every pray'r,
That God will see the work is done:
The glory thine! we shout again,
And will be *ever* thine; *Amen*.

HYMN 195.

"*The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord* alone *shall be exalted in that day.*" Isa. ii. 17.

1 IN that sweet day of dawning grace,
When Jesus gives a sinner light,
He first perceives his ugly face,
And stands amazed at the sight!
His sins, a frightful number too,
And quite forgot, start up in view.

2 His former lofty looks are gone,
His fancied merit all is lost,
His haughty heart is bowed down,
The Lord *alone* is all his trust;
On Jesus Christ he turns his eyes,
And hungers for the sacrifice.

3 And now he loathes his filthy heart,
Its sore and sickness taught to feel;
And now he owns his sin's desert,
Convinc'd its proper wage is hell;
And now for mercy sweetly cries,
The mercy he could once despise.

4 And now the Saviour precious is,
The chief among ten thousand fairs;
And when he feels the cross's peace,
His eyes are wet with gracious tears,
And loud he sings in lovely tone,
Hosanna to *the Lord alone*.

HYMN 196.

"*My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me.*" Psal. cxix. 25.

1 HOW damp and earthly is my heart!
How apt thro' sloth to gather rust!
From Jesus Christ it loves to start,
And like a child, roll in the dust!
This hour, perhaps, is heav'n-ward bound,
The next, is burrowing under ground.

2 I cannot hold my heart, I feel;
All tricks I try, but all in vain;
It slips my hand, much like an eel,
And slides into the mud again;
And there would lay and famish too,
In spite of all that I can do.

3 But, O my Lord, thy check it fears,
And pays obedience to thy word;
Thy soft commanding voice it hears,
And hearing springs up to the Lord,
Shakes off its dust, and claps its wings,
And soars aloft, and sweetly sings.

4 If thou wilt take my heart in hand,
And lodge it near thy bleeding breast,
It must and will adoring stand,
And cling and clasp the Saviour fast;
Forget its kindred to the earth,
And triumph in its heavenly birth.

HYMN 197.

"*Where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.*" Matt. xxiv. 28.

1 MY Jesus crucified and slain,
A noisome carcase is to most;
A loathed food and slighted gain,
By men in mirth and pleasure lost;
Who basely spurn the holy feast,
Or pass it heedless by at least.

2 But where the Saviour brings his light,
And gives the soul an eagle-eye,
The carcase is a pleasing sight,
And draws the hovering eagles nigh;
They ken the banquet of his death,
And on the carcase feed by faith.

3 This banquet only suits the poor,
Who feed, and full contentment find;
Borne up with eagles-wing they soar,
And leave all earthly thought behind;
Forget their woe, and drop their care,
And sing and breathe in heavenly air.

4 Upon thy carcase let me feed,
And richly prize the feast divine;
For sure thy flesh is meat indeed,
And sure thy blood is choicest wine;
And all, who learn to banquet here,
No sting in death shall feel or fear.

HYMN 198.

"*And Noah went into the ark, and his wife, and his sons, and his son's wives, and some of beasts clean, and unclean, and of fowls, and of every creeping thing.*" Gen. vii. 7, 8.

1 JESUS, my heavenly ark thou art,
My Noah too, my gospel rest;
Thou callest some of every sort,
Of cleanly and of unclean beast;
And beasts, tho' furious fierce before,
Come at thy call, and seek the door.

2 The door is fixed in thy *side*,†
And *safely* thou dost shut them in,‡

† Gen. vi. 16. ‡ Gen. vii. 16.

Subdue their rage, and quell their pride,
And make them kind, and wash them clean:
At length on Mount Ararat's top,†
They land and view their heavenly hope.

3 Some gentle call I feel of grace,
And softly to thine ark repair;
But such a monster rough and base,
As never yet came waddling there;
Of wanton heart, and growling throat,
A mess of lion, bear, and goat!

4 If in thine ark I may be hid,
Transform the lion to a lamb,
The bear into a kindly kid,
And bid the goat a sheep become;
Then land me on the heavenly mount,
And loud I will thy love recount.

HYMN 199.

"*Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting.*" Dan. v. 27.

1 HEAR, O my soul, what God has said,
And let thine ear retain the sound,
"In scales of justice thou art weigh'd,
"And in the balance wanting found!"
Stern justice cries, thou art undone,
And where canst thou for safety run?

2 To Jesus, Father, I will fly,
And in his full atonement trust,
Confess myself condemn'd to die,
And own the awful sentence just,
Cry out against my guilty head,
And Jesu's mighty merit plead.

3 Convinc'd I am that warmest pray'rs,
And kindest service I can pay,
And floods of penitential tears,
Will never wash my guilt away;
My every action is too light,
And death is due for want of weight.

4 But if no merit I can claim,
The blood of Jesus will prevail,
Alone prevail to save from blame,
And in my favour turn the scale;
Thro' faith in him I stand complete,
Who undertook and paid my debt.

HYMN 200.

"*Wait ye upon me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey.*" Zeph. iii. 8.

1 O Thou with battering tempest tost,
Perplex'd and shatter'd here and there,
Bewilder'd on a *legal* coast,
And finding no deliverance near,
On Jesus calling with sad thought,
But Jesus seems to mind thee not!

2 To furious beasts thou art a prey,
Which yell and make an hideous din,
And rend thy bosom night and day,
And leave no room for peace within;
Discover'd is thy beastly heart,
And guilty terrors make thee start!

3 Soon as thy heart can moaning cry,
What must a wretched sinner do?
To Jesus lift thy weary eye,
For whither else can sinners go?
And Jesus will not fail thy hope,
But *on him wait*, till he rise up.

4 He will rise up the prey to take,
His mighty arm he will make bare,
He will, for his own mercy-sake,
Bereave thee of thy guilty fear,
And tame the beasts within thy breast,
But *on him wait*, till he give rest.

† Gen. viii. 4.

HYMN 201.

"*He (Jesus) shall build my city, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts.*" Isa. xlv. 13.

1 A Ruin'd fabric man is found,
Where once Jehovah fix'd his throne,
But sin profan'd the holy ground,
Its great inhabitant is gone;
The heart a tyrant now receives,
Who makes the breast a den of thieves!

2 A thousand men with subtile wit
A thousand simple tricks have tried,
To mend the house, and furnish it,
But Satan all their wit defied;
He laugh'd to see such weakness shewn,
And puff'd the paper-building down.

3 No one but Jesus Christ can build,
The work divine is all his own;
His arm with matchless strength is fill'd
To lay the ground and crowning stone;
A workman by the Lord *prepar'd*,
Who builds the house *without reward*.

4 Thou, O my Jesus, build for me
An house to stand the rudest shock,
Completely furnished by thee,
And grounded on thyself, the Rock;
But build the house, an house of pray'r,
And let me feel my Father there.

HYMN 202.

"*He (Jesus) shall let go my captives, not for price nor reward,* saith the Lord of hosts." Isa. xlv. 13.

1 SAY, wast thou not a captive born,
And art thou not a captive led,
With fetters loaded every morn,
And chained down each night in bed?
Do not thy lusts beset thee still,
And take thee captive at their will!

2 Do not rough tempers, proud and base,
Insult and rend thy helpless soul?

And what can tame the lusts, but grace,
Or what the tempers will control?
No man has wit or might enough,
To file a single fetter off.

3 We hear indeed of wondrous men,
Who boast of skill and valour brave,
To snap at will the stoutest chain,
Who yet shall live and die a slave;
The work for Jesus is prepar'd,
Who does the work without reward.

4 His blood must purge the conscience
And shew a reconciled God; [clean,
His spirit write the law within,
And guide us on the gospel-road;
And all that seek to him, shall know
That Jesus *lets the captives go.*

HYMN 203.

"*O God, my God, early will I seek* thee." Psal. lxiii. 1.

1 A Godliness which feeds on form,
And lip-devotion, barren cheer,
Will satisfy an earthly worm,
Who learns to think and call it pray'r;
Contented with the husky part,
A moving lip, and silent heart.

2 All such of praying weary grow,
Where God with no desire is sought,
It proves a scene of dreary woe,
Without a single cheering thought!
No presence of the Lord they find,
But all is dull, and dead, and blind.

3 O Lord, thy Spirit's aid impart,
And fill me with devotion's fire;
Create anew my earthly heart,
And heavenly breathings there inspire;
Bid heart and flesh cry out for thee,
And thou my joyful portion be!

4 Let incense smoking from my breast
In praise and pray'r ascend thy hill;
And where I rove, or where I rest,
Do thou, my God, surround me still;
My heavenly intercourse increase,
Till as a river flows my peace.

HYMN 204.

"*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.*" 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

1 WE bless the lovely, bleeding Lamb,
The Saviour of a sinful race;
A man, and yet the great *I am*,*
Procuring cause of gospel-grace:
The church's peace and glorious head,
Who rose triumphant from the dead.

* John viii. 58.

2 And, Father, we adore that love,
Which most divinely fills thy breast,
And sent us Jesus from above,
To make a ruin'd sinner blest;
Love, flowing from thy gracious heart,
And not from rebel-man's desert.

3 Most Holy Spirit, all divine,
Whose office is to teach and seal,
And bring the heart to God, and join,
And make it sweet communion feel;
Breathe on us now, and shed abroad
The grace of Christ, and love of God.

4 In name* and nature link'd we know,
The holy, holy, holy *Three;*
To each eternal thanks we owe,
To each eternal honours be;
And let the earth with heav'nly host
Bless Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 205.

"*My soul is even as a weaned child.*" Psal. cxxxi. 2.

1 DEAR Jesus, cast a look on me,
I come with simplest pray'r to thee,
And ask to be a child;
Weary of what belongs to man,
I long to be as I began,
Infantly meek and mild.

2 No wild ambition I would have,
No wordly grandeur I would crave,
But sit me down content;
Content with what I do receive,
And cheerful praises learn to give
For all things freely sent.

3 Well weaned from the world below,
Its pining care and gewgaw show,
Its joy and hope forlorn;
My soul would step a stranger forth,
And, smit with Jesu's grace and worth,
Repose on him alone.

4 I would love him with all my heart,
And all my secret thought impart,
My grief, and joy, and fear;
And while the pilgrim life shall last,
My soul would on the Lord be cast
In sweet believing pray'r.

5 His presence I would have each day,
And hear him talking by the way
Of love, and truth, and grace;
And when he speaks and gives a smile,
My soul shall listen all the while,
And every accent bless.

HYMN 206.

"*Sir, we would see Jesus.*" John xii. 21.

1 ON wings of love the Saviour flies,
And freely left his native skies,

* All the Three Persons are in scripture distinctly called by one name, Jehovah, or God.

To take an human birth;
The wise and righteous men go near,
His wonders see, his sermons hear,
And think him nothing worth.

2 A remnant small of humble souls
His grace mysteriously controls
By sweet alluring call;
They hear it, and his person view,
They learn to love and follow too,
And take him for their all.

3 One of this remnant I would be,
A soul devoted unto thee,
Allured by thy voice;
No more on gaudy idols gaze,
No longer tinsel grandeur praise,
But fix on thee my choice.

4 Thou knowest well my secret smart,
And readest all my aching heart,
And hearest every sigh;
Can any creature give me rest,
Or any blessing make me blest,
Unless my Lord is nigh?

5 While walking on the gospel-way,
"*I would see Jesus*" every day,
And see in all his grace;
See him my prophet, priest, and king,
See him by faith, and praises sing,
Then see him face to face.

HYMN 207.

"*If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.*" John vii. 37.

1 LET him who thirsts for heavenly joys,
Come unto Me, the Saviour cries,
And drink at my spring-head;
Leave all your boasting self behind,
And from the Saviour you shall find
A glorious life indeed.

2 I come, O Lord, and thirst for thee,
Some living water give to me,
Or I shall faint and die;
All other means my heart has tried,
All other streams are vain, beside
What flows from Calvary.

3 I long to taste the purple flood,
And feel the virtue of thy blood,
And gaze and tarry here;
So shall I sweetly sing and pray,
And serve thee kindly ev'ry day
Without a guilty fear.

HYMN 208.

"*My house is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.*" Luke xix. 46.

1 MY bosom was design'd to be
An house of pray'r, O Lord, for thee,
A temple undefil'd;
But vile outrageous thieves broke in,
And turn'd the house into a den,
And all its glory spoil'd.

2 There anger lays, and lust and pride,
And envy base its head will hide,
And malice brooding ill;
There unbelief the Lord denies,
And falshood whispers out its lies,
And avarice gripeth still.

3 O Lord of Hosts, lift up thine eyes,
Behold, thine house a nuisance lies,
And riot reigns within;
No worship of the Lord is there,
The thieves have stol'n away all pray'r,
And made the house unclean.

4 Thy help, Almighty Lord, impart,
And drag the tyrants from my heart,
And chase the thieves away;
Within my bosom fix thy throne,
And there be lov'd and serv'd alone,
And teach me how to pray.

5 The work is thine to cleanse the place,
I can but look up for thy grace,
Nor this without thine aid;
Then let thine indignation burn,
And all thy foes o'erturn, o'erturn,
And rear again my head.

HYMN 209.

"*The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore.*" Matt. x. 30, 31.

1 HOW watchful is the loving Lord,
How sweet his providential word
To children that believe!
Your very hairs are number'd all,
Not one by force or chance can fall
Without your Father's leave.

2 Why should I fear when guarded so;
Or shrink to meet a deadly foe!
His mouth is held with bit:
I need not dread his utmost spite,
Nor can he bark, nor can he bite,
Unless the Lord permit.

3 No cross or bliss, no loss or gain,
No health or sickness, ease or pain,
Can give themselves a birth;
The Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he sends 'em forth.

4 Since thou so kind and watchful art,
To guard my head, and guard my heart,
And guard my very hair,
Teach me with childlike mind to sit
And sing at my dear Saviour's feet
Without distrust or fear.

5 So, like a pilgrim let me wait,
Contented well in every state,
Till all my warfare ends;
Keep in a calm and cheerful mood,
And find that all things work for good,
Which Jesus kindly sends.

HYMN 210.

"*Our sufficiency is of God.*" 2 Cor. iii. 5.

1 O Lord, with shame I do confess
My universal emptiness,
My poverty and pride;
I cannot keep thee in my sight,
Nor can I think one thought aright,
Unless thy Spirit guide.

2 I cannot from my idols part,
Nor love the Lord with all my heart,
Nor can myself deny;
I cannot pray, and feel thee near,
Nor can I sing with heavenly cheer,
Unless the Lord is nigh.

3 Since life divine in Adam fell,
On spiritual things we cannot dwell,
The heart is turn'd aside;
And none can raise to life the dead
But he, who rais'd himself indeed,
And for dead sinners died.

4 On him almighty help is laid,
An all-sufficient Saviour made,
And stands within my call;
Tho' nothing in myself I am,
But deaf and dumb, and blind & lame,
Thro' him I may do all.

5 Then let this mighty Jesus be
An all-sufficient help for me,
Creating pow'r and will;
Thy grace sufficed saints of old,
It made 'em strong, and made 'em bold,
And it sufficeth still.

HYMN 211.

"*They should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him.*" Acts xvii. 27.

1 MEN seek the Lord with careless thought,
And say their pray'rs like children
With no sweet love or fear; [taught,
They tramp along the beaten road,
And pray, but feel not after God,
Nor find his presence near.

2 They lift their eyes, and lift the hand,
And decently devout they stand,
But no communion find;
Well pleased when the pray'r is done,
And weary of it when begun,
They loathe it in their mind.

3 With mind so dark, and temper such,
Men evermore hate praying much,
And hate all them that do;
Yet vainly think the Lord will hear
Such most offensive tinkling pray'r,
And pay them for it too.

4 I cannot like such heathen saint;
Communion with my God I want,
Or when I sit or kneel:
Of pray'r and praise I weary grow,
The work is dry, the heart is low,
Unless my God I feel.

5 As Enoch walked, so would I,
Beholding God with stedfast eye,
And never from him rove;
Enjoy his presence every hour,
Surrounded with his mighty pow'r,
And nourish'd by his love.

HYMN 212.

"*I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you an heart of flesh.*" Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1 MY heart by nature is a stone,
And unconcern'd can look upon
Eternal misery,
Feels no affection for its Lord,
Takes no impression from his word,
But lumpish is and dry.

2 Some tell me, I must change my heart,
And undertake the Saviour's part;
A proud and fruitless strife!
I might as soon the seasons change,
Or make the clouds in order range,
Or raise the dead to life.

3 My shoulders will not bear the load;
The work is only fit for God,
A work of heavenly grace;
The Lord, who first created man
Must now create him new again,
And rear the fallen race.

4 Then unto him I lift mine eye,
My Maker, hear me when I cry,
And give the heart of flesh;
An heart renew'd by faith and love,
That seeks the joys which are above,
And will not feed on trash.

5 An heart well aw'd with godly fear,
And taught to feel thy presence near,
And in thyself delight;
An heart, which may thine altar be,
Where sacrifice devout and free
Is flaming day and night.

6 An heart submissive, mild, and meek,
Which hears, if Jesus softly speak,
And on his word can feast;
An heart, which prays for great and small,
And dearly loves thy children all,
Yet thinks itself the least.

HYMN 213.

"*Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name.*" Isa. lv. 13.

1 THE thorn and brier were not set,
Nor baneful weeds sprung up as yet,
Till Adam brought them in;
They shot up mainly with the curse,
And shew the ground itself grew worse,
Polluted by man's sin.

2 On every soil the briers grow,
Infest all lands, infesting too
The ground of each man's heart;
I find them in my bosom here,
This breast they often wound and tear,
And cause a fearful smart.

3 My self-will, pride, and peevishness,
The briers are, that would distress
Myself and friends around;
And oft I try to root them out,
And dig and hoe them round about,
And yet they keep their ground.

4 Right weary of the work I am,
For nothing comes of it but shame,
No myrtle can I raise:
Lord Jesus take the work in hand,
And shew the pow'r of thy command,
And I will give thee praise.

5 Thy word spoke nature into birth,
And summon'd every creature forth,
The noblest and the least:
Thy word still maketh myrtles rise,
And breathe their incense to the skies;
Lord, plant 'em in my breast.

HYMN 214.

"*I will heal their backsliding, and love them freely.*" Hosea xiv. 4.

1 WITH grief I feel a treacherous heart,
Which daily from the Lord would start,
And leave substantial joys;
Forgetful of his grace and love,
It steals away, and longs to rove
In search of gilded toys.

2 No skill of mine this heart can hold,
It is so guileful and so bold,
So slippery in its ways; [guise,
With fair pretence and friendship's
A thousand various tricks it tries,
A thousand pranks it plays.

3 But tho' my native strength is gone,
And wit or prudence I have none,
A roving heart to heal;
I must not perish in despair,
When help is offer'd free and near,
For Jesus says, "I will."

4 I will both heal and love thee too,
And well and freely this will do,
And by a pleasant way;
A golden fetter I have got,
The roaming heart to put about,
And keep it, lest it stray.

5 Lord, clap this fetter on my mind,
And twine it round, and firmly bind
And link it on thy vest:
Yet more than golden it must prove,
A fetter of almighty love,
And that will hold me fast.

HYMN 215.

"*Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*" Psal. lv. 6.

1 FULL oft I view with envious eye
The warbling songsters of the sky,
And mark their easy flight:
No anxious cares perplex their breast,
No guilty fears disturb their rest,
But all is calm as light.

2 With morning breeze they raise their notes,
And tune their little cheerful throats,
And sound their hymns abroad;
Or perch'd, or soaring on the wing,
With all their utmost might they sing,
And praise their unknown God.

3 Ten thousand mercies close me round,
Which these sweet songsters never found
Yet am I cold and dry;
And if I chide my drowsy heart,
And bid it rise, and act its part,
It will not soar on high.

4 In cottage coop'd of human clay,
Or sick or dull I pensive lay,
And know not how to rise;
Dear Jesus, give me vigour meet,
Put wings upon my heart and feet,
And bear me to the skies.

5 Or fast I cleave unto the earth,
Or like a snail am creeping forth,
And linger-langer go;
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
Then would I fly and soar above,
And sing my sonnets too.

HYMN 216.

"*If the Lord (Jehovah) be God, follow him; but if Baal (be God), follow him.*"—1 Kings xviii 21.

1 JEHOVAH is the Lord indeed.
And, like a father, loves to feed
His children on the earth:
All other gods beside are vain,
The monsters of an human brain,
Which hatch'd them into birth.

2 Yet, Lord, with shame I must confess,
My heart would worship idols base,
And God with Baal join;
It would afford thee Sunday-praise,
Yet follow pleasure, wealth, and ease,
And think no harm is done.

3 I dare not take thy name in vain,
Nor would thy sabbath-days profane,
Nor let the needy starve;
But still my heart would hold it right
To make the world its chief delight,
And God and mammon serve.

4 So base and crafty is my heart,
It fain would act a double part,
And serve the Lord by half;
The Lord of Hosts it will adore,
Yet do, as Israel did before,
Serve God, and serve a calf.

5 Mine utmost service is thy due,
Of body, soul, and spirit too,
And thine alone should be;
Oh, may my heart to Jesus cleave,
And ev'ry hateful idol leave,
And only *follow* thee.

HYMN 217.

"*And they knew that they were naked, and sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons.*" Gen. iii. 7.

1 WHEN sinners view their nakedness,
And feel a pang of deep distress,
As Adam did, they do,
Some covering of their own provide,
To screen the guilty breast and side,
Which is their apron too.

2 To God they come and meekly bow
And humbly weep, and proudly vow
To walk well in his sight;
Some sin perhaps they now forsake,
Or cover some poor naked back,
Which sets the matter right.

3 But sure no ransom will take place,
Except the costly work of grace,
Which Jesus Christ has wrought:
His precious blood and righteousness
Is made our peace and glorious dress,
And free salvation brought.

4 The fallen pair was kindly drest
In skins of *sacrificed* beast,
In coats by Jesus *made;*
The coats conceal their guilty shame,
And clothe them too, and thus proclaim
How legal debts are paid.

5 Lord, put thy raiment on my soul,
To make me clean, and make me whole,
And stand in thee complete;
So shall I free salvation know,
And love and serve my Lord below,
And be for glory meet.

HYMN 218.

"*Jesus found nothing on a fig-tree, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee, henceforward for ever, and presently the fig-tree withered away.*" Matt. xxi. 19.

1 LORD, in the gospel glass we see,
How fearful is a curse from thee,
How instant is its pow'r!
A fig-tree rears a blooming head,
Is well and drooping, sick and dead,
In less than half an hour!

2 Almighty is thy might, O Lord!
And most effectual is thy word,
Or when it blasts or heals!
It comes with such a piercing call,
It makes the trees to listen all,
And gives them life, or kills.

3 Let children of the house depend
On Jesus Christ, a constant friend,
And not mistrust his care;
Yet bear in mind from first to last,
The Christian life is hid in Christ,
And duly seek it there.

4 And look, professors, to your walk,
Who learn to sing, and learn to talk,
And learn to pray by rote;
The Lord will blast a full-blown head,
And strike all leafy honours dead,
Unless ye bring forth fruit.

5 And, O my Lord, whate'er I am,
Or deaf or dumb, or blind or lame,
Or poor, or sick, or worse;
Whatever woes my life attend,
Whatever burdens thou shalt send,
Oh, send me not thy curse.

HYMN 219.

"*By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.*" Rom. v. 19.

1 THE sinner's friend a surety stands,
Pays legal debts with his own hands,
And pays them all for me;
He perfect lives, and painful dies,
And law and justice satisfies,
Not for himself, but thee.

2 By Christ's obedience fully paid,
A soul in law is righteous made;
For what can justice say?
When every debt is well discharg'd,
The debtor sure must be enlarg'd,
And sing and march away.

3 Yet also Jesus, by his grace,
Gives meetness for his dwelling-place,
And sanctifies the heart;
His peace creates the tempers kind;

And love, to all good works inclin'd,
Fills up the Christian part.

4 Then let my Lord impute to me
His own obedience full and free,
As title to his bliss;
And let his Spirit too implant
All Christian graces that we want,
As pledge of happiness.

HYMN 220.

"*Jesus was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted.*" Matt. ix. 36.

1 A Multitude with wonder drawn,
Had follow'd Jesus up and down,
And now began to faint;
The watchful Saviour quickly spies
Their weary limbs and languid eyes,
And gracious pity lent.

2 Here note the time that Jesus will
Exert his mercy, love, and skill,
To ease a burden'd soul;
When thou art sick and weary quite,
And sinking underneath a weight,
He comes to make thee whole.

3 His pow'r is then divinely shewn,
His mercy is completely known,
His love exceeding sweet;
The ravish'd soul adores the grace,
And sees it shine in Jesu's face,
And sinks beneath his feet.

4 With tears of love he softly sighs,
With thankful lips he sweetly cries,
Hosanna to the King,
Hosannah to his dearest name,
May all his works adore the same,
And taste his grace and sing.

5 Instruct me, Lord, in all distress,
In weakness, darkness, heaviness,
To cast my soul on thee;
Or if it fainteth under fear,
May Jesus bring his mercy near,
And set my spirit free.

HYMN 221.

"*Jesus saith to the man, Stretch forth thy (withered) hand, and he stretched it forth.*" Matt. xii. 13.

1 HOW many hapless souls we see,
That come to wait, dear Lord, on thee,
And cannot stretch their hand;
They cannot pray without a book,
But wither'd are, when off they look,
Nor can a word command.

2 While forms *alone* direct the tongue,
And jog the costive thoughts along,
It seems a stillborn pray'r;
For pluck the borrow'd helps away,
No longer can you hear 'em pray,
But like a mute they stare.

3 Sure none but Jesus Christ can teach
An helpless sinner how to stretch
A praying hand to God;
His Spirit is the gracious prop
To lift and keep the hand lift up
Along the praying road.

4 Not one is fit to teach but he,
And none but Jesus shall teach me
The work of pray'r and praise;
Lord, give devotion kindly birth,
And bid me stretch my lame hand forth,
And keep it stretch'd always.

HYMN 222.

"*Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee?*" Psal. xciv. 20.

1 A Throne is planted in the heart,
Where Satan acts a tyrant's part,
And plays the man of sin;
Yet lurketh so upon his throne,
Not one of all his subjects own
That Satan dwells within.

2 His voice is heard in cursings loud,
In noisy brawls among the crowd,
In quarrels ev'ry where;
His rule is felt, when bosoms burn
With pride, and peevishness, and scorn,
Yet none believe him there.

3 Till Jesus casts the tyrant down,
Iniquity must rule each one,
And rule 'em by their choice;
But God no fellowship can hold
With slaves who unto sin are sold,
And in its work rejoice.

4 Professor, mark the solemn word,
No fellowship is with the Lord,
While sin has thine embrace;
No heart can harbour Jesu's foe,
But indignation he will shew,
And turn away his face.

5 Oh, let my Lord his pow'r display,
And take the reign of sin away,
And make a captive free;
To Satan I was born a slave,
A better service I would have,
And Jesu's freeman be.

HYMN 223.

"*The king of Assyria came unto Ahaz, and distressed him, but strengthened him not.*" 2 Chron. xxviii. 20.

1 A Jewish king, by war opprest,
Reduced much, and wanting rest,
For foreign help will send;
Assyria's prince an army brought,
Distresses him, but strengthens not,
And proves a sorry friend.

2 How oft is Ahaz' case our own?
How oft is Jesu's child o'erthrown,
By seeking unto man?
If plunged into deep distress,
He flies to man for some redress,
And nothing finds but pain.

3 With lifted voice to God we pray,
Yet look and peep another way
To find a creature-prop;
And all, who look with double eye,
Nor will on Christ *alone* rely,
Shall find a blasted hope.

4 That man, the Lord affirms is curst,
Who in a creature puts his trust,
And maketh flesh his arm;
His heart a wilderness shall be,
His eye no cheering good shall see,
But shall see rueful harm.†

5 Then give me, Lord, the simple heart,
The single eye, the childlike part,
To rest upon thy lap;
To call when fears oppress my mind,
And leave it with the Lord to find
A way for my escape.

HYMN 224.

"*Rachel said to Jacob, Give me children, or else I die.*" Gen. xxx. 1.

1 OR give me children, or I die,
Was Rachel's fond and peevish cry,
To Jacob vented forth;
Her wish was granted to her cost,
The children came, and Rachel lost
Her life, to give them birth.

2 Poor Rachel tells us with a tear,
How vain all earthly wishes are,
How fatal oft they grow!
Tho' harmless things are only sought,
Yet if pursu'd with eager thought,
Death may attend them too.

3 How things may prove, or good or ill,
No man with all his wit can tell,
And wishes must be vain;
What seems desirable at first,
Of all bad things may prove the worst,
And slay the heart with pain.

4 This wishing trade I fain would leave,
And learn with sweet content to live
On what the Lord shall send;
Whate'er he sends, he sends in love,
And good or bad things blessings prove,
If blessed by this friend.

5 Then let no care perplex me now;
My only wish and care be thou,
Be thou my whole delight;
Bid ev'ry sigh of rising thought,
And ev'ry pant of breath go out
For Jesus day and night.

† Jer. xvii. 5, 6.

HYMN 225.

"*The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue is from the Lord.*" Prov. xvi. 1.

1 THE means of grace are in my hand,
The blessing is at God's command,
Who must the work fulfil;
And tho' I read, and watch, and pray,
Yet here the Lord directs my way,
And worketh all things still.

2 I cannot speak a proper word,
Nor think aright, but from the Lord
Preparing heart and tongue;
In nature I can see no good,
But all my good proceeds from God,
And does to grace belong.

3 I see it now, and do confess
My utter need of Jesu's grace,
And of his Spirit's light;
I beg his kind and daily care,
O Lord, my heart and tongue prepare
To think and speak aright.

4 Prepare my heart to love thee well,
And love thy truth which doth excel,
And love thy children dear;
Instruct me how to live by faith,
And feel the virtue of thy death,
And find thy presence near.

5 Prepare my tongue to pray and praise,
To speak of providential ways,
And heavenly truths unfold;
To strengthen well a feeble soul,
Correct the wanton, rouse the dull,
And silence sinners bold.

HYMN 226.

"*He, that is surety for a stranger, shall smart for it.*" Prov. xi. 15.

1 FOR sorry *strangers* such as I,
The Saviour left his native sky,
And surety would become;
He undertakes for sinners lost;
And having paid the utmost cost,
Returns triumphant home.

2 A judgment-bond against me lay,
Law-charges too, which he must pay,
But found a smarting debt:
The garden scene begins his woes,
And fetcheth agonizing throws,
And draws a bloody sweat.

3 His back with hardy stripes is hew'd,
Till flakes of gore, and streams of blood
Besmear the frighted ground:
A scornful and a *smarting* crown
His holy head is thrust upon,
And thorns begird it round.

4 He smarts with nails that pierce his feet,
And smarts with hanging all his weight

Upon the cursed tree;
He smarts beneath a Father's rod,
And † roars aloud, Why, O my God,
Hast thou forsaken me?

5 May all my Saviour's love and smart
Be sweetly graven on my heart,
And with me fast abide:
And let me sing thy praises well,
And love thee more than I can tell,
And trust in none beside.

HYMN 227.

"*Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but some are destroyed for want of judgment.*" Prov. xiii. 23.

1 SOME tillage for the poor is found,
A little farm, a piece of ground,
The ground of his own heart;
It proves a rocky, barren soil,
And mocks the human tiller's toil,
Defying all his art.

2 No wise or wealthy men have skill,
This little human farm to till,
Their projects all are vain;
For want of judgment in the case,
Ill-scented weeds spring up apace,
And stifle all the grain.

3 The poor man understanding hath,
(If poor in spirit, rich in faith)
To occupy this farm;
He knows that human wit and might,
And human worth are scanty quite,
And do a world of harm.

4 He trusts the heav'nly husbandman,
To send him sun, and send him rain,
And makes no fretful haste: ‡
He ploughs his ground with many pray'rs,
And sows his seed with many tears,
And reaps with joy at last.

5 He useth means, and layeth still,
Expecting God to work his will,
And send the promis'd grace;
And food in plenty such will find,
A peaceful and a loving mind,
And feet that run apace.

6 I would be such a needy man,
The poorest of the Saviour's train,
And smallest in the flock;
Then will my tillage on me smile,
And furnish corn, and wine, and oil,
And honey from the rock.

† Εβοησεν ο Ιησους φωνη μεγαλη· "Jesus roared with a vehement cry."

‡ Isai. xxviii. 16.

HYMN 228.

"*Take his garment that is surety for a stranger.*" Prov. xx. 16.

1 THRO' native pride I could not see
My soul was banish'd, Lord, from thee,
And in a dungeon pent;
Born like my neighbours vain & blind,
I could not view my frightful mind,
And so remain'd content.

2 But now thro' Jesu's help I view
My hapless state, and feel it too,
And own my nakedness;
To screen my back, and warm my side,
No raiment can my hands provide,
No real righteous dress.

3 Yet some fond hope ariseth still,
That Jesus Christ in mercy will
Relieve my ragged case;
He bids me take a surety's coat,
Who for a stranger gives his note,
And stands in debtor's place.

4 A friendly word the Lord has spake,
And sure I will thy garment take,
For Surety is thy name;
Thy garment will exactly suit,
And clothe me well from head to foot,
And cover all my shame.

5 So clad, I shall outstrip the moon,
And shine in splendour as the sun,
And may to court repair;
No robe like this in heav'n is seen,
No angel's coat is half so clean,
Nor may with it compare.

HYMN 229.

"*Whosoever is simple, let him turn in hither.*" Prov. ix. 4.

1 WHEN Jesus would his grace proclaim,
He calls the simple, blind or lame,
To come and be his guest;
Such simple folks the world despise,
Yet simple folks have sharpest eyes,
And learn to walk the best.

2 They view the want of Jesu's light,
Of Jesu's blood, and Jesu's might,
Which others cannot view;
They walk in Christ, the living way,
And fight, and win the well-fought day,
Which others cannot do.

3 The simple have a childlike soul,
Go hand in hand to Jesu's school,
And take the lowest place;
Their only wish is Christ to know,
To love him well, and trust him too,
And feed upon his grace.

4 They all declare, I nothing am,
My life is bound up in the Lamb,
My wit and might are his,
My worth is all in Jesus found,
He is my rock, my anchor's-ground,
And all my hope of bliss.

5 Such simple soul I fain would be,
The scorn of man, the joy of thee,
Thy parlour guest and friend;
Do make me, Lord, a little child,
Right simple-hearted, meek, and mild,
And loving to the end.

HYMN 230.

"*There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*" Prov. xviii. 24.

1 THERE is a friend, who sticketh fast,
And keeps his love from first to last,
And Jesus is his name;
An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same.

2 He loves his people, great and small,
And grasping hard embraceth all,
Nor with a soul will part;
No tribulations which they feel,
No foes on earth, or fiends of hell,
Shall tear 'em from his heart.

3 His love before all time began,
And thro' all time it will remain,
And evermore endure;
Tho' rods and frowns are sometimes brought,
And man may change, he changeth not,
His love abideth sure.

4 A method strange this friend has shewn
Of making love divinely known
To rebels doom'd to die!
Unask'd he takes our humblest form,
And condescends to be a worm,*
To lift us up on high.

5 The law demanded blood for blood,
And out he lets his vital flood
To pay the mortal debt!
He toils thro' life, and pants thro' death,
And cries with his expiring breath,
"'Tis finish'd," and complete.

6 Let all the ransom'd of the Lord
Exalt his love with one accord,
And hallelujah sing;
Adore the dying friend of man,
And bless him highly as you can,
He is your God and King.

* Psal. xxii, 6.

HYMN 231.

"*In the light of the King's countenance is life, and his favour is like a cloud of the latter rain.*" Prov. xvi. 15.

1 THE man, who walks a formal round,
And only visits holy ground,
To read or hear a pray'r;
Can see no light in Jesu's face,
And feel no life from Jesu's grace,
'Tis nonsense in his ear.

2 But whoso lives the life of faith,
And fellowship with Jesus hath,
Enjoys the pleasing sight;
A faith divine the soul will bring
Full in the presence of his King,
And shew the cheering light.

3 But if believers saunt'ring walk,
And sink in sloth, or frothy talk,
The Lord withdraws his face;
A darkness broodeth o'er the mind,
No light from Jesus can they find,
Until they mend their pace.

4 As when some long expected rain
Descends upon a parched plain,
The fields are gay, and spring;
So when the Lord his face reveals,
And past backslidings freely heals,
Believers laugh and sing.

5 Thine heavenly light, O Lord, impart,
To guide my feet, and cheer my heart,
Along the wilderness;
So will thy pilgrim fear no toil,
But walk and pray, and sing and smile,
And Jesus sweetly bless.

HYMN 232.

"*Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and they were unto me the joy of mine heart.*" Jer. xv. 16.

1 WHAT if we read and understand,
The written word of God's command,
And give it credit meet;
The word is but a looking-glass,
And only shews a man his face,
Unless the word we eat.

2 It raiseth no man from the dead,
While seated only in the head,
But leaves him dry and faint;
It maketh matter for some talk,
But cannot give him legs to walk,
Nor make a man a saint.

3 The word consists of letters fair,
But letters merely dead things are,
And cannot change the heart;
The letter only bringeth death,†
Unless the Spirit by his breath
A quick'ning pow'r impart.

† 2 Cor. iii. 6.

4 May thy commands obedience get,
And promises yield comfort sweet,
And threat'nings awe my soul;
Let exhortations spur me on,
And cautions make me watchful run,
And love inspire the whole.

5 According as my wants require,
Adapt thy word as food and fire,
To nourish and to warm;
Let ev'ry page afford new wealth,
Convey some life and godly health,
And guard my steps from harm.

HYMN 233.

"*Doth he (the Master) thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I suppose not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all things which are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants; we have only done that which was our duty to do.*" Luke xvii. 9, 10.

1 A Solemn and an humbling word
Is utter'd strongly by the Lord
To all above, below;
Tho' God's commands be kept with care,
Unprofitable still we are,
No thanks the Lord will owe.

2 Alas! how vainly sinners talk,
Who limp and stumble in their walk,
And yet of merit dream;
Of merit talk with lofty breath,
Whilst God declares that wrath and death,
Are only due to them.

3 I daily feel death is my due,
And try to keep this point in view,
To slay my pride outright:
At best, I am a sinner poor,
At worst, a hateful creature sure,
A rebel in God's sight.

4 And if I could perfection claim,
No thanks are owing for the same,
No merit would arise;
Aside all merit I must cast,
And owe my heaven to grace at last,
And Jesu's sacrifice.

5 Then let me learn my Lord to prize,
And view him with adoring eyes,
Confiding in his name;
Pay cheerful homage to my king,
And sweet hosannas daily sing,
And spread abroad his fame.

HYMN 234.

"*He that is not with me, is against me.*" Matt. xii. 30.

1 A Christian acts a soldier's part,
And with a bold and upright heart,
Anear his captain stands;
If foes against the Lord arise,
He neither like a coward flies,
Nor sits with folded hands.

2 No neuters in this holy war!
A neuter is a traitor here,
Condemned by the word:
If I can slink my head away
In some sad hot or rainy day,
I am against the Lord.

3 Yet small professors ev'ry where
Will court the Lord in weather fair,
And smile, and kiss his feet;
But if he raiseth clouds and storms,
They creep into their holes, like worms.
And prudently retreat.

4 So Demas was a prudent man,
And shuffling danger all he can,
Leaves Paul for worldly gains:
So Judas was a prudent knave,
Yet for his prudence he must have
A halter for his pains.

5 O Lord, give me an heart upright,
An heavenly courage for the fight,
And zeal that is alert;
Not raving mad, but meekly bold,
And not seduced by fear or gold
My Saviour to desert.

6 Such faith in Jesus fill my mind,
Such love to Jesus may I find,
Such worth in Jesus see;
That I may hold his truth and name,
More dear than wealth, or ease, or fame,
More dear than life to me.

HYMN 235.

"*He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.*" Matt. xii. 30.

1 A Christian serjeant sent to list,
Must fill his speech with Jesus Christ,
And gather with his name;
Else, not a soul obeys his call,
The hearers will be scattered all,
And wander as they came.

2 Abundance of good folks I find,
Are gathering goodness for the wind
To scatter it about;
They seek with human care and skill,
Their vessels with good wine to fill,
But all the wine leaks out.

3 A fretful soul his fault may spy,
And struggle much, and often try
Some patience to obtain;
Yet after many toilsome years,
And many sighs and many tears,
He has not got a grain.

4 He, that with Jesus gathers not, plot,
May plough and sow, and weed his

But scatters all his corn ;
No real goodness long can stand,
Which planted is by human hand,
It dies as soon as born.

5 They reap and scatter all the while,
They reap and gather nought but toil,
'Tis labour lost I see ;
O Lord, do thou instruct my heart,
With my own reaping-hook to part,
And gather all with thee.

6 In Christ my treasure gather'd is ;
My wisdom, wealth, and might are his,
My peace at his command ;
With him is free and plenteous store,
And faith may have enough, and more,
When gather'd from his hand.

HYMN 236.

"*The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.*" Matt. xviii. 11.

1 WHEN our first head and nat'ral root,
Had tasted of forbidden fruit,
In that same day he died ;
Of life divine he stood bereft,
And found his only portion left
Was wretchedness and pride.

2 And surely such a tainted spring
Polluted streams can only bring,
And so we find they are ;
No life divine the children have,
No intercourse with God they crave,
Nor once about it care.

3 By nature and by trespass dead,
His own sad ruin none can read,
For death seals up his eyes ;
No soul appears a sinner lost,
Till quicken'd by the Holy Ghost,†
And then to Christ he flies.

4 This truth whoever sees not well,
No hunger after Christ can feel,
No work for Christ can find :
To save *lost* sinners Jesus came,
The spiritual deaf, and dumb, and lame,
The wretched and the blind.

5 All ye that weary are of sin,
And feel your natures all unclean,
And labour under guilt ;
Who find within no dawn of hope,
To Christ your weary eyes lift up,
His blood for you was spilt.

6 Go, sinner, go, by sin distrest,
And Jesus Christ will give thee rest,
And act the Saviour's part ;
He came to save the lost and poor,
And such are welcome to his door,
And welcome to his heart.

† John vi. 63 ; xvi. 8.

HYMN 237.

"*There was a strife amongst them, which of them should be accounted the greatest.*" Luke xxii. 24.

1 SMALL wonder happens, when we see
The world contend for mastery,
It is an usual case :
Yet here in Jesu's chosen band,
A strife ensues who shall command,
And take the leading place.

2 When call'd by grace to follow Christ,
We little understand at first
The workings of our pride ;
It is a subtle serpent sin,
Which winds its body slily in,
And its foul head will hide.

3 But sweetly Jesus Christ reproves
The lurking pride of them he loves,
And shews the gospel-way ;
He shall sit foremost in my hall,
Who can be servant unto all ;
The slave shall bear the sway.

4 This beauteous truth mine eyes discern,
But oh, my heart will never learn,
Unless my Saviour teach ;
My heart will on submission frown,
Until thy Spirit break it down,
And well the lesson preach.

5 Then let the Lord his grace bestow,
To make me small and smaller grow,
The smallest of the least ;
Obedient run at every call,
And be that willing slave of all,
Whom Jesus loves the best.

HYMN 238.

"*A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.*" Matt. xii. 20.

1 A Sinner, who can read his case,
Lament his guilt and bondage base,
And view himself most vile ;
Behold ! on such afflicted souls,
And treated by the world as fools,
The Lord will cast a smile.

2 A bruised reed he will not break,
But bind up gently what is weak,
And heal a bleeding wound ;
A costly balsam he has got,
Which oft is tried, and faileth not,
And was at Calv'ry found.

3 The flax that smoketh with its shame,
He blows up into kindly flame,
And warms the heart with peace :
His incense on the smoke is thrown,
And then the flame is quickly blown,
And kindles heavenly bliss.

4 Afflicted souls must not despair,
But trust in Jesu's love and care,
To give the weary rest;
His words are gentle, meek, and kind,
A picture of his loving mind;
Believe, and you are blest.

HYMN 239.

"*In Jesu's name shall the Gentiles trust.*" Matt. xii. 21.

1 A Gentile is an earthly man,
Who follows pastime all he can,
Nor loves a praying-place;
A Gentile has an earthly heart,
And cares not with his lusts to part;
And is not this thy case?

2 I own it, Lord, and feel with shame,
Born with a heathen heart I am,
A Gentile true by birth;
No good in me by nature dwells,
No good my heart desires or feels,
But what the world brings forth.

3 Yet, O my Lord, if Gentiles be
Allow'd to put their trust in thee,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Thou canst my heathen lusts subdue,
And change my heart, and make it new,
And train it for the skies.

4 My heart with weeds is overgrown,
And oft is lifeless as a stone,
Nor careth for thy ways;
Yet, Lord, this Gentile heart inspire
With holy love, and heavenly fire,
And it will sing thy praise.

HYMN 240.

"*Jesus said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee.*" Mark x. 51.

1 A Beggar poor had lost his eyes,
And unto Jesus Christ applies
With loud and fervent pray'r;
Tho' charged much to hold his peace,
He louder begs for Jesu's grace,
And Jesus lends an ear.

2 He comes conducted to his Lord,
And Jesus drops a cheering word,
What wilt thou have me do?
A word, which has a further look,
A word, to Bartimeus spoke,
And yet is meant for you.

3 Art thou arriv'd at Jesu's door,
Exceeding blind, exceeding poor,
And mighty wretched too?
Fear not, he loves a beggar's knock,
And softly says, at every stroke,
What wilt thou have me do?

4 The Lord upbraids no guilty heart,
But makes the conscience act this part,
And pierce a sinner thro';
And when the sinner pours a pray'r,
Sweet Jesus whispers in his ear,
What wilt thou have me do?

5 However sad be our complaint,
Or blind or lame, or sick or faint,
To Jesus we may go;
And when we raise a faithful cry,
His mercy drops a sweet reply,
What wilt thou have me do?

6 Well, since the Saviour is so free,
Two eyes I beg that well can see,
And tongue that well can pray;
A loving heart, well wash'd from sin,
With hands that bounteous are and clean,
And feet that will not stray.

HYMN 241.

"*In the mount the Lord will provide.*" Gen. xxii. 14—see the margin of the Bible.

1 SEE Abram walking up the hill,
With Isaac fondling by him still,
And prattling in his ears;
At length the lovely child is bound,
The hand is stretch'd, the knife is found,
And then the Lord appears.

2 If thou art sprung from Abram's stock,†
A sheep of Jesu's little flock,
For trials arm thy mind;
Temptations will beset thy feet,
A thousand dangers thou shalt meet,
A thousand struggles find.

3 As every trial passeth o'er,
Expect another full as sore,
Perhaps a sorer yet;
And when the clouds begin to rise,
They blacker grow, and fill the skies,
And threaten ruin great.

4 Perhaps the Lord withholds his light,
And keeps his help far out of sight,
Thine utmost faith to try;
Yet this remember, O my friend,
When thou art brought to thy wit's-end,
That Abram's God is nigh.

5 On danger's brink when thou art
In sad perplexity of thought,
Then Jesus draweth near;
He speaks a word divinely mild,
And cheers the poor distressed child,
And scatters all his fear.

HYMN 242.

"*That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.*" John iii. 6.

1 THE man, that's only born of man,
Is only flesh, and only can

† Gal. iii. 7.

Desire the flesh to please:
He courteth riches, honours, fame,
And follows pleasure as his game,
And studies well his ease.

2 Much nobler birth a few receive;
Of Spirit born, believers live
With new and spiritual pow'r;
A seed they have of heavenly birth,
Which brings a spiritual service forth,
Delightsome more and more.

3 The Spirit brings the grace of pray'r,
And bids a new-born child go near,
And Abba, Father, cry;
Reveals the way of grace and truth,
Inspireth hope, and worketh faith,
With peace, and love, and joy.

4 Much intercourse they have with God,
They hear his voice, and fear his rod,
And love him kindly too;
On wings of strong desire they fly,
And train'd up sweetly for the sky,
Their heav'n begins below.

5 Such noble seed of spiritual plant,
Is what an earthly heart will want
To raise it up to God;
Such noble seed sow in my breast,
And keep, O Lord, the plant well drest,
And water'd with thy blood.

HYMN 243.

"*Of Christ's fulness have all we received, even grace for grace.*" John i. 16.

1 OUR father was completely drest
With heavenly robes around his breast,
And Adam was his name;
But all the gracious dowry lent
Was by the father quickly spent,
And nothing left but shame.

2 And if the Lord could place no trust
In creatures formed wise and just,
Much less in them that fell;
If upright man his birthright sold,
The froward children would be bold
For trash the same to sell.

3 Now Jesus takes the whole command,
And lays the stock up in his hand,
To save from future harms;
He will for his own flock provide,
But keeps them hanging on his side,
And living on his alms.

4 A soul, that hungry is and poor,
May find in Jesus precious store,
All fulness dwells in him;
His royal grace, a sweet spring-head,
An empty conduit-pipe will feed,
And fill it to the brim.

5 As from the father sons receive
The sundry features which they have,
And limb for limb we trace;
So from the Lord his children find
The features of their heavenly mind,
Receiving grace for grace.

6 Upon thy fulness let me feed,
And send me store of heavenly bread,
And heavenly comforts give;
My famish'd soul thy guest would be,
Receiving all support from thee,
And only in thee live.

HYMN 244.

"*Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth.*" Job xl. 4.

1 OF Job we read, he perfect was;
And God himself relates his case,
A faithful witness sure;
Job guides his steps with holy care,
His household trains in godly fear,
And clothes and feeds the poor.

2 I wonder not in Job to find
A much too much complacent mind,
His conduct was upright;
And if, as vainly think the most,
A sinner were allowed to boast,
Of all men sure he might.

3 Some rods are sent with stinging smart,
To empty Job of his desert,
Yet rods are sent in vain:
Some friends, with arguments prepar'd,
Accuse him much, and press him hard,
Yet Job replies again.

4 When Jesus speaks, he will o'ercome;
And Jesus brings the matter home,
Job listens all the while;
A naughty heart he now can read,†
And crieth out, amaz'd indeed,
"Behold, Lord, I am vile!"

5 So let me always read my heart,
And act the penitential part,
Be vile in my own eyes;
Count all desert as gaudy dross,
And mourning at the Saviour's cross,
Trust in his sacrifice.

HYMN 245.

"*And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.*" Luke vii. 42.

1 MEN owe the Lord a different score,
Some owe him less, some owe him more,
Yet none can pay his debt,
No man can wipe his conscience clean,
For death is due to every sin,‡
The small as well as great.

2 No room for merit can appear;
She must not thrust her visage here,

† Jer. xvii. 9. ‡ Rom. vi. 23.

Where all are doomed to die;
Of mercy much we stand in need,
By mercy only are we freed,
And should for mercy cry.

3 If stinging debts the conscience wring,
Go, take them, sinner, to the King,
Where mercy may be found;
His look is sweet, approach him near,
His heart is kind, thou needst not fear,
His mercy has no bound.

4 What if thy guilt should reach the sky,
His mercy reacheth twice as high,
And over it will soar;
Or if thou sink in Jonah's hell,†
His mercy deep can reach thee still,
And draw thee safe on shore.

5 This mercy unto Christ we owe;
He bought the pearl, and dearly too,
And now bestows it free;
A vast redemption-price he paid,
Himself a sacrifice was made,
To buy the pearl for thee.

HYMN 246.

"*The devils cried out, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God?*" Matt. viii. 29.

1 JESUS, thou Son of God most high,
We know thy name, the devils cry,
No Saviour thou for us!
They lodged in a human breast,
And gave the frantic man no rest,
But set him raving thus.

2 And where the fiends possess a heart,
They always act this frenzy-part,
And roar at Jesus Christ:
While men lay in the wicked one,‡
The same reviling work goes on,
And Jesus they resist.

3 But Jesus casteth devils out,
And then poor sinners turn about,
And Jesus Christ adore;
They feel the virtue of his death,
And being taught to live by faith,
They love him evermore.

4 Well, since the world will shew its spite,
And Satan roar with all his might,
Hosanna let us cry;
Hosanna to the Son of God,
Who lov'd and wash'd us in his blood,
Amen, Amen, say I.

HYMN 247.

"*His brethren come to Jesus, but could not get near him for the crowd.*" Luke viii. 19.

1 IF unto Jesus thou art bound,
A crowd about him will be found,
Attending day and night;
A worldly crowd to din thine ears,
And crowds of unbelieving fears
To hide him from thy sight.

2 Yet all the vain and noisy crowd
Is but a thin and low'ring cloud,
A mist before thine eyes;
If thou press on, the crowds will fly,
Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,
And he will send supplies.

3 This only way can pilgrims go,
And all complain, as thou wilt do,
Of crowds that daily come;
Yet, tho' beset by crafty foes,
And passing thro' a thousand woes,
They get securely home.

4 And such as seem to run the race,
And meet no crowd to check their pace,
Are only rambling still;
Not fairly enter'd on the list,
The gate and narrow way they mist,
Which lead to Sion's hill.

5 O Lord, a cheering look bestow,
Or lend a hand to help me through,
And draw me up to thee;
And when thro' fear I only creep,
Or dare not move a single step
Yet thou canst come to me.

HYMN 248.

"*Enoch walked with God, and he was not found, for God took him.*" Gen. v. 24.

1 OF Enoch we read,
He walked with God
True pilgrim indeed,
Few such on the road!
Kept up his communion
Full three hundred years,
And after such union
No more he appears.

2 No pattern more plain
Or striking than this,
To shew unto man
What godliness is,
Not merely rehearsing,
A hymn or a pray'r,
But with God conversing,
And feeling him near.

3 Oft roving astray,
My fancy has been;
Lord, shew me the way
That Enoch walk'd in;
With good faith abounding,
And acting its part;
And Jesus surrounding
And warming my heart.

4 No more I would grieve
For empty things here;

† Jonah ii. 2. ‡ 1 John v. 19.

'Tis time to take leave
Of vanity fair;
Be thou my heart's-longing,
And make my soul blest,
Nor let idols throng in,
And rifle my breast.

5 Wherever I rove,
On thee I would rest,
And carry thy love
About as my guest;
Fix'd in meditation
While running my race,
And sweet contemplation
On Christ and his grace.

6 In all my affairs
I beg I may see
Thy fatherly cares
Employed for me;
And for ev'ry blessing
I thankful would prove
And pray without ceasing
Till call'd up above.

HYMN 249.

"*Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.*" Psal. cxix. 117.

1 THE wisdom of man
Rejects offer'd grace,
And fancies he can
Be brisk for the race;
By shrewdness discover
Mount Sion's fair town,
And trip the road over
By strength of his own.

2 But David, who knew
Himself and the road,
Cries out, as I do,
For help to his God;
He dare not confide in
Weak nature's effort,
But seeks better guiding,
And stronger support.

3 Such succour is meet
For cripples like me;
Lord, hold up my feet,
And safe I shall be;
Thine arm be thrust under
The folds of my heart,
To bear up my shoulder,
And strengthen each part.

4 All weakness I am,
Unfit for a fight;
Decrepid and lame,
And cowardly quite;
Unable to wrestle
With fiends or with men;
And if they but whistle,
I shudder again.

5 But Jesus is bold,
And stronger than hell;
This Satan has told,
And saints too can tell;
His arm has been glorious
In beating down foes,
And proveth victorious
Wherever he goes.

6 His arm be my prop,
And buckler and shield,
To bear my soul up
For fight in the field;
And when I can rest in
His promised word,
My soul is much blest in
The joy of the Lord.

HYMN 250.

"*The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*" Psal. xxxiv. 18.

1 YE broken hearts all,
Who cry out, Unclean,
And taste of the gall
Of indwelling sin;
Lamenting it truly,
And loathing it too,
And seeking help duly,
As sinners should do.

2 The Lord, whom ye seek,
Is nigh to your call,
Attends when you speak,
Nor lets a word fall;
Your sorrow and sighing
Are felt in his breast;
He pities your crying,
And will give you rest.

3 If often he hides
His face from his friends,
And silent abides,
For merciful ends,
At length he uncovers
Himself from his cloud
And sweetly discovers
His face and his blood.

4 All penitent cries
His Spirit imparts,
And fetcheth out sighs
From sin-feeling hearts;
He puts you in mourning,
The dress that you want,
A meek suit adorning,
Both sinner and saint.

5 A time he has set
To heal up your woes,
A season most fit
His love to disclose,
And till he is ready
To shew his good-will,

Be patient and steady,
And wait on him still.

HYMN 251.

"*I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.*" Psal. xxxii. 8.

1 OH, where shall I find
A guide to direct,
Right skilful and kind,
And brave to protect?
To lovely Mount Sion,
My heart is now bound,
But many a lion
Is in the way found.

2 Our Jesus will teach
The way ye should go,
And out his arm reach,
To help you on too:
The doubts that perplex you,
The fears that distress,
The tempers that vex you,
His grace will redress.

3 Then let the Lord give
Me faith in his name,
A faith that will live
In water and flame;
A faith that endureth,
And feasts on his blood;
A faith that ensureth
My sonship with God.

4 Yet teach me to love
Thy person most sweet,
Nor let my heart rove,
But keep at thy feet;
Be with thee delighted,
And clasp thee and twine,
Most firmly united
To thy living Vine.

5 And further I seek
The charms of thy mind,
The grace to be meek,
And lovely and kind,
Forbearing, forgiving,
And loving always,
And only be living
To publish thy praise.

HYMN 252.

"*Make haste, my beloved.*" Cant. viii. 14.

1 WHY, sure I must love
Christ Jesus, my Lord;
His grace I approve,
His worship and word;
I mourn for him absent,
And can have no rest;
And when he is present,
I feel myself blest.

2 These are the out-lines
Of inward respect,
And such gracious signs
I must not reject;
Why should I be moved
With perplexing doubt?
He is my beloved,
I will speak it out.

3 Yet still I do find
A sinful *self* too,
Which steals on my mind,
Wherever I go;
A fiend, very hateful
In Jesus his eyes,
And sure the most fretful
Thing under the skies.

4 I seek, but in vain,
To banish this guest;
He hears me complain,
Yet lurks in my breast;
Oh, let him not grieve me
By bearing the sway;
Make haste to relieve me,
Dear Jesus, I pray.

5 Thou hast a full right
To all my poor heart,
Yet creatures invite
And scramble for part;
The world too would teaze me
And draw me away;
Oh, let 'em not seize me,
And worry their prey.

6 When heavenly bliss
Flows into my soul,
And Christ, with a kiss,
Possesseth me whole,
My tongue crieth ever,
O Lord, quickly come,
Make haste, my dear Saviour,
And carry me home.

HYMN 253.

"*Though all be offended, yet will not I.*" Mark xiv. 29.

HOW easily man
Mistakes his own heart,
And fancies he can
Act up to his part,
Has no apprehension
Of weakness within,
But thinks good intention
Will guard him from sin.

2 So Peter once thought,
And honestly spake,
But quickly was brought
To see his mistake;
His valour was tried
And cowardice prov'd,
He stoutly denied
The Master he lov'd.

3 In Peter I see
My nature display'd,
High-minded to be,
Yet quickly dismay'd:
Presuming on valour,
And wisdom and strength,
We tumble the fouler
And faster at length.

4 Enfeebled we are,
Yet stout in self-will;
No strength for the war,
Yet confident still;
Ashamed to tarry
When called to the fight
Yet sure to miscarry
When left to our might.

5 If Peter could fall,
And fall such a length;
Then woe be to all
That trust in their strength,
The strength of their nature,
Or strength of their grace;
They sooner or later
Will suffer disgrace.

6 No more I would walk
In such empty shew,
No more I would talk
Of feats I can do;
But build a safe nest in
The Saviour's own tow'r,
And put my whole trust in
His mercy and pow'r.

HYMN 254.

"*Serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.*" Heb. xii. 28.

1 O Lord, thou art great,
And worthily fear'd;
By all at thy seat
Ador'd and rever'd;
The highest in graces
With shame-blushing heart,
Do cover their faces,
So holy thou art!

2 Thy saints upon earth,
Tho' bid to draw near,
Yet sing thy praise forth
With reverent fear;
Thy greatness adoring
With hearts that will bend,
And mercy imploring
Thro' Jesus their friend.

3 What saints of thee knew,
Lord, make to me known,
And let my eyes view
A glimpse of thy throne;
Thy glory discover
As mortals can see,
And all my soul cover
With sweet awe of thee.

4 Such fear may I prove
As suiteth a child,
Arising from love,
Obedient and mild;
A fear of offending
The Father of grace,
And pleas'd with attending
And seeking his face.

HYMN 255.

"*I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge.*" Psal. xci. 2.

1 WHILST other men boast
Of merit and might,
And sail on the coast
Of legal delight;
I will say of Jesus,
My refuge he is,
None other can ease us
And save us but this.

2 To thee will I fly
When conscience is sore,
And each guilty cry
Will bring to thy door;
My wounds shall be healed
With thy precious blood,
And all my peace sealed
By Jesus, my God.

3 When evil desire
Is springing within,
And nature on fire
Grows wanton for sin;
Thy grace and thy Spirit
The flame shall subdue,
And thou shalt inherit
The praise of it too.

4 If scorners arise,
For mischief prepar'd,
And hate me because
I trust in the Lord;
I need no direction
From lawyers or law,
But all my protection
From Jesus will draw.

5 If famine would stare
Me thro' with distress,
Or sickness would scare
Me by its pale face,
Or death hurry fast on
With painfullest grief,
To Jesus I'll hasten
And look for relief.

6 My hope he shall be,
Whilst drawing my breath;
A refuge for me
In life and in death;
I give up all other
And take him alone;
He is a tried brother,
To rest my heart on.

HYMN 256.

"*What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.*" Cant. vi. 13.

1 NO beautiful form
In Jesus was seen;
He seemed a worm,
Much scorned of men;
And daughters of Salem
Hence Shulamites call'd,
Find many revile 'em,
As Jesus of old.

2 No gallant outside
The Shulamite bears,
No trappings of pride,
These are not her wares;
Her wish and her charm is
In love to abound,
Yet war-waging armies
Within her are found.

3 Fall'n nature and grace
Are ever at strife,
And can have no peace,
Tho' linked for life,
With fixed intention
Seek each other's death,
Nor drop the contention
Till dropping their breath.

4 Old nature thinks hard
To be a down-cast,
She play'd the first card,
And would play the last;
But grace, tho' the younger,
Comes down from the skies,
And proveth the stronger,
And carries the prize.

5 This struggle within
Rash sinners deride;
A warfare with sin
They cannot abide;
Two armies are truly
In Shulamites found,
But nature does wholly
Take up the world's ground.

6 Such warfare is right,
And marketh a saint;
Lord, help me to fight,
And never to faint;
My shield of faith lengthen,
My helmet secure,
My heart and feet strengthen,
And make me endure.

HYMN 257.

"*It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master.*" Matt. x. 25.

1 OUR Master was born
Where oxen are fed,
No house of his own
To cover his head;
Content, tho' he lived
As mean as you can;
Then why art thou grieved
To be a poor man?

2 Soon did he begin
The carpenter's trade,
And drudged therein,
Of toil not afraid;
He never was fretful
At earning his bread:
Then think it not hateful
To work as he did.

3 He travell'd on foot
When preaching of peace,
And carefully sought
Poor sinners to bless,
Went with an heart cheery
At any one's call;
Then why am I weary
To wait upon all?

4 Ill was he repaid
For blessings he gave;
Reviled as mad,
Blasphemer and knave;
His person they slighted,
And spat on his face;
Then why am I frighted
And scorn and disgrace?

5 The Master in chief
A mourner appears,
And versed in grief
A daily cross bears;
Each night and each morrow
Some fresh trouble came,
Then why do we sorrow
To suffer the same?

6 I see it right clear,
And good is the word,
That servants should fare
As fareth their Lord;
Yet nature is feeble,
And presently trips;
O Lord, make me able
To tread in thy steps.

HYMN 258.

"*Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.*" Psal. lxxx. 1.

1 LOOK down from above
Kind Shepherd and Friend,
And tell us thy love
Which never shall end;
Supply us with manna
And streams from the Rock,
And daily hosanna
Shall come from the flock.

2 Watch over the sheep
By day and by night,
And teach 'em to keep
Their shepherd in sight;
With silence attending
Upon his soft voice,
And hear him commending
The flock of his choice.

3 Where pasture is best
Incline 'em to lay;
And guard off each beast
That watcheth for prey;
The foxes who chatter
With craftiest note,
And wolves who would scatter
And take by the throat.

4 To shepherd dogs give
Intelligent skill,
Thy word to receive,
And bark at thy will;
Right patient and heedful,
And fond of their care;
Yet ready, if needful,
To lug by the ear.

5 Give peace in the fold,
And fellowship sweet,
And make young and old
Lay down at thy feet;
The elder ones bleating
With lustiest praise,
And lambkins repeating
The wonders of grace.

6 Some strays we yet lack,
Which in the world roam;
Lord, whistle them back,
And fetch 'em safe home;
And thousands which lost are,
And never yet found,
Allure 'em to feast here
On mercy's fair ground.

HYMN 259.

"*Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?*" Cant. viii. 5.

1 A Virgin appears
Of comeliest hue,
Uncumber'd with cares,
And raiment all new;
Some daughter of Zion,
Her steps tell her name,
As bold as a lion,
Yet meek as a lamb!

2 A friend she has got
Who keeps at her side,
And says he has sought
Her out for a bride:
She leans on his shoulder
And hangs her head down;
And thrusts her arm under
The fold of his gown.

3 Whenever he speaks
Or looks in her face,
Her silence she breaks
And sings with all grace;
Her heart is soon moved,
Her eyes are soon wet,
She calls him Beloved,
And sinks at his feet.

4 He raiseth her up
And draws to his breast!
Sweet pillar of hope!
And there she finds rest;
And while she is trusting
His love and his pow'r,
No sorrow can roost in
Her heart for an hour.

5 The world in her view
A wilderness seems,
Where sorrows are true,
And joys are all dreams;
So up she is hasting
To Sion's fair hill,
In joy true and lasting,
To take her whole fill.

6 A virgin so rare,
Dear Lord, I would be,
And scatter my care
By leaning on thee;
Indulge me thy bosom,
And farewell all woes;
My desart shall blossom
And smell as the rose.

HYMN 260.

"*I am the door.*" John x. 9.

1 AN insolent thief
Most sure I have been,
A villain in chief,
A traitor in sin;
For glory I panted
And deathless renown,
And truly I wanted
To steal the King's crown.

2 His palace I view'd
And batter'd it round,
The stones and the wood,
The roof and the ground;
I dug and expected
To break up the floor,
And nothing neglected
Excepting *the door*.

3 One day the King's Son,
A wonderful man!
Who saw what was done,
And knew of my plan;
Steps forth a right time in,
And softly drew nigh.

Just as I was climbing
A window full high.

4 Ah, villain! he cried,
Yet smil'd as he spoke,
The neck of thy pride
Shall surely be broke;
Thou needest a halter,
So knavish thou art,
But Jesus can alter
And vanquish thy heart.

5 See, there is the door,
Without any lock;
A gate for the poor!
Go to it, and knock:
The *door* gives a passage
Into the Lord's room;
Go there with thy message,
And wait till I come.

6 The *door* is the way
Into the King's court;
There honest men pray
And daily resort;
But thieves put a hope in
A foolish attempt,
To break my house open,
And bring me contempt.

7 From Jesus, a Friend,
Expect to receive
What mercy can lend,
Or majesty give:
I'll feed thee, and clothe thee,
And wash thee all o'er,
And kindly betroth thee
In love evermore.

8 A crown, I perceive,
Would suit you right well;
And freely I give
What you may not steal,
But wear it in honour
Of Jesus his grace,
And worship the donor,
And love him and praise.

9 O Jesus, my Lord,
A rebel I am,
Yet grace be ador'd,
Still sav'd by the Lamb!
Hosanna to Jesus
Who came to redeem,
And loveth to bless us;
Hosanna to him!

10 I never could guess
This passage to life;
But now *the door* bless,
Which endeth my strife;
"Lord, fasten my ear in
"The post of thy door,"*
That I may dwell therein,
And ramble no more.

* Exod. xxi. 6.

HYMN 261.

"*I am the true vine.*" John xv. 1.

1 IN Jesus I see
The growth of my wine,
Desirable tree,
A true living vine!
Not lofty as cedar,
Nor stubborn as oak,
But humble and tender,
And bends to my look.

2 This plant of renown
May boast of its birth,
From heaven came down,
And rooted on earth:
It grew, and was running
With shoots† on its side,
Till thro' Pilate's pruning,
It bled till it died.

3 The life was resign'd,
But caught a new flame;
Its stem‡ was refin'd,
The root§ was the same;
And now it is growing
In each humble dale,
And freely bestowing
Its wine to regale.

4 Whoever shall taste
A sip of this wine,
Will think it the best,
And call it divine;
It certainly healeth
All guiltiest smart;
And sweetly revealeth
All joy to the heart.

5 A graff in thy stem,
Sweet Vine, I would be;
Bear fruit in the same,
And bear it for thee:
Thine arms be my shelter,
Thy bark be my coat,
And let the graff welter
In sap from the root.

HYMN 262.

"*Jesus was made a surety of a better covenant.*" Heb. vii. 22.

1 A Debtor I am,
I very well know;
And all of our name
Have ever been so:
Deriv'd from a father,
Old Adam we call,
Who broke altogether,
And ruin'd us all.

2 Arrested he was
In body and soul,
For breaking the laws
He should have kept whole;

† The twelve apostles.
‡ The earthly nature. § The divine nature.

And now we inherit
His debts and his pride,
His high and hot spirit,
With bondage beside.

3 Unable to dig,
So lame in each part!
Ashamed to beg,
So lofty in heart!
Past debts are all charged,
Which we cannot pay;
And these are enlarged
By new ones each day.

4 Each debt is for hell,
Sad durable woe!
Its dole who can tell
But spirits below?
Who roar with distraction
Of horror and pain;
Feel what is damnation
And roar out again.

5 But, lo! a kind Lord,
Has pitied our state,
Who pledged his word,
And paid off the debt;
'Tis Jesus, the surety,
That friend of our race,
Who made a secure tie
Of heaven thro' grace.

6 Go, poor sinner, go,
His mercy intreat,
Thy broken heart shew,
And fall at his feet:
He calleth for debtors,
As many as list;
Go, carry thy fetters,
And wait upon Christ.

7 With cheerfulest words
He will thee receive,
And loosen the cords
Which Moses did weave:
Thy legal obedience
In life he has paid,
And thy legal vengeance
In death he was made.

8 A surety, he stands
Engaged on high
To bring to thy hands
The pearls he did buy;
To set thee a grieving,
And help thee to pray,
To teach thee believing,
And how to obey.

9 From first unto last
The work is his own;
He calls the outcast,
And puts on the crown;
From Egypt to Canaan
The leader and rock;
Sends first and last rain on
His pastures and flock.

10 Then lift up thy voice
In lustiest praise,
And learn to rejoice
In Jesus always;
He should have thanksgiving
Again and again
From all that are living,
Amen and Amen.

HYMN 263.

"*They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.*" Matt. ix. 12.

1 FULL many a year
I seem'd to be sound,
Was lighter than air
And sprung on the ground
I trod on a mountain,
And lofty was seen,
And wanted no fountain
To wash my heart clean.

2 But now I am sick,
And full of complaint,
Exceedingly weak,
And ready to faint;
My heart an old den is †
Of filth and deceit;
And all its revenues
Spring out of conceit.

3 My breast is a cage
For birds of all note,‡
Where anger may rage,
And sulkiness bloat,
Where envy repineth,
And slander will hiss,
And flattery joineth
Them all with a kiss!

4 My stomach would feed
On ashes and earth,§
Rejecting the bread
Of heavenly birth!
A palsy perplexeth
My tongue when it prays;
And goutiness vexeth
My ankles always!

5 Right sorry indeed
I am in each part:
Oh! sick is my head,
And faint is my heart;
So bad my condition,
So rooted my woe,
None other physician
But Jesus will do!

6 He loveth us much,
And dealeth in grace;
And heals by a touch
The worst evil case;

† Jer. xvii. 9; Matt. xv. 19. ‡ Rev. xviii. 2.
§ Isai. xliv. 20.

He only wants notice,
A tap at his door,
And then bringeth gratis
His balms to the poor.

7 An hospital crowd
Attend on his gate,
Who keep knocking loud,
Both early and late;
And while they are pressing
Him much to draw nigh
He comes with a blessing—
"Hosanna they cry!"

8 He drops a fond smile,
And whispers, All hail!
They bless him the while,
And sing a love-tale;
All honours deck his head
The dear Lamb of God,
"Who loved and washed
"Us in his own blood!"†

9 "Amen," say the skies,
And warble the sound:
"Amen," earth replies,
Let blessings go round.
And then trumpets blew a
Full chorus above,
"Amen, hallelujah,"‡
For Jesus his love.

HYMN 264.

"*Thou art the King of Israel.*" John i. 49.

1 WE joyfully sing
With angels above
Of Jesus our King,
His power and love;
His look, full of greatness,
Commandeth the sky;
His heart, full of sweetness,
Relents at our cry.

2 He suffer'd our pain,
And took up our curse;
And dying to reign,
He triumphed thus:
Death-conquering Jesus
Our king we proclaim,
He reigneth to bless us,
And bless we his name.

3 A lion thou art,§
Yet gentle as brave;
And right free of heart
A captive to save;
He bringeth a ransom
For any that please;
And does it so handsome,
He winneth our praise.

4 My wish is to be
A subject of thine,
Triumphantly free
From bondage of sin,
Released from sorrow,
And cheerful as May,
No thought for the morrow,
But happy each day.

5 Thy kingdom of grace
Set up in my breast,
Affording me peace
And sanctified rest;
Bid all my affection
Cry out for the Lord,
And bring in subjection
My will to thy word.

6 Yea, cover the earth
With knowledge and truth,
And spread the new birth,
And raise up thy youth;
As dews of the morning,
So many be they,
A multitude born in
The course of a day.

† Rev. i. 5. 6. ‡ Rev. xix. 4. § Rev. v. 5.

HYMN 265.

"*I will betroth thee unto me for ever.*"
Hosea ii. 19.

1 YE maidens, who want
Rich husbands and fair
Nor can be content,
Till wedded ye are;
Mark, how I miscarried,
As many have done,
And after was married
Unto a King's Son.

2 Much kindness I had
For Moses indeed,
And suit to him made,
And thought I should speed;
You know he is noted
"For beautiful mien;"†
And on him I doted,
As plainly was seen.

3 His snarling I bore
For many a year,
Which grieved me sore,
And drew a sad tear.
One folly committed
No pardon will find;
And tho' much intreated,
He still is unkind.

4 My sorrowful case
A neighbour did spy,
Who look'd on my face,
And cast a sweet eye;
He saw me perplexed,
He heard me complain,
And said, be not vexed
At Moses' disdain.

† Acts vii. 20.

5 His Master I am,
The Lord of the house,
My name is the Lamb,
I seek for a spouse;
Come hither, come faster,
Thy hand let me have;
Take Jesus the Master,
Not Moses the slave.

6 Ah, Lord, I am sick,
And ugly, and poor,
No coat on my back,
But ragged all o'er—
He smil'd and replied,
'Tis all very true;
Yet is my heart tied
Most strangely to you.

7 Bad health I repair,
Bad debts I will pay,
And make thee all fair
And blooming as May;
A robe of my linen
Shall gird thee about,
And thou shalt be seen in
A vest without spot.

8 Your Moses of life
Will prattle, and health;
And talk to his wife
Of honours and wealth;
And more than a little
His merit displays,
Yet ne'er does a tittle
Of all that he says.

9 My truth from my word
Shall never depart;
Believe a kind Lord,
Who pledgeth his heart:
My honours I give you,
My name you shall take;†
I cannot deceive you,
And will not forsake.

10 The duty you owe
For offers this day,
My teaching shall shew,
And help you to pay:
Well; are you contented?
What says the poor maid?
He kist; I consented,
And so we were wed.

HYMN 266.

"*Thou art a priest for ever.*" Psal. cx. 4.

1 WHEREWITH shall I come
Before the Most High,
Who am but a worm,
And doomed to die?
My nature unholy
Was tainted in birth;
And nursed by folly,
Brings all evil forth!

2 Whatever I do,
Some baseness appears;
Wherever I go,
It rings in mine ears;
Pursues me and rages
With fulsomest breath,
And tells me its wages
Are hell after death.

3 No labours of mine
With fasting and tears,
Can purge away sin,
Or shorten arrears;
One only sweet fountain
Of blood that was spilt,
Can loosen the mountain
Of high-crying guilt.

4 O Jesus, my Priest,
And sweet Lamb of God,
No balm bringeth rest
But that of thy blood!
This *only* is pleasing
In thy Father's sight;
This *only* is easing
A sinner outright!

5 All thanks to thy love
And pity and grace;
Which could thy heart move
To die in our place!
We set thee a grieving,
Yet such was thy choice;
Set us a believing,
And we shall rejoice.

6 Thy wonderful cross;
With pleasure we trace;
Its blood be on us,
And all of our race;
A spring to refresh us
And nourish the soul,
A Jordan to wash us
And make lepers whole.†

† Jer. xxxiii. 16.

HYMN 267.

"*I perceive thou art a prophet.*" John iv. 19; Acts iii. 22.

1 A Prophet we want
Of delicate skill,
Our nature to paint,
Just as it looks ill;
To shew us our blindness,
And woful bad case,
And set out the kindness
Of God in his grace.

2 Deceitful and vile
And helpless we are!

† 2 Kings v. 14.

Yet sinners will smile
Such tidings to hear;
Disdaining to read it,
They call it absurd;
And cannot give credit
To God in his word.

3 I was of their mind
To cover my sore,
And thrust it behind
The back of my door;
I would not hear of it,
But now I perceive
Christ is a true prophet,
And him I believe.

4 He probed my soul,
And lanced my skin;
And shew'd I was foul
Without and within:
He, like a physician,
With wonderful art,
Discios'd my condition,
The plague of my heart.†

5 All thanks to my Lord
For giving this light;
His Spirit and word
Have cleared my sight;
I see ev'ry feature
Distorted indeed!
I am a lost creature,
And Jesus I need!

6 Now shew me thy face
In smiles from above,
And help me to trace
The depths of thy love;
Be evermore healing
My wounds in each part
And sweetly revealing
Thy love to my heart.

HYMN 268.

"*A wise man built his house upon a rock.*" Matt. vii. 24. "*And that rock was Christ.*" 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 MY heavenly hope
I built on the sand;
And rear'd my house up,
And thought it would stand:
Without it was painted,
And seem'd a neat fort;
Within it was sainted
With worth of all sort.

2 But lo, a storm fell,
A terrible blast,
With thunder and hail,
And down my house cast!
It stagger'd and cracked,
And broke with the shock,

† 1 Kings viii, 28,

And out I ran *naked*,
And crept to a rock.

3 No sooner my arm
Was on the Rock laid,
But vanish'd the storm,
And vanish'd all dread!
My bosom was cheered
And felt a new bliss;
My feet were up-reared,
And walked in peace.

4 All clamorous strife
Is banished from hence;
And waters of life †
Are flowing from thence;
And combs full of honey ‡
From all the sides drop;
And oil without money §
Is bought on its top!

5 O Rock of delight,
On thee may I stand,
And view from its height
The promised land:
Thy strength I would rest in,
And with thee abide,
And build a safe nest in
The cave of thy side.

6 Thy honey refresh
And sweeten my soul;
Thy purple stream wash
And make my heart whole;
Thy pure oil of gladness ‖
My spirit anoint,
To drive away sadness,
And supple each joint.

7 Here build me a tent
For present abode,
A dwelling-place lent,
An inn for the road:
And let me be viewing
Thy love, a sweet stock;
And good works be doing,
Yet rest on my rock.

HYMN 269.

"*Behold the Lamb of God.*" John i. 36.

1 THE sweet Lamb of God
Comes forth to be slain,
And offers his blood
To purge off our stain;
With bitterest anguish
And groans on the tree,
The Saviour did languish
For sinners, like me.

2 Look on him, my soul,
And gaze on his smart;

† Exod. xvii. 6. ‡ Psal. lxxxi. 16. § Deut. xxxii. 13,
‖ Isai. lxi. 3.

His cries may control
The lusts of thy heart;
His blood has set often
The worst broken bones,
His love too can soften
Hearts harder than stones.

3 Right worthy indeed
He is of high fame;
And saints have all need
To trust in his name;
Not feed on their graces
Nor strut with a frame,
But fall on their faces,*
And worship the Lamb.

4 Lo, here is a feast
Of delicate food,
For prodigals drest,
Yet costly and good!
Our Father provided
This Lamb for a treat;
And if you are minded,
You freely may eat.

5 None other repast,
My spirit would have;
Thy flesh let me taste,
Sweet Lamb, and yet crave;
Thy blood ever flowing
My pleasant cup be;
Thy fleece on earth growing
Make clothing for me.

6 Thus cover'd and fed
At thy proper cost,
The path I would tread
Which pleaseth my host;
Thy patience inherit,
Thy lowliness prove,
Catch all thy sweet spirit,
And burn with thy love.

HYMN 270.

"*Unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.*" Mal. iv. 2; Psal. lxxxiv. 11.

1 THE spiritual lame
And spiritual poor,
Who fear the Lord's name,
And dwell at his door;
With darkness are frighted,
And storms in the skies,
Nor can be delighted
Until the sun rise.

2 And while a black night
Drags heavily thro',
They cannot strike light
By all they can do;
But joy is returning
To visit their heart;

A smile of the morning
Bids sorrow depart.

3 Thou heavenly Sun,
True light of the world,†
Most fair to look on,
Thy beauties unfold;
Step forth from thy chamber ‡
And shew thy sweet face,
With locks bright as amber,
And sparkling with grace.

4 Enlighten me well
With heavenly truth,
And fairly reveal
The weeds of my growth;
My bosom uncover,
My nakedness shew,
And kindly discover
The depths of my woe.

5 Yet comfort me too
With beams from above,
And let my heart know
The depths of thy love;
With mercy surround me,
Too sweet to be told,
To shew thou hast found me
And brought to thy fold.

6 One other request,
And then I have done;
Let Sion be blest
With rays of thy Sun;
Grow modest and wealthy
In gifts and in grace,
And teem with an healthy
And numerous race.

HYMN 271.

"*Christ is the head of his body, the church.*" Col. i. 18.

1 THE carcase of man,
Disjoin'd from its head,
With limbs may be seen,
But all of them dead;
The foot or the finger
No motion can have,
And only can linger
Awhile in a grave.

2 So dead is the soul
Disjoined from Christ!
No light in the whole,
Nor hunger nor thirst;
No spiritual feeling,
Discernment or taste;
It looks for no healing,
Nor sees itself lost.

3 But Jesus supplies
His body right well;
As *head*, he brings eyes,§
And hearing and smell;‖

* Rev. vii. 9, 10, 11.

† John viii. 12. ‡ Psal. xix. 4, 5.
§ Prov. xx. 12. ‖ Isa. xi. 3—Bible-margin.

Brings palate for manna,
Fresh palate each day;
Lips singing hosanna,
And tongue that can pray.

4 And thus the church stands
Upheld by close ties,
Redeem'd by Christ's hands,
And near his heart lies;
With him it has union
Thro' faith in his blood,
And thereby communion
In spirit with God.

5 Then, Lord, let me be
Supplied from thy head;
A small limb of thee,
Yet quicken'd and fed;
The foot or the shoulder,
It matters not much;
And as I grow older,
Still closer thee touch.

HYMN 272.

"*Where a testament (or last will) is, there must be the death of the testator; for a will is only of force after men are dead.*" Heb. ix. 16, 17.

1 THE first of our race
Was comely and good,
Yet sullied his face,
And tainted his blood;
Of glory bereaved,
He fell into thrall;
And dying, bequeathed
A curse to us all.

2 Thus ruin'd I am,
Yet often thro' pride
Would cover my shame,
As Adam first did;
Well pleased to swagger
And prate of my worth,
Tho' born but a beggar,
And blind from my birth.

3 Condemned to die
We stand on record,
A voice from on high
Hath utter'd the word;
To vanity given,
We fret and complain;
And whilst we are living,
Are living in pain.

4 But lo! a kind friend,
Beholding our case,
His love to commend,
Steps into our place,
Takes on him our nature
In lowliest form,
And God in the creature
Appears like a worm.†

† Psal. xxii. 6.

5 Tho' shrunk to a reed,
And mournful in mien,
The Godhead indeed
Was thro' the vail seen;
Winds, waters, and devils,
Submit to his nod,
And healing all evils
He shews himself God.

6 With ferventest zeal
He acted and spoke,
And well did fulfil
The law that we broke;
Then, little bewailed,
Hung on a sad cross,
And fast to it nailed
Our shame and our curse.

7 Let mountains and hills
A lofty song raise,
And vallies and rills
Re-echo his praise;
Shout, all the creation,
Below and above,
And sing of salvation
From Jesus his love.

8 And now his will stands
In force after death,
Conveying good lands
To men full of faith;
Arrears are forgiven,
And sinners find peace,
With title to heaven,
And meetness thro' grace.

HYMN 273.

"*He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us, he will subdue our iniquities, and cast all our sins into the depths of the sea.*" Micah vii. 18, 19.

1 ART thou a sad soul,
Surrounded with fears,
Whose heavy days roll
In sighing and tears,
Bemoaning the hidings
Of Jesus thy Lord,
And hearing no tidings
Of joy from his word?

2 Mark what the Lord says
To men of sad heart,
Who love the Lord's ways,
Yet under sin smart;
"Mine anger for ever
"I will not retain,"
No, no, the kind Saviour
Will heal up thy pain.

3 "Sweet mercy I love,"
And mercy will shew;
And mercy shall prove
A balm for thy woe;

Fair mercy shall blossom
And smile on thy face;
And ent'ring thy bosom,
Thy heart shall embrace.

4 "I will turn again,"
And gladden thy days;
My sun and my rain,
An harvest shall raise;
Thy pestilent nature
My grace shall subdue,
And alter each feature,
Creating it new.

5 The sins which are past,
And clamour at thee,
Thy Jesus will cast
Them into the sea;
Thy sins shall all under
The deepest wave pass;
And cause thee to wonder,
And love me and bless.

6 Then let us proclaim
Christ's love to our race,
And honour his name,
His mercy and grace;
His mercy enduring,
And never to cease;
His grace well insuring
Our health and our peace.

HYMN 274.

"*Thy love is better than wine.*" Cant. i. 2.

1 OUR Jesus bestows
Good cheer on his friends;
What in his land grows,
He blesses and sends;
Pure love is a blossom
Of heavenly birth,
And thro' the Lord's ransom
It blooms upon earth.

2 Love from his pierc'd heart
Does pleasantly spring,
And water each part
And plant of the King;
All heaven it filleth
With joys ever new,
And here it distilleth
In sweet honey-dew.

3 The Comforter brings
This joy to the soul,
At which the heart springs,
And feels itself whole;
Love summons all graces,
And kindles all praise,
And sweetens all faces,
And gladdens all days.

4 Hosannas they send
To Jesus on high,
And follow their friend
With shouts to the sky;
His blood's precious merit
They boldly proclaim,
And thro' his good Spirit
Can trust in his name.

5 No cordial on earth
Heart-grief will remove;
No wine has the worth
Of Jesus his love;
This banisheth sorrow
From ev'ry sad breast,
And welcomes the morrow
With joy for its guest.

6 This pilgrimage feast
For Sion below,
Lord, give me to taste,
My pilgrimage thro';
So shall I unceasing
Attend to my race,
And live and die blessing
The riches of grace.

HYMN 275.

"*I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.*" Cant. i. 6.

1 NO wisdom of man
Can spy out his heart,
The Lord only can
Shew this hidden part;
Nor yet are men willing
To have the truth told,
The sight is too killing
For pride to behold.

2 A *look* from the Lord
Discovers our case,
And bringeth his word
Attended with grace;
The man is convicted
And feeleth his hell,
And groweth afflicted
More than he can tell.

3 If once the sun shines
Upon a soul clear,
He reads the dark lines
Which sin has wrote there;
Begins to discover
His colour and make,
And cries, I'm all over
As any fiend black.

4 But when the Lord shews
A reconcil'd face,
And buries our woes
In triumphing grace,
This blessed look stilleth
The mourner's complaint,
And with a song filleth
The mouth of the saint.

5 Sweet love and sweet shame
Now hallow his breast;

Yet black is his name,
Tho' by his Lord blest;
I am he says, homely,
Deform'd in each part,
All black, and yet comely,
Thro' Jesu's desert.

6 A look of thy love
Is all that we want;
Ah, look from above,
And give us content:
Looks set us adoring
Thy person most sweet,
And lay us abhorring
Ourselves at thy feet.

HYMN 276.

"*Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.*" John xi. 25.

1 A Soul dead in sin,
Must sleep in his grave,
Till Jesus begin
The sinner to save:
His word is with power,
And opens blind eyes;
He calls at his hour,
And up the dead rise.

2 In Laz'rus we view
A sinner's sad case,
Bound hand and foot too,
And bound on his face;
No arm may release him,
And give a new birth,
Till Jesus says, "Loose him,"
And then he comes forth.

3 But all the life still
Is drawn from his aid;
Or vain were his will
To quicken the dead:
For never can flourish
The spiritual flame,
Unless the Lord nourish
And fan up the same.

4 The body and soul
Herein well agree,
That life in the whole
Depends not on thee;
Thy skill cannot save it,
Tho' means are all tried;
He only, who gave it,
Can make it abide.

5 O thou, who dost keep
Death's key in thine hand,
Behold how men sleep,
And hard at hell stand;
We call, but they slumber,
And hear not our word;
They are a great number,
Oh, waken them, Lord.

6 On Sion send peace,
Distilling like dew;
Their graces increase,
Their comforts renew;
In faith and love build up
Thy family here,
And keep the folds fill'd up
With lambs of each year.

HYMN 277.

"*Without me, ye can do nothing.*" John xv. 5.

1 WITHOUT thee, O Lord,
I nothing appear,
No will for thy word,
No liking to pray'r;
No heart to adore thee,
No feet for the race,
No thirst for thy glory,
No hunger for grace.

2 Of honour bereft
By nature I am,
And nothing is left
But limping and shame;
Yet, with an high spirit,
And frothy delight,
We boast of our merit,
And wisdom, and might.

3 I zealously sought
To keep my own heart,
And verily thought
It was my own part;
But as I grow older,
Am learning at length
To borrow Christ's shoulder,
And walk in his strength.

4 And now I confess
His word to be true,
Apart from his grace
I nothing can do;
My wisdom is folly,
My arm utter weak,
My heart is unruly,
My stomach quite sick.

5 Lord, bid me renounce
This pride of my will,
And give up at once
Myself to thy skill,
No longer rely on
My watch and my ward,
But trust in the Lion
Of Judah to guard.

6 Such royal faith give,
As honours thy throne,
A faith that will live
On Jesus alone,
Thy arm my protection,
Thy labours my rest,
Thy word my direction,
Thy Spirit my guest.

HYMN 278.

"Thy Maker is thine husband." Isa. liv. 5.

1 THE Lord of the earth,
To Adam allied,
Sends messengers forth
To fetch him a bride;
To many he chuseth
His love to impart,
And none he refuseth
Who give him their heart.

2 Strange marriage indeed
For heaven's fair King,
Yet Jesus will wed
With any poor thing;
He liketh the maimed,
The halt and the blind,
The poor and defamed,
The lowest in kind.

3 So after the banns
Are publish'd below,
Comes joining of hands
With joined hearts too;
Then debts are discharged,
Tho' heavy they be,
And she is enlarged,
From bondage set free.

4 A rich wedding-suit
Is to the bride brought,
Of love the sweet fruit,
And by the King wrought;
With this he does cover
Her nakedness quite,
And deck her all over
As fair as the light.

5 A ring for the bride
Is from the King sent,
With jewels beside
To deck her heart meant;
With these she grows loving,
And modest, and mild,
In good works improving,
And seemeth a child.

6 Now Christ is her joy,
Her song, and her hope;
She for him will sigh,
And long to go up;
And he, from his tower
Peeps on her e'erwhile,
And tells his love to her,
And drops her a smile.

7 At length the approach
Of wedding is come,
And, lo, a state-coach
To fetch the bride home:
Kind angels are bringing
Her fast as she list,
And up she goes singing
Hosanna to Christ.

HYMN 279.

"All thy saints shall bless thee, they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." Psal. cxlv. 10, 11.

1 A Ransomed race
The Saviour should bless,
And sing of his marvellous power and grace.

2 He gave us a birth,
And formed the earth,
And feedeth us kindly with all it brings forth.

3 He makes the heart warm,
Defends it from harm,
And holds up our steps with a fatherly arm.

4 He bids the sun rise
To gladden our eyes,
And calls up night-watches to spangle the skies.

5 His provident eye
Is watchfully nigh,
To guide us, and guard us, and bring us supply.

6 But grace is the thing
That makes the heart ring,
And fetcheth out lustiest praise to the King.

7 Sweet mercy comes here
To scatter our fear,
And bowels of love in the Godhead appear.

8 A ransom has been
Concerted for men,
And God in our nature the ransom is seen.

9 Blood only was meet,
To cancel our debt,
And bleeding most freely he cancell'd it quite.

10 And thus a new road
Is found unto God,
Offensive to nature, thro' faith in his blood.

11 His Spirit prepares
The ransomed heirs
For kingdoms of glory, eternally theirs.

12 Hearts changed and new
Are ready for you;
The grace of our Jesus all things can subdue.

13 He stilleth all wants,
And husheth complaints,
Oh, sing him hosannas becoming the saints.

HYMN 280.

"And David brought forth the Ammonites, and put them under saws and harrows of iron, and axes of iron." 2 Sam. xii. 31.

1 STRANGE tidings I hear,
Which grate on mine ear,
King David from outrages cannot forbear.

2 Tormenting his foes,
No pity he shews,
But heaps upon Ammonites wonderful woes.

3 He saweth their necks,
And plougheth their backs,
With axes he choppeth, with harrows he rakes.

4 Yet here I may view
My lovely Lord too,
Who Ammonites spares not in me or in you.

5 Whenever a child
Is running quite wild,
Our David will smite him, tho' loving and mild.

6 Brisk rods he will send,
Until the child mend,
Saws, axes, and harrows, and plagues without end.

7 He spareth no lust,
The least or the worst,
But chops, till he layeth its head in the dust.

8 Ye children, beware
Of sin and its snare,
With watchfulness walk, and with diligent pray'r.

9 And woe to the man
That sins without pain,
Who feels no correction, but sins on again.

10 By feeling no smart
He cheers up his heart,
But Paul tells him roundly, a bastard thou art.†

11 Much thanks to the Lord
We owe for his word,
And for the instruction his harrows afford.

12 When thee I neglect,
And wisdom reject,
Correct me, O Lord, but in mercy correct.

† Heb. xii. 8.

HYMN 281.

"The Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and prove thee, and make thee know what was in thine heart." Deut. viii. 2. *"Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, that he might humble thee, and prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end."* Deut. viii. 15, 16.

1 BEHOLD the Lord's plan
Of dealing with man,
Thro' all generations repeated again.

2 His people of old
To Pharaoh were sold,
A notable tyrant, in wickedness bold.

3 He binds heavy bands,
And wearies their hands;
To Jesus they cry, and salvation he sends.

4 The sea is pass'd o'er;
They sing and adore,
And view all their enemies dead on the shore.

5 With cheerfullest praise
They trip up steep ways,
And hope to see Canaan in six or ten days.

6 All evils now seem
Quite vanish'd from them;
Of milk and sweet honey they only can dream.

7 But, lo, a sad thirst
Distresses them first;
And now their fine song, and brave courage is lost.

8 Then quickly we read
A murmur for bread,
A sigh for old Egypt, a wish to be dead.

9 No end of complaint!
More water they want,
And now would kill Moses in sad discontent.

10 And thus the Lord shews,
By bringing fresh woes,
The horrible evils, which in the heart grows.

11 Where faith is not right,
It never can fight;
The wilderness trials will slay a man quite.

12 But if the Lord's grace
A sinner embrace,
The wilderness proveth a blossoming place.

13 The heart is well read,
While under the rod,
And learns to walk humbly and closely with God.

14 So may I be found
When trials abound,
And learn to walk steady on wilderness-ground.

HYMN 282.

"*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.*" Matt. xi. 28.

1 GOOD tidings I bring
From Judah's fair King,
To cheer up a mourner and make his heart sing.

2 The Lord his love sends,
To all his sad friends,
And much his grace to them and truth recommends.

3 His love is to all,
The great or the small,
Who weary of sin are, and come at his call.

4 True mourners he makes,
Invites 'em, and takes
With lighter or heavier load on their backs.

5 His bosom has room
For all that will come,
And early or late you may find him at home.

6 He knoweth your case,
How wretched and base,
And yet he says, Come, and be saved by grace.

7 No fury he hath,
Come to me, he saith,
Come lowly in prayer, and boldly in faith.

8 Tho' sadly distrest,
Come to me for rest,
And Jesus will wash the guilt out of your breast.

9 Tho' wholly unclean,
Come loathing of sin,
And grace will not suffer corruption to reign.

10 Come just as you are,
Without any fear,
And come at all seasons my mercy to share.

11 The call, that I read,
Is cheering indeed,
And just such a Saviour a sinner does need.

12 I come to thy door,
Am weary and poor,
Relieve me, and use me, as thine evermore.

HYMN 283.

"*Thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, yet return again to me, saith the Lord.*" Jer. iii. 1.

1 HEAR what the Lord says,
And turn from your ways,
Ye lovers of mammon, and pleasure, and praise.

2 Tho' idols beset
Your wandering feet,
And harlots encompass your heart in a net:

3 Though folly beguile
Your heart with a smile,
And courting damnation, you laugh all the while:

4 Yea, tho' you have gone
In baseness long on,†
Committing all evils that can be well done:

5 Or if growing slack,
You have slidden back,
And turned from Jesus, and cast off his yoke:

6 To you a kind word
Free grace can afford,
"Return yet again unto me, saith the Lord."

7 Return unto me,
Tho' late it now be,
And mercy, rich mercy is ready for thee.

8 To Jesus return,
And tenderly mourn,
And he will receive thee among his newborn.

9 Thy peace he will seal,
And pardon reveal,
Thy bent to backsliding he also will heal.

10 Then let us proclaim
His merciful name,
And sing of his grace, and accept of the same.

11 Return we now may;
Yet turn us, we pray,
Or still we shall wander, and further shall stray.

HYMN 284.

"*If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant to all.*" Mark ix. 35.

1 AMBITION we find
In every mind;
Yet earthly ambition is paltry and blind.

† Jer. iii. 5.

2 Each man would excel ;
So far it is well,
Yet each pushes foremost, and so is last still.

3 Our Jesus did shew
Where honour will grow,
But rough is the path, and untrodden we know.

4 Who seeks to be first
Must rank himself last,
And learn with complacence to wait on the least :

5 He must become small,
And run at each call ;
As Jesus, the highest, was servant of all.

6 So angels, that sit
The foremost in state,
On heirs of salvation most cheerfully wait.

7 These patterns are true,
Tho' notic'd by few,
And should be held evermore up to our view.

8 Here honour is found
Upon its own ground,
Not empty and flashy, but noble and sound.

9 Dear Jesus, impart
A spice of thy heart,
To season us well for this servant-like part.

10 Make others appear
Deserving our care,
How low in their station soever they are.

HYMN 285.

"*Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards.*" John xiii. 36.

1 GOOD tidings I hear
Saluting mine ear,
A word from the Saviour to rid us of fear.

2 An honey-comb sweet,
And savoury meat,
To cheer up a pilgrim, and quicken his feet.

3 Rough Peter ador'd
His Master and Lord,
Believ'd in his name, and regarded his word :

4 He could suffer loss,
And hardy he was
Yet courage he wanted to die on a cross.

5 But Jesus has grace
For such a sad case,
And Peter's sweet promise a saint should embrace.

6 The way that I go,
Is hard for thee now,
But shall be made easy for Peter and thou.

7 Tho' like a young tree,
Unstable thou be ;
A reed groweth lusty, when grafted on me.

8 By grace a poor worm
Can weather a storm ;
And what I command thee, my grace shall perform.

9 Keep on in thy way,
Trust in me and pray,
And strength shall be suitable unto thy day.

10 Such aid we implore,
Nor need we ask more
Than suitable help for the feeble and poor.

HYMN 286.

"*Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the master any further? Jesus saith, Be not afraid, only believe.*" Mark v. 35, 36.

1 OR sooner or late,
Diseases will wait
On every household, and knock at the gate.

2 A ruler in chief,
Much laden with grief,
From Jesus seeks for his sick daughter relief.

3 But news very sad
He meets on the road,
"Cease troubling the Master, thy daughter is dead."

4 Such news I oft hear
Assaulting mine ear,
When unto my Saviour I come with a pray'r.

5 Mine enemies flirt,
And make me their sport,
And unbelief crieth out after this sort.

6 Thou poor silly fool,
Sad dunce of Christ's school,
Cease troubling the Master, thou art a dead soul.

7 Long hast thou laid in
A grave full of sin,
Dead prayers, dead praises, and all dead within.

8 Such news I receive,
And listen, and grieve,
Till Jesus says, "*Fear not, but only believe.*"

9 His pow'r is then known,
And sweetly is shewn
To heal a sick sinner, or raise a dead bone.

10 Lord, give me such faith,
As fetcheth its breath,
And hopes against hope in the feelings of death.

11 So will my short race
Be passed in peace,
Not resting on feelings, but leaning on grace.

HYMN 289.

"I pray thee let me go over, and see the good land." Deut. iii. 25.

1 THERE is a good land,
And layeth at hand,
Yet little sought after, and few on it stand.

2 A land of free grace,
Abounding with peace,
And many fine clusters of sweet righteousness.

3 Saints, dwelling below,
Its blessedness know,
And here they find Jesus, and feast on him too.

4 Near Jordan it lies,
Well water'd with joys,
An image, tho' faint, of the land in the skies.

5 And wouldst thou it see?
Put Moses from thee,
And let the Lord Jesus thy forerunner be.

6 Yet reckon it good
To wash in his blood,
This bringeth thee peaceably nigh unto God.

7 So when thou hast found
This wonderful ground,
Be watchful and prayerful all the year round.

8 For many a beast,
The country infest,
And, if you are dronish, will mangle your breast.

9 Walk well upon guard,
For battle prepar'd,
And trust in your Captain all danger to ward.

10 With Jesus in sight
All matters go tight,
His whistle puts all the foul monsters to flight.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

HYMN 290.

"The clouds poured down water; thy thunder was in the heavens; the lightnings flashed through the world; the earth trembled and shook." Psal. lxxvii. 17, 18.

To be sung in a tempest.

1 HOW awful art thou seen, O God,
When lightnings issue forth,
When rattling thunders roll abroad,
To shake and rend the earth.

2 If here we dread thy fiery breath,
Nor scarce with it can dwell,
O Lord, how dreadful is thy wrath,
Which blazeth out in hell?

3 The forked lightnings know thy will,
And mark thy beck'ning hand;
They harmless pass, or blasting kill,
As thou dost give command.

4 Thou only art our fence and tow'r,
Our help is in thy grace;
Preserve us in this awful hour,
And guard our dwelling-place.

5 Such tempests, like the fiery law,
Thy majesty proclaim;
Oh, may we learn, with rev'rent awe,
To glorify thy name.

HYMN 291.

"*There was a marriage in Cana, and Jesus was invited to the marriage.*" John ii. 1, 2.

At a Christian wedding.

1 OUR Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast;
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding-guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
And link'd in kindly care,
To render family burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed
In pray'r, and faith, and hope;
And see with with joy a godly seed
To build the household up.

6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live
In faithful friendship join'd.

HYMN 292.

"*I will sing of thy mercy in the morning.*" Psal. lix. 16.

A Morning Hymn.

1 THRO' Jesu's watchful care
I safely pass'd the night!
His providential arm was near,
And kept off every fright.

2 No pains upon my bed
Prevented my repose;
But laying down my weary head,
Refresh'd with sleep I rose.

3 And here I stand possest
Of strength and vigour new;
And with my limbs and senses blest,
Another morn I view.

4 From thee my mercies flow,
In pearly drops they fall;
But give a thankful bosom too,
The sweetest pearl of all.

5 Be thou my guide to-day,
My arm whereon to rest,
My sun to cheer me on the way,
My shield to guard my breast.

6 From Satan's fiery dart
And men of purpose base,
And from the plague within my heart,
Defend me by thy grace.

HYMN 293.

"*Praise the Lord likewise at evening.*" 1 Chron. xxiii. 30.

An Evening Hymn.

1 THE Lord's almighty arm
Has been my shield to-day,
He watcheth every rising harm,
And thrusts it far away.

2 Nor sick I am nor lame,
My limbs and senses sound,
Supported is my feeble frame,
And mercies close me round!

3 Along with mercies kind,
A thankful sense impart,
To raise sweet wonder in my mind,
And melt and tune my heart.

4 Be thou my guard to-night,
And safe my dwelling keep,
Defend my heart from every fright,
And send refreshing sleep.

5 No teasing care molest,
Nor wanton thought intrude,
And harmless keep my dozing breast
From fancy's idle brood.

6 Or sleeping or awake,
Do thou surround my bed,
And with thy peace a pillow make
To rest my weary head.

HYMN 294.

"*Servants, obey your masters, and please them well, not answering them again, nor pilfering, but shewing all good fidelity.*" Titus ii. 9, 10.

A morning hymn for an household servant.

1 TO Jesus, my dear Lord, I owe
The rest I had this night;
By him preserv'd from every woe,
I wake to view the light,

2 Accept, O Lord, my early praise,
It is thy tribute due;
And let the morning-song I raise,
Rise with affection too.

3 My dear Redeemer, while on earth,
A servant was to all;
With ready foot he stepped forth,
Attentive to each call.

4 If unto labour I am bred,
My Saviour was the same;
Why then should I a service dread,
Or count it any shame?

5 Yet, Lord, I need a patient mind,
And beg a ready will,
To pay my *master* service kind,
And every task fulfil.

6 No saucy language I would use,
Nor act a treacherous part,

But serve *him* with the purest views,
And work with freest heart.

HYMN 295.

"*Servants, be subject to your masters with all reverence, not only to the good and gentle, but also to such (masters) as are froward.*" 1 Pet. ii. 18.

An evening hymn for an household servant.

1 ACCEPT, O Lord, an evening song,
And sure it need be warm;
For mercy watch'd me all day long,
To screen we well from harm.

2 Sound limbs and senses I possess,
Nor food or raiment want;
Good cause I have the Lord to bless,
And should be well content.

3 While some with hunger pine & starve,
And feel a thousand cares,
The *master*, whom I daily serve,
My daily food prepares.

4 *His* just commands may I fulfil,
His person kindly treat,
His substance never waste or steal,
Nor wink when others cheat.

5 Or if ungentle he should prove,
And treat me with disdain;
May yet no wrath my bosom move,
To answer pert again.

6 Lord, send me quiet rest to-night,
And safe the household keep,
Preserv'd from all alarming fright,
And blest with kindly sleep.

[Observe, if the servant waits on a mistress, then *mistress* must be said instead of *master*, and *her* instead of *him* or *his*.]

HYMN 296.

"*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return to the ground.*" Gen. iii. 19.

Morning hymn for a Christian labourer.

1 I Thank my Lord for kindly rest
Afforded in the night;
Refresh'd, and with new vigour blest,
I wake to view the light.

2 What need I grieve to earn my bread,
When Jesus did the same?
If in my Master's steps I tread,
No harm I get or shame.

3 Oh, let me bless, with thankful mind,
My Saviour's love and care,
That I am neither sick nor blind,
Nor lame, as others are.

4 A trusty workman I would be,
And well my task pursue;
Work when my master does not see,
And work with vigour too.

5 And whilst I ply the busy foot,
Or heave the labouring arm,
Do thou my withering strength recruit,
And guard me well from harm.

6 To sweeten labour, let my Lord
Look on, and cast a smile;
For Jesus can such looks afford,
As will the hours beguile.

HYMN 297.

"*The sleep of a labouring man is sweet.*" Eccles. v. 12.

Evening hymn for a Christian labourer.

1 THE Lord be prais'd for labour done,
And strength to work this day;
The clock has struck, the time is gone,
And calls from work away.

2 When all my rolling years are past,
And labouring days shall cease,
Then let my soul have rest at last
In thy sweet world of peace.

3 And whilst I dwell on earthly ground,
And toilsome work pursue;
Preserve my limbs and senses sound,
And daily strength renew.

4 May Jesus on my labour smile,
And each day's earning bless;
Then, like the widow's meal and oil,*
It yields a daily mess.

5 Direct my feet in wisdom's ways,
And keep my heart from care,
Refresh it with thy love and praise,
And guard it with thy fear.

6 My humble cottage safely keep,
It will not move thy scorn;
And let thy labourer have sweet sleep,
And rise refresh'd at morn.

HYMN 298.

"*This is the day, which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice in it.*" Psal. cxviii. 24.

Lord's-day morning.

1 ON this sweet morn my Lord arose,
Triumphing o'er the grave!
He dies to vanquish deadly foes,
And lives again to save!

2 I bless my Lord, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's birth-day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To doze the hours away.

3 A day for holy joy and rest,
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.

4 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,
Without the Spirit's aid;

* 1 Kings xvii. 12, &c.

His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.

5 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet refreshing Sunday show'r
Will make 'em sing and pray.

6 Direct the Shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heavenly bread,
And bid the folds rejoice.

HYMN 299.

"*A day (spent) in thy courts, is better than a thousand (spent elsewhere).*" Psal. lxxxiv. 10.

Lord's-day evening.

1 HOW lovely are thy courts, O Lord,
How sweet thy dwelling-place,
When thou dost bless the gospel-word,
And shew thy gracious face!

2 While Jesus in his chariot rides,
And truth and mercy brings,
My heart will taste no joy besides,
And nauseates earthly things.

3 One savoury day in his house spent
More sweetness yieldeth far,
Than thousands pass'd in merriment,
Or than whole ages are.

The gospel word may Jesus bless,
To quicken sinners dead,
To give the children growth in grace,
And raise the mourner's head.

5 Refresh my soul with thy sweet love,
Well water'd let it be,
And, soaring up to things above,
Cry out and thirst for thee.

6 Let each new sabbath bring new rest,
New faith and love impart,
Crowd sweeter praise within my breast,
And hallow more my heart.

HYMN 300.

"*Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men.*" Luke ii. 14.

On the birth of Christ.

1 AN heavenly host triumphant bring
The news of Jesu's birth,
They sing and say the heavenly King
Is come to dwell on earth:

2 Is come to save a guilty race,
By opening mercy's door;
Is come to purchase stores of grace,
To set up sinners poor.

3 So God's good-will to man is told,
And friendship is begun:
What can the Father now withhold,
Who freely gave his Son?

4 Lift up a song to God most High,
For love so free, so dear;
Exalt his praise above the sky,
And make his angels hear.

5 And thou, most precious Prince of Peace,
Accept my homely heart;
Thy name I love, thy feet I kiss,
For pleasant sure thou art!

6 A manger I have got for thee,
It is my bosom, Lord;
And if the Lord can dwell with me,
It will be richly stor'd.

HYMN 301.

"*Great is the* mystery *of godliness; God manifest in the flesh!*" 1 Tim. iii. 16.

On the birth of Christ.

1 O Swee t mysterious grace
On mortal man bestow'd!
My God comes down with human face,
To fetch me home to God!

2 Tho' might was all his own,
And boundless too his sway,
He vails his glory, quits his throne,
And takes an house of clay.

3 From everlasting sure;
Yet of a mortal span!
And will from age to age endure,
Yet proves a dying man!

4 He formed man and beast,
And rear'd the worlds around;
Yet suckled at a creature's breast,
And in a manger found!

5 Mysterious love indeed!
Who can its depth explore?
Yet as it suits my saddest need,
Its depth I must adore!

6 The wonders of his birth
An heavenly song could raise,
And sure the ransom'd sons of earth
Should sing and shout his praise.

HYMN 302.

"*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Look and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord has afflicted me, in the day of his fierce anger.*" Lam. i. 12.

On the crucifixion of Christ.

1 YE sons of mirth, and sons of pride,
Cast here a pensive eye;
Behold the Saviour crucified,
Nor pass him heedless by.

2 With kind concern he says, "Look up
"Behold, I die for you;
"The sorrows in my deadly cup,
"O sinner, were thy due!

3 " For thee my back is lash'd and torn,
" With thorns my head is crown'd;
" For thee I hang a wretch forlorn,
" Fast on a gibbet bound!

4 " Thy guilt brings all my sorrows down,
" More sad than I can tell;
" And now my God begins to frown,
" And sure his frown is hell!

5 " O Father dear, some pity take,
" And ease my tortur'd breast;
" O God, my God, do not forsake,
" I sink, I sink opprest!"

6 And were these pangs, dear Lord for me,
These cries and deadly smart?
And by thy bonds am I set free?
Then take my ransom'd heart.

HYMN 303.

" *Jesus said, It is finish'd: and he bowed his head, and yielded up his Spirit.*" John xix. 30.

On the crucifixion of Christ.

1 THE dreadful scene is past;
" 'Tis finish'd," Jesus cries:
Redemption's work is done at last;
He bows his head, and dies.

2 " 'Tis finish'd;" Mark it well!
All legal debts are paid:
He freely took our curse, our hell,
And full atonement made.

3 The law he magnified,
And gave it honour due;
Complete obedience he supplied,
Not for himself, but you.

4 His *life* a title brings
To glory full and fair;
His *death* robs death of all its stings,
And sets the guilty clear.

5 The Father reconcil'd,
No frowning vengeance shews,
But hasting to a weeping child,
A pardoning kiss bestows.

6 Thy cross be all my boast,
Thou bleeding love divine!
Redeem'd I am, and at thy cost,
Oh, take and keep me thine.

HYMN 304.

" *Jesus is not here, he is risen: come, see the place where the Lord lay.*" Matt. xxviii. 6.

On the resurrection of Christ.

1 AT length the joyful morn is come,
A triumph o'er the grave;
The stone is rolled from the tomb,
And Jesus quits his cave.

2 An angel, with commission sent,†
The Saviour sets at large;
To shew that justice was content,
And gave a full discharge.

3 Eternal laurels gird thy brow,
And grace thy temples well!
All hail, my Lord, triumphant now
O'er sin, and death, and hell!

4 The battle thou hast nobly fought,
The wine-press trod alone;
Thy single arm salvation brought,
The glory all thine own!

5 With songs exalt the Prince of Peace,
And give a joyful shout;
His love we must arise and bless,
Or will the stones cry out.

6 Within his cave I would abide,
And bid the world good night,
There bury all my guilt and pride,
And soar to endless light.

HYMN 305.

" *If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.*" Col. iii. 1.

On the resurrection of Christ.

1 IN vain the sealed cave,
In vain the Roman guard,
My Lord will quit his silent grave
Just at the time prepar'd.

2 An earthquake tells the hour,‡
Of Jesu's second birth,
An angel opes the prison-door,
And lo! he springeth forth!

3 All hail, my risen Lord,
Triumphant Saviour now!
Sin, death, and hell, with one accord
Before thy footstool bow.

4 The fight is bravely fought,
The work is nobly done,
A full salvation thou hast bought,
And endless honour won.

5 Oh, bid thy little flock
Their risen Lord pursue,
Gaze after him with wishful look,
And warm affections too.

6 Instruct the saints below
To seek the things above,
And soaring upwards, sweetly grow
In light and heavenly love.

HYMN 306.

" *While Jesus blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven: and they* worshipped *him.*" Luke xxiv. 51, 52.

On the ascension of Christ.

1 AND now the Saviour goes,
The parting hour is come,

† Matt. xxviii. 2. ‡ Matt. xxviii. 2.

A parting blessing he bestows,
Then mounts triumphant home!

2 With easy flight he soars
Beyond our feeble ken:
Unfold, unfold, ye heavenly doors,†
And let the Saviour in.

3 Amaz'd the skies reply,
Who is this mighty Lord?
The King of Glory, angels cry,
By all but fiends ador'd!

4 'Tis Jesus from the dead,
Who lives to die no more!
Bow down, ye gates, your lofty head,
And hail him, and adore!

5 Now girt with glory round,
With praises ever blest,
My King on Sion's hill is crown'd,
Where none can break his rest.

6 He sits and rules on high,
And sends his heralds forth,
Who run to raise a gospel-cry,
And spread his fame on earth.

HYMN 307.

"*They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake with* other *tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.*" Acts ii. 4.

On the pouring out of the Spirit at Pentecost.

1 BEHOLD! the promis'd help is come,
And holy fire sent down at last!
Thehe ralds are no longer dumb,
When warmed with the Holy Ghost.

2 With *other* tongues they freely speak,
And blow the gospel-trumpet loud,
Proclaim the word to Jew and Greek,
And much amaze the list'ning crowd!

3 So now, when heralds come abroad,
With gospel on their bosom seal'd,
And full commission feel from God,
With *other* tongues their mouth is fill'd.

4 A son of *thunder* first appears,
To shake the earth, and plough the ground,
To wake the dead with guilty fears,
And make a sinner feel his wound.

5 But when the lofty cedars bow,
And sink and fall at Jesu's feet,
A Son of *consolation* now,
His lips, like honey-combs, are sweet!

6 If peace salute the guilty mind,
And faith has found the joyful rock,
An *other* voice the shepherds find,
On Jesus Christ to *build* the flock.

7 Such tongues the heralds now receive,
Not such as in the *Acts* we read,
Yet such as God alone can give,
And suited well to every need.

† Psal. xxiv. 7.

HYMN 308.

"*Jesus shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.*" Mark i. 8.

On the baptism of the Spirit. A Pentecost hymn.

1 BAPTISMAL water I have had,
And hold the water needful too,
Yet sure I need the Spirit's aid
To wash my heart, and make it new.

2 No spark of spiritual life I find,
Without the Spirit's quick'ning breath;
Supine and earthly is my mind,
And slumbers in the arms of death.

3 Come, breathe thine influence, Holy Ghost,
And light and heavenly love impart;
Bring down a gracious Pentecost,
And kindle fire in every heart.

4 Without thy breath we are but clay,
Our harp is on the willows hung,
Devotion droops and dies away
On fainting heart, and faultering tongue.

5 Thy heavenly unction let us feel,
And give us faith, and faith's increase;
The blessings of the covenant seal,
And bring the year of sweet release.†

6 Our spirit unto God unite,
And keep us meekly in his fear;
Thy holy law within us write,
And make the treacherous heart sincere,

HYMN 309.

"*Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest, is sick.*" John xi. 3.

For a believer in sickness

1 FROM thee, O sin, our sorrows flow,
Our short and painful years!
And life becomes a scene of woe,
A mournful vale of tears!

2 No sooner is one sickness past,
But others quickly come;
They break the earthly case at last,
And lodge it in the tomb.

3 O Jesus, thou the healer art
Of human pain and grief;
Thy balms alone assuage the smart,
And bring us kind relief.

4 See, Lord, thy servant here is sick!
We trust, beloved well,
Yet pray thou wouldst in mercy speak,
And all thy kindness tell.

5 In every faint and trying hour,
Thy arm be round *his* bed,
Supporting by thy secret pow'r
His drooping heart and head.

6 With heavenly peace refresh *his* mind,
And keep the bosom still,

† Deut. xv. 1, 2.

To live or die alike resign'd,
As suits thy holy will.

HYMN 310.

"*Whom the Lord loveth, he correcteth.*"
Prov. iii. 12.

For a believer in sickness.

1 OUR heavenly Father must correct
A well-beloved child;
Or sure he would his will reject,
And wanton grow, and wild.

2 He knows how apt we are to start,
And cast his fear aside;
And by his rod's instructive smart,
He brings us near his side.

3 O Father, make thy love appear,
But every doubt remove,
By whispering in the sick child's ear,
"I smite, because I love."

4 While rods are in the Father's hand,
A father's heart reveal,
And teach the child to understand
Thy loving-kindness well.

5 Support *his* heart, and hold *his* head,
And sanctify the rod; [bred,
Purge out the dross which health has
And draw *his* heart to God.

6 Bestow a calm and patient mind,
With strength to suffer pain,
And in the furnace let *him* find
Some rich and solid gain.

HYMN 311.

"*The Lord will be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*"
Isa. lx. 20.

For a believer, in much weakness of body.

1 AFFLICTED soul, lift up thine eyes
To Jesu's glorious throne;
Thy mourning days, and pensive sighs,
Will all be quickly gone.

2 The Shepherd, while on earth, did weep
A thousand tears for thee;
Nor can his lambs, nor can his sheep
From grief exempted be.

3 Beset we are with sins and fears,
Our peace they much annoy;
But they that sow awhile in tears,
Shall reap with endless joy.

4 The loving Saviour has prepar'd
A rest for all his saints;
And when he brings the rich reward,
Farewell to all complaints.

5 There sin and pain are banish'd quite,
And mourning fled away;
The Lord will be thy glorious light,
And make eternal day.

6 Such heavenly peace he will impart,
As here we cannot prove;
And fill up well thy ravish'd heart,
With endless joy and love.

HYMN 312.

"*Look upon my affliction and my pain.*"
Psal. xxv. 18.

For a believer, in strong pain.

1 O Lord, bow down thy gracious ear,
And listen to our grief;
Look on a child afflicted here,
And send *him* some relief.

2 With pain and anguish sore opprest,
He makes a piteous moan;
Behold the torture of *his* breast,
And mark each labouring groan.

3 Thou knowest well our feeble frame,
The house is built of clay;
And if thou only crush the same,
It moulders fast away.

4 Some pity take, O Lord, relieve,
His agonizing pain;
And bid the aching limbs receive
Some cheering rest again.

5 But if thy hand renew *his* smart,
And grant him no release;
Yet let thy hand uphold *his* heart,
And yield it heavenly peace.

6 And if the house, which tottering stands,
Should make the tenant fly;
A better house not made with hands,
Provide *him* in the sky.

HYMN 313.

"*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.*"
Psal. xlii. 5.

For a believer, in great darkness and distress.

1 WHY so cast down, dejected soul?
A loving Christ is near;
Thy broken bones he can make whole,
And drooping spirit cheer.

2 If guilty stings thy conscience feel,
And pierce thee thro' and thro',
Yet past backslidings Christ can heal,
And love thee freely too.

3 If justice draw its flaming sword,
And seems intent to kill;
On Jesus call, and trust his word,
And thou shalt praise him still.

4 Thy soul with tempest may be tost,
And Satan sorely thrust;
Yet sure no soul shall e'er be lost,
Who makes the Lord his trust.

5 Dear Jesus, shew thy smiling face,
And Calvary's peace impart,

Display the pow'r of saving grace,
And cheer a troubled heart.

6 Refresh *his* eye with sweeter light,
And whisper in *his* ear,
" Thy soul is precious in my sight,
" No need thou hast to fear."

HYMN 314.

" *Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours.*" Rev. xiv. 13.

On the death of a believer.

1 O Happy soul, who safely past
Thy weary warfare here,
Arriv'd at Jesu's seat at last,
And ended all thy care!

2 No more shall sickness break thy rest,
Or pain create thee smart;
No more shall doubts disturb thy breast,
Or sin afflict thine heart.

3 No more the world on thee shall frown,
No longer Satan roar,
Thy *man of sin* is broken down,
And shall torment no more.

4 " Adieu, vain world, the Spirit cries,
" All tears are wip'd away;
" My Jesus fills my cup with joys,
" And fills it every day.

5 " A *taste* of love we get below,
" To cheer a pilgrim's face;
" But every saint must die to know
" The feast of heavenly grace.

6 " Delightful concord always reigns
" In Jesu's courts above! [strains,
" There hymns are sung in rapt'rous
" With ceaseless joy and love!"

HYMN 315.

" *O death, where is thy sting?*"
1 Cor. xv. 55.

On the triumphant death of a believer.

1 AT length *he* bow'd *his* dying head,
And guardian angels come;
The spirit dropt its clay and fled,
Fled off triumphant home.

2 An awful, yet a glorious sight,
To see believers die!
They smile, and bid the world good night,
And take their flight on high!

3 No guilty pangs becloud the face,
No horrors make them weep;
Held up and cheer'd by Jesu's grace,
They sweetly fall asleep.

4 On death they cast a wishful eye,
When Jesus bids 'em sing,
" O grave, where is thy victory,
" O death, where is thy sting?"

5 Releas'd from sin and sorrow here,
Their conflict now is o'er;
And feasted well with heavenly cheer,
They live to die no more.

6 So may I learn by grace to live,
And die in Jesus too;
Then will my soul that rest receive,
Which all his people do.

HYMN 316.

" *Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.*" Gen. iii. 19.

A funeral hymn.

1 PRAY, cast a look upon that bier,
A corpse must preach to-day,
It tells the old, and young, and fair,
Their house is built of clay.

2 The strong may think their house a rock;
Yet soon as Jesus calls,
Some sickness brings a fatal shock,
And down the building falls.

3 The limbs, now lifeless, only crave
A coffin for their bed,
With leave to find a silent grave,
And lodge among the dead.

4 The funeral knell, you heard to-day,
By tolling tells your doom;
The hours are posting fast away,
To lodge you in the tomb.

5 But are you wash'd in Jesu's blood,
And thus prepar'd to die?
His blood alone gives peace with God,
And ripens for the sky.

6 The Saviour yet invites you all
To knock at mercy's gate;
Arise, arise, for mercy call,
Before it be too late.

HYMN 317.

" *While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; but now it is dead, why should I fast or weep.*" 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

On the death of a child.

1 AN early summons Jesus sends
To call a child above,
And whispers o'er the weeping friends,
'Tis all the fruit of love.

2 To save the darling child from woe,
And guard it from all harms,
From all the griefs you feel below,
I call'd it to my arms.

3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast or weep;
The child, tho' dead, is yet alive,
And only fall'n asleep.

4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid
And feels no sorrow there;

'Tis by an heavenly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.

5 To you the child was only lent;
While mortal, it was thine;
But now in robes immortal pent,
It lives for ever mine.

6 Arise and run the heavenly road,
Nor in dumb mourning sit;
Look up toward the child's abode,
And haste to follow it.

HYMN 318.

"*What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a while, and then vanisheth.*" James iv. 14.

A funeral hymn.

1 AS vapours, issuing from the earth,
Dance in the liquid air,
But when the sun is peeping forth,
March off and disappear:

2 So frail is man, so fleet his age,
A floating vapour true!
A while he danceth on the stage,
Then bids the world adieu.

3 A thoughtless creature sure he seems,
And roams about to-day,
And in the midst of earthly dreams,
Is check'd and snatch'd away.

4 Or full of mirth, or full of care,
And heedless of his doom,
Till sickness stops his wild career,
And drops him in the tomb.

5 One drops, and straight another falls,
And raise a passing-bell;
We startle at the solemn calls,
Yet soon forget the knell.

6 Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
And rouse the soul at last
To seek in Christ a sure defence,
Before the doom is past.

HYMN 319.

"*Prepare to meet thy God.*" Amos iv. 12.

A funeral hymn.

1 AN awful work it is to die!
A work we all must do;
And every day is creeping nigh,
More nigh to me and you.

2 Disease will shake our house of clay,
And make it reel and fall;
The spirit will be forc'd away,
When Jesus gives a call.

3 Before his awful judgment seat
Each mortal must appear;
And Christ will fix their doom complete,
In joy or sad despair.

4 And are you deck'd in heavenly dress,
Prepar'd to meet your God;
Array'd in Jesu's righteousness,
And wash'd in Jesu's blood?

5 Does heavenly love inspire your breast,
And find you sweet employ?
Is God's dear word your savoury feast,
And Christ your song and joy?

6 Be wise before it be too late,
And seize your gospel-day;
The Lord yet waits at mercy's gate,
Awake, arise, and pray.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

HYMN 320.

1 THE table now is spread,
With guests around the board;
Dear Jesus, bless the wine and bread,
And heavenly peace afford.

2 Yea, let the Lord appear
With looks divinely mild,
And whisper in each humble ear,
"I love thee well, my child."

HYMN 321.

1 DEAR Jesus, end our legal strife,
And send the Spirit down,
Breathe on our souls the breath of life,
And seal us for thine own.

2 Our little grain of faith increase,
Our feeble hope improve,
Refresh us with thy cross's peace,
And ground us well in love.

HYMN 322.

1 MY Saviour would become
A man of griefs for me,
My guilt he buried in his tomb,
To set the sinner free.

2 No longer I would rove
In sin or folly's ways;
Henceforth may all my heart be love,
And all my life be praise.

HYMN 323.

1 DEAR Jesus, come and grace thy board,
And peep on every mourning guest;
The table now with food is stor'd,
But thy sweet presence makes the feast.

2 Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,
And bring the gospel-banquet here,
Thy presence and thy peace afford,
And feast our souls with heav'nly cheer.

HYMN 324.

"*They shall look on me, whom they have pierced, and mourn.*" Zech. xii. 10.

1 DEAR dying friend, we look on thee,
And own our foul offences here;
We built thy cross on Calvary,
And nail'd and pierc'd thy body there.

2 Yet let the blood, our hands have spilt,
Be sprinkled on each guilty heart,
To purge the conscience well from guilt,
And everlasting life impart.

3 So will we sing thy lovely name
For grace so rich and freely giv'n,
And tell thy love, and tell our shame,
That one, we murder'd, bought our heav'n.

HYMN 325.

1 THE Lamb of God slain
We love and adore,
Now risen again
To reign evermore;
All riches possessing,
And wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
And in his own right.

2 While seraphs bestow *
Their loftiest praise,
His people below
Hosannas should raise;
And glory to Jesus
We cheerfully sing,
His honours well please us,
All joy to our King.

* Rev. v. 11.

HYMN 326.

SPIRIT of glory come
And light of life impart; *
Bring Jesu's blessings home,
And seal 'em on each heart;
Well hallow every humble breast,
And make it thine eternal rest.

HYMN 327.

1 FATHER, we adore thy grace,
Bless the love so richly shown,
Shown to an apostate race,
Up in arms against thy throne.

2 Long we did thy Spirit grieve,
Now we humbly sue for peace,
And a blessing would receive,
Sealed with a Father's kiss.

3 Shew thy heart is reconcil'd,
Call us sons and d[illegible]ers dear,
Give us tempers o[illegible]ild,
Godly love, and godly fear.

HYMN 328.

MOST holy, holy, holy Lord,
The Three-One God, by saints ador'd!
Whose mercy shewn in covenant grace,
Restores a vile apostate race:
We bless the grace, and thankful own
Salvation is from God alone.†

HYMN 329.

1 BOUGHT I am, and dearly too,
Jesus paid my ransom due,‡
Freely paid it with his blood,
Tells me I am bought for God.

2 Lord, my all I would resign,
Soul and body now be thine,
Take and use me as thy own,
Let thy holy will be done.

HYMN 330.

1 DEFIL'D I am indeed,
Defil'd throughout by sin;
Thy purple fountain, Lord, I need,§
To wash a leper clean.

2 The fountain open stands,
Yet on its brink I dwell;
Oh, put me in with thy own hands,
And that will make me well.

HYMN 331.

1 ATONEMENT Jesus made,
For he our surety stood,
The ransom-price he fully paid,
And paid it with his blood.

* John viii. 12. † Psalm iii. 8.
‡ 1 Cor. vi. 20. § Zech. xii. 1.

2 His blood for mercy cries,
And bids the sinner come
To feast upon the Sacrifice,
And whispers "There is room."

3 I bless thee, dying Friend,
For making my curse thine:
Such pity none but God could lend,
Such love is all divine.

HYMN 332.

1 OUR Father has prepar'd a feast,
Where prodigals may come and dine;
Each hungry soul may suit his taste,
Who wants to feed on food divine.

2 Here kind repentance is bestow'd,
And precious faith is freely giv'n,
With bosom pray'r to suit the road,
And grace to train us up for heav'n.

3 "All things are ready," you are told,†
A gracious God waits on you still,
And grace is [illegible]r merit sold,
But free for wh[illegible]ever will.‡

HYMN 333.

1 O Love divine, sweet lamb of God,
Our sins are swallow'd up in thee;
The cleansing virtue of thy blood
From bondage sets believers free;
Thy blood's sweet voice, thro' earth and skies,
For mercy, boundless mercy cries.

2 O let me plunge into this sea,
Which drowneth guilt, and bringeth rest;
And if a billow threat'neth me.
I'll dive into the Saviour's breast;
And viewing mercy all wrote there,
Will sing away my grief and care.

HYMN 334.

1 A Monthly feast we keep,
Where hungry souls may come;
Kind Shepherd, gather in more sheep,
For in thy fold is room.

2 Thy table would provide
For many a twenty more;
No bread we lack, nor wine beside,
Send guests, a precious store.

HYMN 335.

1 THRO' Jesu's death we live,
Upon his cross we rest;
And faithful souls receive
What makes a sinner blest;
The Father's love, the Spirit's grace,
And Jesu's legacy of peace.

2 Eternal love and praise
To Jesus Christ are due;
And ransom'd souls may raise
The new song, ever new;†
A song, which from redemption came,
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 336.

1 THE flocks of Jesu's choice
The Shepherd's love should praise,
He cheers them by his voice,
And guards them in their ways;
He hears and heals their sad complaints,
Hosanna to the King of saints!

2 His precious name we bless,
His person we adore;
And what can saints do less
Than love him evermore?
Our souls and bodies are his due,
Our highest love and service too.

HYMN 337.

1 NOT worthy, Lord, we must confess,
That we of children's bread should taste,
Yet trusting in thy righteousness,
We venture to the gospel feast;
The bread we ask which comes from heav'n,
And let some blessed crumbs be giv'n.

2 Lord, set thy cross before our eyes,
With all its wond'rous toil and smart,
And feast us on the Sacrifice,
And shew our names upon thy heart;
Till faith cry out, I Jesus view,
I trust him now, and feel him too.

HYMN 338.

1 POOR sorrowful soul,
To Jesus repair,
He makes sinners whole,
That broken heart are;
Whatever their plight is,
No matter for that,
He healeth all gratis
That come to his gate.

2 No case is too hard,
So great is his skill;
No one is debarr'd,
So kind is his will;
Come sooner or later,
You find him at home;
The sooner the better,
Yet knock till he come.

† Matt. xxii. 4. ‡ Rev. xxii. 17.

† Rev. xiv. 3; xv. 3.

AFTER SACRAMENT.

HYMN 339.

TO Father and Son
And Spirit of grace
Full honour be done
By Adam's lost race;
And may a free blessing
Come down from above,
While we are rehearsing
Their covenant-love.

HYMN 340.

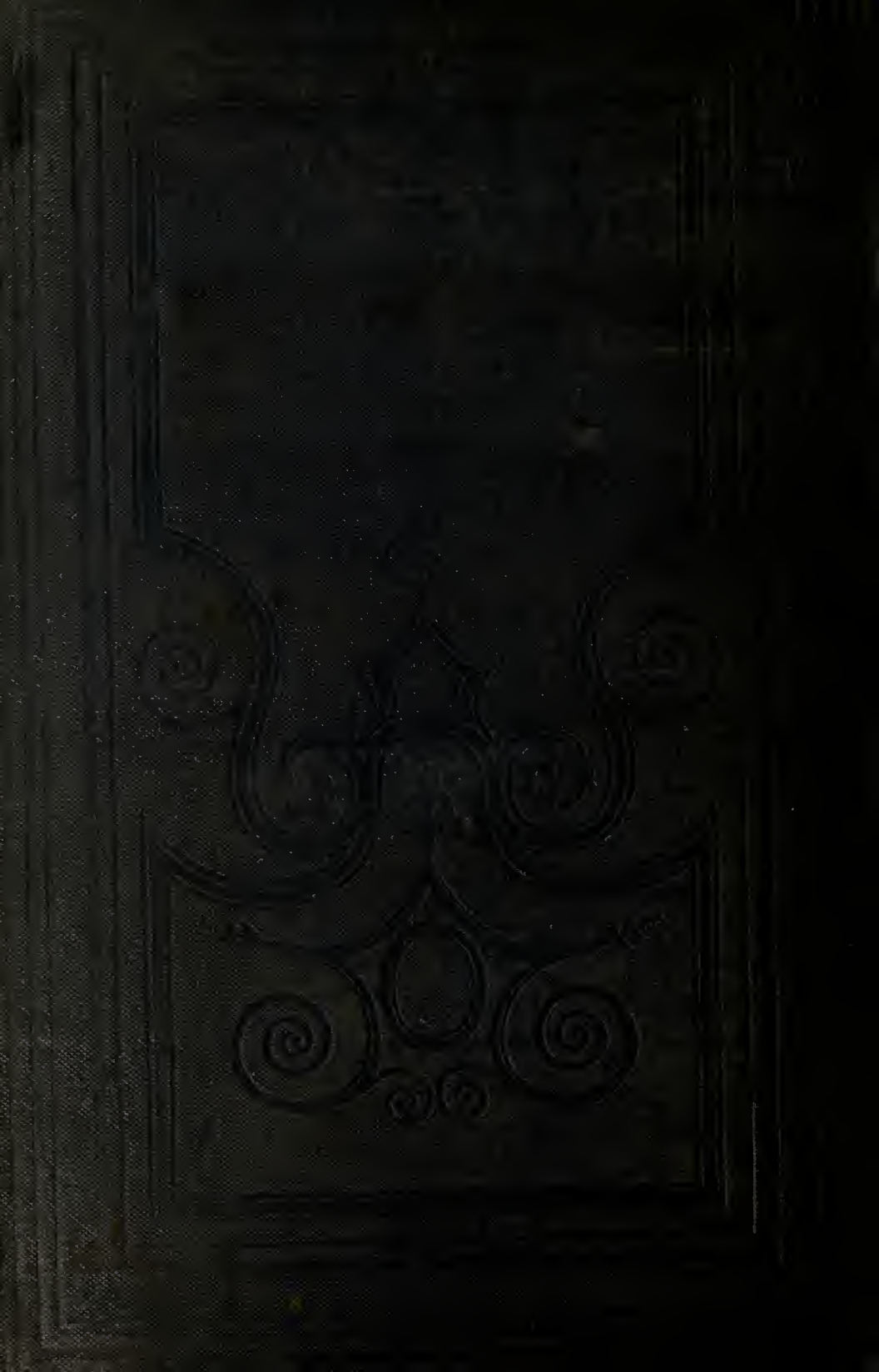
ERE we leave thy table, Lord,
Drop us down a pledge of peace;
Give us all a parting word,
Sealed with a parting kiss.

HYMN 341.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Ever live by us ador'd;
Ever should a sinner cry,
Glory be to God most High.

HYMN 342.

THE Lord of the feast
We solemnly bless,
And pray that each guest
May grow in his grace:
Thanks for his preparing
This banquet of love;
Oh, may we all share in
The banquet above.

FINIS.

POTTON:
PRINTED BY FRAZER, MARKET-PLACE.